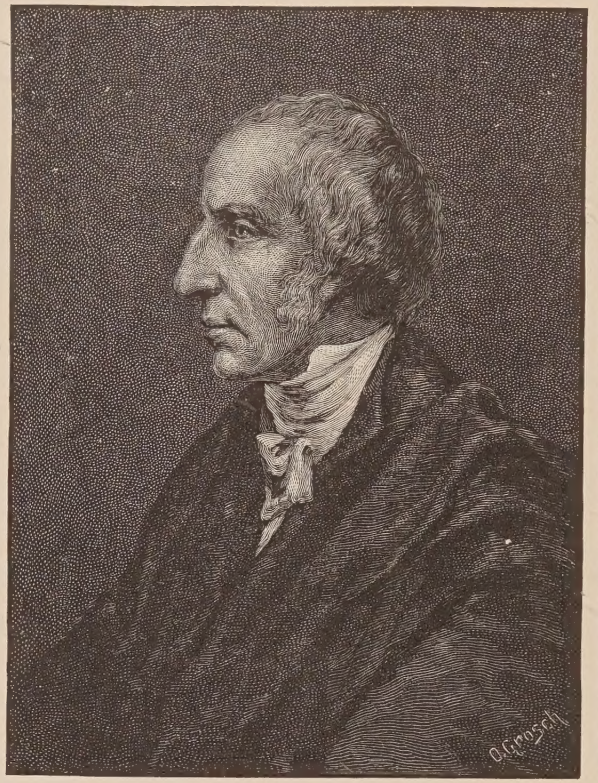
COLLEGE OF MARIN LIBRARY
KENTFIELD, CALIFORNIA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/libraryofworldsb0027char_q4c5



WORDSWORTH.

LIBRARY

OF THE

WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

Ancient and Modern

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EDITOR

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE,
GEORGE H. WARNER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XXVII

NEW YORK

R. S. PEALE AND J. A. HILL

PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1897
By R. S. Peale and J. A. Hill

All rights reserved

24439

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

CRAWFORD H. TOY, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Hebrew, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of
YALE UNIVERSITY, New Haven, Conn.

WILLIAM M. SLOANE, PH. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of History and Political Science,
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, Princeton, N. J.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, A. M., LL. B.,
Professor of Literature, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City.

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL. D.,
President of the UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WILLARD FISKE, A. M., PH. D.,
Late Professor of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages
and Literatures, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Ithaca, N. Y.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN, A. M., LL. D.,
Director of the Lick Observatory, and Astronomer,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Cal.

ALCÉE FORTIER, LIT. D.,
Professor of the Romance Languages,
TULANE UNIVERSITY, New Orleans, La.

WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A.,
Dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences, and Professor of
English and History,
UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, Sewanee, Tenn.

PAUL SHOREY, PH. D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Literature,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL. D.,
United States Commissioner of Education,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Washington, D. C.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Literature in the
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XXVII

	LIVED	PAGE
WILLIAM WATSON	1856–	15705

The Turk in Armenia ('The Purple East')
Repudiated Responsibility (same)
England to America (same)
A Birthday (same)
The Plague of Apathy (same)
A Trial of Orthodoxy (same)
A Wondrous Likeness (same)
Starving Armenia (same)
From 'The Tomb of Burns'
The Father of the Forest

ISAAC WATTS	1674–1748	15717

Our God, Our Help in Ages Past
Jesus shall Reign Where'er the Sun
Joy to the World, the Lord is Come
Thou Whom My Soul Admires Above
Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
There Is a Land of Pure Delight
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross
Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite
How Doth the Little Busy Bee

DANIEL WEBSTER	1782–1852	15725

BY CARL SCHURZ

The American Idea (Oration on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument)
Massachusetts and South Carolina (Speech in the Senate, 1830)
Liberty and Union (same)
The Drum-Beat of England (Speech in the Senate, 1834)
Imaginary Speech of John Adams (Discourse on Adams and Jefferson, 1826)
The Continuity of the Race (Discourse at Plymouth, December 22d, 1820)

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHN WEBSTER	Seventeenth Century	15758
From 'The Duchess of Malfi'		
Dirge from 'Vittoria Corombona'		
JOHN WEISS	1818–1879	15769
Constancy to an Ideal ('American Religion')		
JOHN SEBASTIAN CAMMERMEYER WELHAVEN	1807–1873	15779
A Sonnet from 'Norway's Dawn'		
The Revolution of 1848		
Goliath		
Protesilaos		
The Paris Morgue		
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY	1703–1791 1708–1788	15790

BY WILLIAM POTTS

From John Wesley's Writings:

The New Birth ('The New Birth')
Our Stewardship ('The Good Steward')
The Kingdom of Heaven ('The First Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount')
The Love that Hopeth and Endureth All Things ('Second Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount')
A Catholic Spirit (Discourse Entitled 'Catholic Spirit')
The Last Judgment (Discourse on 'The Great Assize')
Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height (Translation from Tersteegen)

From Charles Wesley's Hymns:

Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee
Light of Life, Seraphic Fire
Love Divine, All Love Excelling
Eternal Beam of Light Divine
Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild
Thou Very Present Aid
Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
A Charge to Keep I Have
And Have I Measured Half My Days
Jesus, Lover of My Soul
Jesu, My Strength, My Hope

	LIVED	PAGE
THOMAS WHARTON	1859–1896	15819

BY OWEN WISTER

Bobbo

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE 1819–1886 15839

Domestic Service ('Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics')

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE 1832– 15851

Reconstructive Force of Scientific Criticism ('History of the Warfare of Science with Theology')
Mediæval Growth of the Dead Sea Legends (same)

GILBERT WHITE 1720–1793 15867

Habits of the Tortoise ('The Natural History of Selborne')
The House-Swallow (same)
The House-Cricket (same)

RICHARD GRANT WHITE 1821–1885 15876

The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze ('Studies in Shakespeare')
Big Words for Small Thoughts ('Words and Their Uses')

WALT WHITMAN 1819–1892 15885

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I Heard You Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ
Song of the Open Road
Dirge for Two Veterans
When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed
O Captain! My Captain!
Hushed be the Camps To-day
Darest Thou Now, O Soul
A Noiseless Patient Spider

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER 1807–1892 15911

BY GEORGE R. CARPENTER

Skipper Ireson's Ride
Telling the Bees
Maud Muller
Barbara Frietchie
In School Days
The Eternal Goodness

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER — *Continued:*		
Ichabod!		
The Barefoot Boy		
The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughters Sold into Southern Bondage		
Barclay of Ury		
Centennial Hymn		
Winter In-Doors ('Snow-Bound')		
Child-Songs		
The Yankee Girl		
The Angels of Buena Vista		
The Seer		
Burns (On Receiving a Sprig of Heather in Blossom)		
The Summons		
The Last Eve of Summer (Written when the Poet was Nearly 83)		
CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND	1733–1813	15954
Managing Husbands		
The Deities Deposed		
WILHELMINE VON BAYREUTH	1709–1758	15969
Visit of Peter the Great to Frederick William the First		
Pictures of Court Life		
MARY E. WILKINS	1855?–	15983
The Revolt of «Mother»		
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS	1806–1867	16001
When Tom Moore Sang ('Pencillings by the Way')		
David and Absalom		
Dedication Hymn		
André's Request to Washington		
The Belfry Pigeon		
Unseen Spirits		
Dawn		
Aspiration (Yale College, 1827)		
The Elms of New Haven		
Lines on the Burial of the Champion of his Class at Yale College		
Love in a Cottage		

	LIVED	PAGE
ALEXANDER WILSON	1766–1813	16017

BY SPENCER TROTTER

The Bluebird ('American Ornithology')
The Wild Pigeon (same)
The Fish-Hawk, or Osprey
The Fisherman's Hymn

JOHN WILSON	1785–1854	16032

In Which the Shepherd and Tickler Take to the Water ('Noctes Ambrosianæ')

WOODROW WILSON	1856–	16047

The Truth of the Matter
The West in American History

WILLIAM WINTER	1836–	16061

Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle ('Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson')
A Pledge to the Dead
Edwin Booth
Violet
The Golden Silence

THEODORE WINTHROP	1828–1861	16075

A Gallop of Three ('John Brent')

WILLIAM WIRT	1772–1834	16090

Personal Characteristics of Henry ('Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry')
Patrick Henry's First Case (same)
Burr and Blennerhassett: Argument in the Trial of Aaron Burr

OWEN WISTER	1860–	16101

Specimen Jones

GEORGE WITHER	1588–1667	16123

A Rocking Hymn
The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet
A Christmas Carol
For Summer-Time

	LIVED	PAGE
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT	1759–1797	16129
Modern Ideal of Womanhood ('A Vindication of the Rights of Women')		
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY	1855–	16145
At Gibraltar		
From 'My Country'		
Lines		
Sodoma's 'Christ Scourged'		
Song ('Agathon')		
MARGARET L. WOODS	1859–	16153
Esther Vanhomrigh's Confession to Dean Swift ('Esther Vanhomrigh')		
CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON	1848–1894	16165
Rodman the Keeper		
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	1770–1850	16193

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey
She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways
Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower
A Slumber Did my Spirit Seal
A Poet's Epitaph
The Fountain: A Conversation
Resolution and Independence
The Sparrow's Nest
My Heart Leaps Up when I Behold
Composed upon Westminster Bridge
It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free
To Toussaint L'Ouverture
London, 1802
It Is Not to be Thought Of
To Hartley Coleridge — Six Years Old
She Was a Phantom of Delight
The Solitary Reaper
To the Cuckoo
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud
To a Young Lady who had been Reproached for Taking Long Walks in the Country

	LIVED	PAGE
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH — *Continued:*		
The World Is Too Much with Us		
Ode to Duty		
Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood		
To the Small Celandine		
SIR THOMAS WYATT	1503–1542	16230
A Description of Such a One as He would Love		
An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him		
The Lover's Lute Cannot be Blamed though It Sing of his Lady's Unkindness		
How the Lover Perisheth in his Delight as the Fly in the Fire		
A Renouncing of Love		
The Lover Prayeth Not to be Disdained, Refused, Mistrusted, nor Forsaken		
JOHN WYCLIF	1324?–1384	16235
Luke xv. 11–32; Same — Modern Version		
1 Corinthians xiii.		
John xx. 1–31		
Apocalypse v. 1–14		
XENOPHON	430 B. C.?–355 B. C.?	16243
BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON		
The Training of a Wife ('Economist')		
Xenophon's Estate at Scillus ('Anabasis')		
Hardships in the Snow (same)		
The Education of a Persian Boy ('Cyropædeia')		
ARTHUR YOUNG	1741–1820	16261
Aspects of France before the Revolution ('Travels in France')		
EDWARD YOUNG	1684–1765	16277
From 'Night Thoughts': Procrastination; The Death of Friends; Aspiration; Silence and Darkness; Formalism, The Better Part		

	LIVED	PAGE
Émile Zola	1840–	16283

BY ROBERT VALLIER

Glimpses of Napoleon III. ('La Débâcle')
The Attack on the Mill

José Zorrilla y Moral	1817–1893	16325

To my Lyre
In the Cathedral of Toledo
To Spain
The Dirge of Larra
Aspiration

LIST OF PORTRAITS

IN VOL. XXVII

William Watson	Vignette
Isaac Watts	Vignette
Daniel Webster	Full page
Charles Wesley	Vignette
John Wesley	Full page
Edwin Percy Whipple	Vignette
Andrew Dickson White	Vignette
Richard Grant White	Vignette
Walt Whitman	Full page
John Greenleaf Whittier	Full page
Christopher Martin Wieland	Full page
Mary E. Wilkins	Vignette
Nathaniel Parker Willis	Vignette
Alexander Wilson	Vignette
John Wilson	Vignette
Woodrow Wilson	Vignette
William Winter	Vignette
Theodore Winthrop	Vignette
William Wirt	Vignette
Owen Wister	Vignette
George Wither	Vignette
Mary Wollstonecraft	Vignette
George E. Woodberry	Vignette
William Wordsworth	Full page
Sir Thomas Wyatt	Vignette
John Wyclif	Full page
Xenophon	Vignette
Arthur Young	Vignette
Edward Young	Vignette
Émile Zola	Full page

WILLIAM WATSON

(1856–)

THE work of William Watson, who is now distinctly a leader among the younger poets of England, has an artistic standard, a dignity and a beauty, which set him apart from the rank and file of aspirants. Mr. Watson's poetry is in the line of tradition: it stands for culture and reflection, it is strongly intellectual. There is in it nothing of sensational appeal, or the striving after originality by strained posturing. Mr. Watson has thought and moral earnestness, as well as art and imagination. It is not surprising his verse has received governmental recognition, and won an audience among the discriminating. In his poems of patriotism or of national import, Mr. Watson reminds us that a high function of the bard is to arouse, reprove, and inspire his countrymen and those who steer the ship of State.

WILLIAM WATSON

William Watson, still a young man but just turned forty, was born at Wharfedale, Yorkshire, in 1856, and is the son of a Liverpool merchant. As a boy his health was so delicate as to exclude him from public-school life, and he was taught privately at home. When he was twelve the family moved to the Lancashire watering-place of Southport; and there William gained fast in health, read literature, and drank in the beauties of the surrounding country,—for some of the choicest of England's scenery lies thereabouts. Books and nature thus ministered equally to his development. He made excursions into Wordsworth's land, and the spirit of the master interpreter stole deep into his being: it was the poem 'Wordsworth's Grave,' in 1892, that first drew the attention of the English people to an authentic new voice. Shelley and Keats were passions with him in boyhood, and their molding influence can be traced in his writing. Mr. Watson resides with his mother at Southead, a London suburb. A recent nervous illness due to overwork brought on an unbalanced mind; but the poet rallied from the attack, and has done some of his finest work since. This affliction is nobly, touchingly alluded to in the lovely 'Vita Nuova.'

It was not until his third volume that William Watson received substantial acknowledgment of his ability. His first work, 'The Prince's Quest' (1880), made no stir, nor did 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature' (1884); though the discerning recognized in both books the sure technique and the purity of quality which denote the true poet. In the latter volume Mr. Watson's gift for saying much in little, and giving crystallized and perfect form to some single thought, was happily illustrated. But when 'Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems' appeared in 1892, it was conceded that here was a poet to reckon with. The Wordsworth tribute was declared, not without justice, to be the strongest thing on the great nature-poet written of late years. Another memorial piece, 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' of which Tennyson is the subject, and which is a stately and finely conceived lyric, attracted Gladstone's attention, and resulted in his securing for the young poet a governmental pension of two hundred pounds, which has since been increased. This official favor seemed to point towards the laureateship, and Mr. Watson's chances as a candidate were regarded as good; many being disappointed at his failure to get the appointment. In 1893 was published 'The Eloping Angels,' an attempt at the satiric-humorous which was hardly successful. Watson's forte lies in quite another kind. 'Odes and Other Poems,' 'The Father of the Forest and Other Poems,' 'The Purple East,' and 'The Year of Shame,' are subsequent volumes which have strengthened his position and exhibited a healthy growth in power and art. The title-piece in 'The Father of the Forest' is a noble poem, in which the idealist is plainly published, and Mr. Watson's ability for sustained flight proved once more beyond peradventure. 'The Year of Shame,' which is an amplification of 'The Purple East,' is devoted almost exclusively to the poet's arraignment, in a sonnet-sequence, of the English for their Eastern policy, especially with regard to the Armenian question. Such leonine, ringing verse has seldom come from a young poet. Mr. Watson has a notable control of the sonnet form; his indignation is like that of Milton in its resonant ethical appeal, its impassioned sincerity. Some of these poems are of really splendid strength and sweep. The poet has not hitherto given the world anything so striking, and these patriotic poems have much enhanced his reputation. In them Mr. Watson is a singer of national significance; and with his age in mind, his future looks big with promise. He writes verse that will stand the test of time because it is grounded upon a careful art, inspired by a pure purpose, and vitalized by a normal, wholesome feeling.

[The sonnets from 'The Purple East' are copyright 1896, by John Lane.]

THE TURK IN ARMENIA

From 'The Purple East'

WHAT profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute levied on each golden gale
Thy treasuries, if thou canst hear the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by his seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou his sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

REPUDIATED RESPONSIBILITY

From 'The Purple East'

I HAD not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain,—
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they — or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honor there
Is needed but a requiem and a grave.

A WONDROUS LIKENESS

From 'The Purple East'

STILL on Life's loom, the infernal warp and weft
Woven each hour! Still in august renown,
A great realm watching, under God's great frown!
Ever the same! The little children cleft
In twain; the little tender maidens reft
Of maidenhood! And through a little town
A stranger journeying, wrote this record down,
"In all the place there was not one man left."
O friend, the sudden lightning of whose pen
Makes Horror's countenance visible afar,
And Desolation's face familiar,
I think this very England of my ken
Is wondrous like that little town, where are
In all the streets and houses no more men.

STARVING ARMENIA

From 'The Purple East'

OPEN your hearts, ye clothed from head to feet,
Ye housed and whole who listen to the cry
Of them that not yet slain and mangled lie,
Only despoiled of all that made life sweet,—
Only left bare to snow and wind and sleet,
And roofless to the inhospitable sky:
Give them of your abundance, lest they die,
And famine make this mighty woe complete;
And lest if truly, as your creed aver,
A day of reckoning come, it be your lot
To hear the voice of the uprisen dead:
"We were the naked whom ye covered not,
The sick to whom ye did not minister,
And the anhungered whom ye gave not bread."

FROM 'THE TOMB OF BURNS'

Copyright 1895, by Stone & Kimball

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthy humors that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.

With shattering ire or withering mirth
He smote each worthless claim to worth;
The barren fig-tree cumbering earth
He would not spare;
Through ancient lies of proudest birth
He drove his share.

To him the Powers that formed him brave,
Yet weak to breast the fatal wave,
A mighty gift of Hatred gave,—
A gift above
All other gifts benefic, save
The gift of Love.

He saw 'tis meet that Man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity—and be pitiless,
To make, and mar;
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far.

And so his fierce and tender strain
Lives, and his idlest words remain
To flout oblivion, that in vain
Strives to destroy
One lightest record of his pain
Or of his joy.

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

Copyright 1895, by Stone & Kimball. Reprinted by permission of John Lane, publisher

I

OLD emperor Yew, fantastic sire,
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,
What ages hast thou seen retire
Into the dusk of alien things?
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,
Of armies perished, realms unmade?

Already wast thou great and wise,
And solemn with exceeding eld,
On that proud morn when England's eyes,
Wet with tempestuous joy, beheld
Round her rough coasts the thundering main
Strewn with the ruined dream of Spain.

Hardly thou count'st them long ago,—
The warring faiths, the wavering land,
The sanguine sky's delirious glow,
And Cranmer's scorched, uplifted hand.
Wailed not the woods their task of shame,
Doomed to provide the insensate flame?

Mourned not the rumoring winds, when she—
The sweet queen of a tragic hour—
Crowned with her snow-white memory
The crimson legend of the Tower?
Or when a thousand witcheries lay
Felled with one stroke, at Fotheringay?

Ah, thou hast heard the iron tread
And clang of many an armored age,
And well recall'st the famous dead:
Captains or counselors, brave or sage,
Kings that on kings their myriads hurled,
Ladies whose smile embroiled the world.

Rememberest thou the perfect knight,
The soldier, courtier, bard, in one,—
Sidney, that pensive Hesper-light
O'er Chivalry's departed sun?

Knew'st thou the virtue, sweetness, lore,
Whose nobly hapless name was More?

The roystering prince, that afterward
Belied his madcap youth, and proved
A greatly simple warrior lord,
Such as our warrior fathers loved —
Lives he not still? for Shakespeare sings
The last of our adventurer kings.

His battles o'er, he takes his ease;
Glory put by, and sceptred toil.
Round him the carven centuries
Like forest branches arch and coil.
In that dim fame, he is not sure
Who lost or won at Azincour!

Roofed by the mother minster vast
That guards Augustine's rugged throne,
The darling of a knightly Past
Sleeps in his bed of sculptured stone,
And flings, o'er many a warlike tale,
The shadow of his dusky mail.

The monarch who, albeit his crown
Graced an august and sapient head,
Rode rough-shod to a stained renown
O'er Wallace and Llewellyn dead,
And perished in a hostile land,
With restless heart and ruthless hand;

Or that disastrous king on whom
Fate, like a tempest, early fell,
And the dark secret of whose doom
The Keep of Pomfret kept full well;
Or him that with half-careless words
On Becket drew the dastard swords;

Or Eleanor's undaunted son,
That, starred with idle glory, came
Bearing from leaguered Ascalon
The barren splendor of his fame,
And, vanquished by an unknown bow,
Lies vainly great at Fontevraud;

Or him, the footprints of whose power
Made mightier whom he overthrew,—

A man built like a mountain-tower,
A fortress of heroic thew,—
The Conquerer, in our soil who set
This stem of Kinghood flowering yet:

These, or the living fame of these,
Perhaps thou minglest — who shall say? —
With thrice remoter memories,
And phantoms of the mistier day
Long ere the tanner's daughter's son
From Harold's hands this realm had won.

What years are thine, not mine to guess!
The stars look youthful, thou being by;
Youthful the sun's glad-heartedness;
Witless of time the unaging sky,
And these dim-groping roots around
So deep a human Past are wound,

That, musing in thy shade, for me
The tidings scarce would strangely fall
Of fair-haired despots of the sea
Scaling our eastern island-wall,
From their long ships of norland pine,
Their "surf-deer" driven o'er wilds of brine.

Nay, hid by thee from Summer's gaze
That seeks in vain this couch of loam,
I should behold, without amaze,
Camped on yon down the hosts of Rome;
Nor start though English woodlands heard
The selfsame mandatory word

As by the cataracts of the Nile
Marshaled the legions long ago,
Or where the lakes are one blue smile
'Neath pageants of Helvetian snow,
Or 'mid the Syrian sands that lie
Sick of the Day's great tearless eye,

Or on barbaric plains afar,
Where, under Asia's fevering ray,
The long lines of imperial war
O'er Tigris passed, and with dismay
In fanged and iron deserts found
Embattled Persia closing round,

And 'mid their eagles watched on high
The vultures gathering for a feast,
Till, from the quivers of the sky,
The gorgeous star-flight of the East
Flamed, and the bow of darkness bent
O'er Julian dying in his tent.

II

Was it the wind befooling me
With ancient echoes, as I lay?
Was it the antic fantasy
Whose elvish mockeries cheat the day?
Surely a hollow murmur stole
From wizard bough and ghostly bole!

"Who prates to me of arms and kings,
Here in these courts of old repose?
Thy babble is of transient things,
Broils, and the dust of foolish blows.
Thy sounding annals are at best
The witness of a world's unrest.

"Goodly the ostents are to thee,
And pomps of Time: to me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity,
And Silence patient at my feet;
And dreams beyond the deadening range
And dull monotonies of Change.

"Often an air comes idling by
With news of cities and of men;
I hear a multitudinous sigh
And lapse into my soul again.
Shall her great noons and sunsets be
Blurred with thine infelicity?

"Now from these veins the strength of old,
The warmth and lust of life, depart:
Full of mortality, behold
The cavern that was once my heart!
Me, with blind arm, in season due,
Let the aerial woodman hew.

"For not though mightiest mortals fall,
The starry chariot hangs delayed;

His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.
A changeless pace His coursers keep,
And halt not at the wells of sleep.

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of night
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And autumn mourn, and everything
Dance with the wild pipe of the spring.

"With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And wise from all the foolish past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

"The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end,—

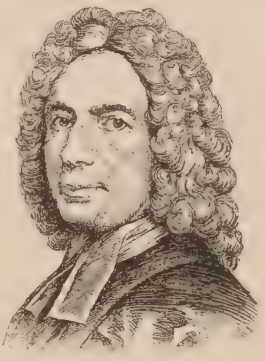
"Beauty: the Vision whereunto
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odor, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star,—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled,—
Toils the indomitable world."

ISAAC WATTS

(1674–1748)

IN HIS essay on psalmody, Isaac Watts makes this apology for possible shortcomings in the hymns of his composition:—

«It was hard to restrain my verse always within the bounds of my design; it was hard to sink every line to the level of a whole congregation, and yet to keep it above contempt. However, among so great a number of songs, I hope there will be some found that speak the very language and desires and sense of the meanest souls.»



ISAAC WATTS

The desire here expressed has been fulfilled in larger measure than the author, perhaps, ever dreamed. His hymns have been so absorbed into the popular consciousness that they are in the widest sense national; they have ceased to be his, in becoming the common property of generation after generation of English-speaking Christians. They are written, moreover, in the tongue of the soul, so they belong to no sect or division of the churches.

Isaac Watts was born in 1674, in Southampton, England, where his father, a Dissenter, kept a boarding-school. Both his parents were of a primitive and fervid piety. The boy was reared in an atmosphere of mental and moral sincerity. It is recorded that he began the study of the classics at the age of five years; being ever more devoted to books than to childish pleasures. On account of his nonconformity he could not enter either of the universities; but in his sixteenth year he went to London to pursue his studies in an academy there kept by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, minister of the Independent Meeting at Haberdashers' Hall. He became tutor afterwards in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington, in the mean time carrying on his studies in preparation for the ministry. In his twenty-fourth year he was chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncy, pastor of an Independent church in Mark Lane, London. Two years later he became sole pastor; but the state of his health soon made the appointment of an assistant necessary. Dr. Watts had undermined his strength in early boyhood by too great devotion to study; he was never to regain it.

In 1712 he took up his residence with Sir Thomas Abney of Abney Park; preaching but seldom, and devoting himself to the writing of theological treatises. He died in 1748.

In 1706 appeared the 'Horæ Lyricæ,' or the lyric poems sacred to devotion and piety. The next year a collection of hymns was published. In 1719 appeared the Psalms of David rendered into verse, and in 1720 the widely known and loved 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children.' These various collections of devotional and moral verse embrace the finest work of Watts. His prose writings, including the treatises on theology and the books designed for educational purposes, fill eight volumes; but in no case do they rise above the level of mediocrity.

The genius of Isaac Watts was a genius for worship; especially of that elemental Christian worship which, as in the days of the early church, centred itself about the personality of Jesus Christ, feeling the power of that personality rather than defining it. The temper of Watts himself was less in accord with the stern puritanic theology of his day than with the earlier and benigner aspects of Christianity,— its primitive urbanity and joyousness, its tender love of souls. The spirit of worship in him found its natural expression in song, in hymns in which the emphasis is always laid on what is comforting and simple and hopeful. The greatest of his hymns would not have been out of place on the lips of the subterranean church of Nero's day, as the church of to-day can sing them with fitness. Their abstract spirituality is one of their surest claims to endurance.

Dr. Watts's 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children' are quaint and loving; most beautiful indeed in their effort to link the life of a child with the life of God. His works throughout are the works of a sincere and good man, seeking to translate the unutterable language of the "angelical choirs" into the homely speech of the people to whom he ministered.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and flowers, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

THOU WHOM MY SOUL ADMIRES ABOVE

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,—
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one
Who turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST

WELCOME, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

One day amidst this place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
These gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

From 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children'

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to;

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,—
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

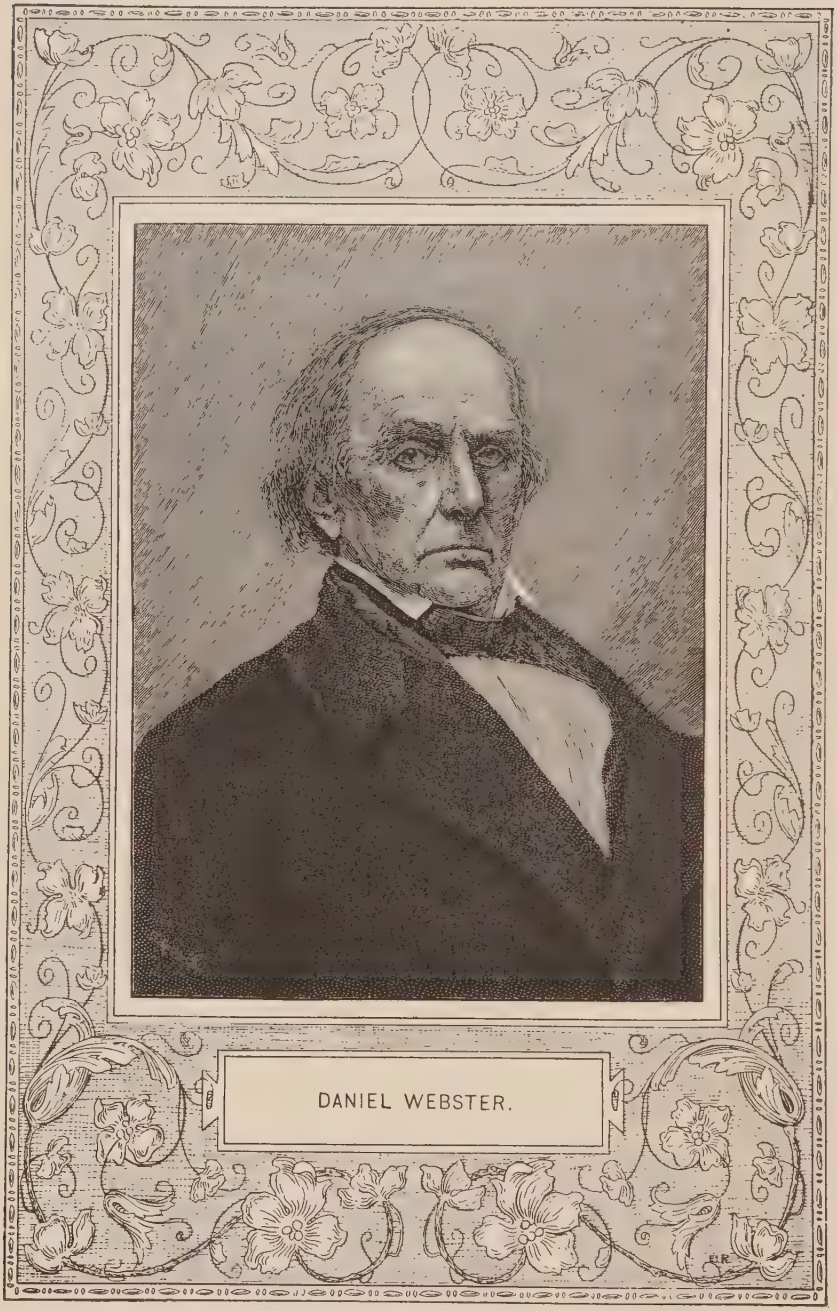
From 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children'

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell;
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

15725

DANIEL WEBSTER

(1782–1852)

BY CARL SCHURZ

OF THE generation of American statesmen that followed those of the Revolutionary period, few will live as long in the memory of the people, and none as long in the literature of the country, as Daniel Webster. His figure rises above the level of his time like a monument of colossal proportions. He was a child of the War of Independence, born in 1782. His father, a Puritan of stern and sterling character, had, as a backwoods farmer in New Hampshire, been an Indian fighter while New England had an Indian frontier, a soldier in the French war, and a captain in the Revolutionary army. His high standing among his neighbors made him a judge of the local court. Ambitious for his children, he strained his scanty means to the utmost to give his son the best education within reach, first at Exeter Academy, then at Dartmouth College. From his earliest days Daniel was petted by good fortune. His seemingly delicate health, his genial nature, and his promising looks, put, in the family circle, everybody at his service, even at personal sacrifice; and such sacrifice by others he became gradually accustomed to expect, as a prince expects homage.

At the academy and the college he shone not by phenomenal precocity, but by rapid progress in the studies he liked,—Latin, literature, and history. He did not excel in the qualities of the genuine scholar,—patient and thorough research, and the eager pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; but he was a voracious reader, assimilating easily what he read by dint of a strong memory and of serious reflection, and soon developed the faculty of making the most of what he knew by clear, vigorous, affluent, and impressive utterance. At an early age, too, he commanded attention by a singular charm of presence, to which his great dark eyes contributed not a little; and notwithstanding his high animal spirits, by a striking dignity of carriage and demeanor,—traits which gradually matured into that singularly imposing personality, the effect of which is described by his contemporaries in language almost extravagant, borrowing its similes from kings, cathedrals, and mountain peaks.

His conspicuous power of speech caused him, even during his college days, to be drawn upon for orations on the Fourth of July

and other festive days. The same faculty, reinforced by his virtue of knowing what he knew, gave him, after he had gone through the usual course of law study, early successes at the bar, which soon carried him from the field of legal practice into political life. He inherited Federalism from his father, and naturally accepted it, because he was a conservative by instinct and temperament. Existing things had a *prima facie* claim upon his respect and support, because they existed. He followed his party with fidelity, sometimes at the expense of his reason and logic, but without the narrow-mindedness of a proscriptive partisan spirit. In the excited discussions which preceded and accompanied the War of 1812, he took an active part as a public speaker and a pamphleteer. Something happened then, at the very beginning of his public career, that revealed in strong light the elements of strength as well as those of weakness in his nature. In a speech on the Fourth of July, 1812, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he set forth in vigorous language his opposition to the war policy of the Administration; but with equal emphasis he also declared that the remedy lay, not in lawless resistance, but only in "the exercise of the constitutional right of suffrage,"—a proposition then by no means popular with the extreme Federalists of New England. A few weeks later he was appointed by a local mass convention of Federalists to write an address on the same subject, which became widely known as the 'Rockingham Memorial.' In it he set forth with signal force the complaints of his party; but as to the remedy, he consented to give voice to the sense of the meeting by a thinly veiled threat of secession, and a hint at the possibility of a dissolution of the Union. In the first case he expressed his own opinions as a statesman and a patriot; in the second he accepted the opinions of those around him as his own, and spoke with equal ability and vigor as the mouthpiece or attorney of others: a double character, destined to reappear from time to time in his public life with puzzling effect.

New Hampshire sent him to Congress, where he took his seat in the House of Representatives in May 1813. He soon won a place in the front rank of debaters, especially on questions of finance. But the two terms during which he represented a New Hampshire constituency were a mere prelude to his great political career. In 1817 he left Congress to give himself to his legal practice, which gained much in distinction and lucrativeness by his removal to Boston. He rose rapidly to national eminence as a practitioner in the Federal as well as the State tribunals. It was there that he won peculiar lustre through his memorable argument in the famous Dartmouth College case before the Federal Supreme Court, which fascinated John Marshall on the bench, and moved to tears the thronged audience in the court-room. It left Webster with no superior and with few rivals at the

American bar. It may be questioned whether he was a great lawyer in the highest sense. There were others whose knowledge was larger and more thorough, and whose legal opinion carried greater authority. But hardly any of these surpassed him in the faculty of seizing, with instinctive sureness of grasp, the vital point of a cause, of endowing mere statement with the power of demonstration, of marshaling facts and arguments in massive array for concentric attack on the decisive point, of moving the feelings together with the understanding by appeals of singular magic, and also of so assimilating and using the work of others as if it had been his own. Adding to all this the charm of that imposing personality, which made every word falling from his lips sound as if it were entitled to far more than ordinary respect, he could not fail to win brilliant successes. He was engaged in many of the most important and celebrated cases of his time — some then celebrated and still remembered because of the part he played in them.

In Boston, Webster found a thoroughly congenial home. Its history and traditions, its wealth and commercial activity, the high character of its citizenship, the academic atmosphere created by its institutions of learning, the refined tone of its social circles, the fame of its public men, made the Boston of that period, in the main attributes of civilized life, the foremost city in the United States. Boston society received Webster with open arms, and presently he became in an almost unexampled measure its idol. Together with the most distinguished personages of the State, among them the venerable John Adams, he was elected a member of the convention called to revise the State Constitution, where as the champion of conservative principles he advocated and carried the proposition that the State Senate should remain the representative of property. When in 1820, the day arrived for the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it was he whom the public voice designated as the orator of the day. The oration, with its historical picturesqueness, its richness of thought and reasoning, its broad sweep of contemplation, and the noble and magnificent simplicity of its eloquence, was in itself an event. No literary production of the period in America achieved greater renown. From that time on, Massachusetts loved to exhibit herself in his person on occasions of state; and in preference to all others, Webster was her spokesman when she commemorated the great events of her history. As such he produced a series of addresses — at the laying of the corner-stone, and later at the completion, of the Bunker Hill monument, on the death of John Adams and of Thomas Jefferson, and on other occasions — which his contemporaries acclaimed as ranking with the great oratorical achievements of antiquity.

Webster soon appeared in Congress again: first in 1823, in the House of Representatives, as the member from the Boston district; and a few years later in the Senate. Then began the most brilliant part of his political career. It was the period when the component elements of the old political parties — the Federalists and the Republicans — became intermingled; when old party issues vanished; and when new questions, or rather old questions in new shapes and relations, caused new groupings of men to be formed. In the confusion of the political and personal conflicts which characterized the so-called "era of good feeling," and which immediately followed it, Webster became a supporter of the administration of John Quincy Adams; and, as an old Federalist and conservative, was naturally attracted by that combination of political forces which subsequently organized itself as the Whig party.

In the House of Representatives, he attracted the attention of the world abroad by a stinging philippic against the "Holy Alliance" in a eulogy on the Greek revolution, and by a sober exposition of the Monroe Doctrine in a speech on the famous Panama mission. But his most remarkable achievement was an argument against Henry Clay's "American System" — tariff Protection as a policy, the very policy which was destined to become the corner-stone of the Whig platform. Webster's Free Trade speech — for so it may be called — summed up and amplified the views he had already expressed on previous occasions, in a presentation of fundamental principles so broad and clear, with a display of knowledge so rich and accurate, and an analysis of facts and theories so keen and thorough, that it stands unsurpassed in our political literature, and may still serve as a text-book to students of economic science. But Clay's tariff was adopted nevertheless; and four years later Webster abandoned many of his own conclusions, on the ground that in the mean time New England, accepting Protection as the established policy of the country, had invested much capital in manufacturing enterprises, the success of which depended upon the maintenance of the protective policy, and should therefore not be left in the lurch. For this reason he became a protectionist. This plea appeared again and again in his high-tariff speeches which followed; but he never attempted to deny or shake the broad principles so strongly set forth in his great argument of 1824.

Webster reached the highest point of his power and fame when, in 1830, he gave voice as no one else could to the national consciousness of the American people. Before the War of 1812, the Union had been looked upon by many thoughtful and patriotic Americans as an experiment, — a promising one indeed, but of uncertain issue. Whether it would be able to endure the strain of

divergent local interests, feelings, and aspirations, and whether its component parts would continue in the desire permanently to remain together in one political structure, were still matters of doubt and speculation. The results of the War of 1812 did much to inspire the American heart with a glow of pride in the great common country, with confident anticipations of its high destinies, and with an instinctive feeling that the greatness of the country and the splendors of its destinies depended altogether upon the permanency of the Union. The original theory that the Constitution of the United States was a mere compact of partnership between independent and sovereign commonwealths, to be dissolved at will, whatever historical foundation it may have had, yielded to an overruling sentiment of a common nationality.

This sentiment was affronted by the Nullification movement in South Carolina, which, under the guise of resistance to the high tariff of 1828, sought to erect a bulwark for slavery through the enforcement of the doctrine that a State by its sovereign action could overrule a Federal law, and might, as a last resort, legally withdraw from the "federal compact." Against this assumption Webster rose up in his might, like Samson going forth against the Philistines. In his famous "Reply to Hayne," he struck down the doctrine of the legality of State resistance and of secession with blows so crushing, and maintained the supremacy of the Federal authority in its sphere, and the indissolubility of the Union, with an eloquence so grand and triumphant, that as his words went over the land the national heart bounded with joy and broke out in enthusiastic acclamations. At that moment Webster stood before the world as the first of living Americans. Nor was this the mere sensation of a day. His "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" remained the watchword of American patriotism, and still reverberated thirty years later in the thunders of the Civil War. That glorious speech continues to hold the first place among the monuments of American oratory.

In the contest against the Nullification movement in South Carolina, Webster firmly maintained, against Henry Clay's compromise policy, that wherever the national authority was lawlessly set at defiance, peace should never be purchased by concession to the challengers; and that it was time to "test the strength of the government." He therefore sturdily supported President Jackson's "force bill," although the administration of that doughty warrior was otherwise most uncongenial to him. But when the compromise had actually been adopted, he dropped back into the party line behind Clay's leadership, which he thenceforth never again forsook. There was an element of indolence in his nature which it needed strong impulses

to overcome, so as to set the vast machinery of his mind in full motion. Such an impulse was furnished again by Jackson's attack on the United States Bank, and by other somewhat autocratic financial measures. Webster opposed this policy in a series of speeches on currency and banking, which deserve very high rank in the literature of that branch of economics. They were not free from partisan bias in the specific application of those fundamental principles of which Webster had such a masterly grasp; but notwithstanding this, his deep insight into the nature and conditions of credit, and his thorough study and profound judgment of the functions of banking, made him an invaluable teacher of the science of public finance. Nobody has ever depicted the vices and dangers inherent in an unsound currency, and the necessity of grounding the monetary system upon a firm basis of value, with greater force and more convincing lucidity.

But in spite of the brilliancy and strength of his efforts in opposing Jackson's willful and erratic policies, Webster never became the real leader of the Whig party. Although he was greatly the superior of Clay in wealth of knowledge, in depth of thought, in statesmanlike breadth of view, in solidity of reasoning power, and in argumentative eloquence, he fell far behind him in those attributes which in contests for general leadership are apt to turn the scale: the spirit of initiative, force of will, that sincere self-confidence which extorts confidence from others, bold self-assertion in doubtful situations, and constant alertness in watching and directing the details of political movements. Clay therefore remained the general leader of the Whig party; while Webster, with New England at his back, stood now by his side, now behind him, as in feudal times a great duke, rich in treasure and lands and retainers, himself of royal blood, may have stood now behind, now by the side of his king.

Unhappily for himself, Webster was not satisfied with the theatre of action on which his abilities fitted him for the greatest service, and on which he achieved his highest renown. At a comparatively early period of his career he ardently wished to be sent as minister to England; and he bore a grudge to John Quincy Adams for his failure to gratify that desire. Ever since his «Reply to Hayne» had made his name a household word in the country, an ungovernable longing possessed him to be President of the United States. The morbid craving commonly called «the Presidential fever» developed in him, as it became chronic, its most distressing form; disordering his ambition, unsettling his judgment, and warping his statesmanship. His imagination always saw the coveted prize within his grasp, which in reality it never was. He lacked the sort of popularity which since the administration of John Quincy Adams seemed to be required for a Presidential candidacy. He traveled over the land south and north,

and east and west, to manufacture it for himself; but in vain. The people looked at him with awe, and listened to him with rapture and wonder; but as to the Presidency, the fancy and favor of the politicians, as well as of the masses, obstinately ran to other men. So it was again and again. Clay, too, was unfortunate as a Presidential candidate; but he could have at least the nomination of his party so long as there appeared to be any hope for his election. Webster was denied even that. The vote for him in the party conventions was always distressingly small; usually confined to New England, or only a part of it. Yet he never ceased to hope against hope, and thus to invite more and more galling disappointments. To Henry Clay he could yield without humiliation; but when he saw his party prefer to himself not once, but twice and three times, men of only military fame, without any political significance whatever, his mortification was so keen that in the bitterness of his soul he twice openly protested against the result. Worse than all this, he had to meet the fate — a fate not uncommon with chronic Presidential candidates — to see the most important and most questionable act of his last years attributed to his inordinate craving for the elusive prize.

The cause of this steady succession of failures may have been, partly, that the people found him too unlike themselves, too unfamiliar to the popular heart; and partly that the party managers shrunk from nominating him because they saw in him not only a giant, but a very vulnerable giant, who would not "wear well" as a candidate. They had indeed reason to fear the discussions to which in an excited canvass his private character would be subjected. Of his moral failings, those relating to money were the most notorious and the most offensive to the moral sense of the plain people. In the course of his public life he became accustomed not only to the adulation but also to the material generosity of his followers. Great as his professional income was, his prodigality went far beyond his means; and the recklessness with which he borrowed and forgot to return, betrayed an utter insensibility to pecuniary obligation. With the coolest nonchalance he spent the money of his friends, and left to them his debts for payment. This habit increased as he grew older, and severely tested the endurance of his admirers. So grave a departure from the principles of common honesty could not fail to cast a dark shadow upon his character, and it is not strange that the cloud of distrust should have spread from his private to his public morals. The charge was made that he stood in the Senate advocating high tariffs as the paid attorney of the manufacturers of New England. It was met by the answer that so great a man would not sell himself. This should have been enough. Nevertheless, his defenders were grievously embarrassed when the fact was pointed

out that it was after all in great part the money of the rich manufacturers and bankers that stocked his farm, furnished his house, supplied his table, and paid his bills. A man less great could hardly have long sustained himself in public life under such a burden of suspicion. That Daniel Webster did sustain himself, strikingly proved the strength of his prestige. But his moral failings cost him the noblest fruit of great service,—an unbounded public confidence.

Although disappointed in his own expectations, he vigorously supported General Harrison for the Presidency in the campaign of 1840, and in 1841 was made Secretary of State. He remained in that office until he had concluded the famous Ashburton treaty, under the administration of President Tyler, who turned against the Whig policies. After his resignation he was again elected to the Senate. Then a fateful crisis in his career approached.

The annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the acquisition of territory on our southern and western border, brought the slavery question sharply into the foreground. Webster had always, when occasion called for a demonstration of sentiment, denounced slavery as a great moral and political evil; and although affirming that under the Constitution it could not be touched by the action of the general government in the States in which it existed, declared himself against its extension. He had opposed the annexation of Texas, the war against Mexico, and the enlargement of the republic by conquest. But while he did not abandon his position concerning slavery, his tone in maintaining it grew gradually milder. The impression gained ground that as a standing candidate for the Presidency, he became more and more anxious to conciliate Southern opinion.

Then the day came that tried men's souls. The slave power had favored war and conquest, hoping that the newly acquired territory would furnish more slave States and more Senators in its interest. That hope was cruelly dashed when California presented herself for admission into the Union, with a State constitution excluding slavery from her soil. To the slave power this was a stunning blow. It had fought for more slave States and conquered for more free States. The admission of California would hopelessly destroy the balance of power between freedom and slavery in the Senate. The country soon was ablaze with excitement. In the North the antislavery feeling ran high. The "fire-eaters" of the South, exasperated beyond measure by their disappointment, vociferously threatened to disrupt the Union. Henry Clay, true to his record, hoped to avert the danger by a compromise. He sought to reconcile the South to the inevitable admission of California by certain concessions to slavery, among them the ill-famed and ill-fated Fugitive Slave Law; a law offensive not

only to antislavery sentiment, but also to the common impulses of humanity and to the pride of manhood.

Webster had to choose. The antislavery men of New England, and even many of his conservative friends, hoped and expected that he would again, as he had done in Nullification times, proudly plant the Union flag in the face of a disunion threat, with a defiant refusal of concession to a rebellious spirit, and give voice to the moral sense of the North. But Webster chose otherwise. On the 7th of March, 1850, he spoke in the Senate. The whole country listened with bated breath. While denouncing secession and pleading for the Union in glowing periods, he spoke of slavery in regretful but almost apologetic accents, upbraided the abolitionists as mischievous marplots, earnestly advocated the compromise, and commended that feature of it which was most odious to Northern sentiment,—the Fugitive Slave Law.

From this "Seventh of March Speech"—by that name it has passed into history—Webster never recovered. It stood in too striking a contrast to the "Reply to Hayne." There was indeed still the same lucid comprehensiveness of statement. The heavy battalions of argument marched with the same massive tread. But there was lacking that which had been the great inspiration of the "Reply to Hayne,"—the triumphant consciousness of being right. The effect of the speech corresponded to its character. Southern men welcomed it as a sign of Northern submissiveness, but it did not go far enough to satisfy them. The impression it made upon the antislavery people of the North was painful in the extreme. They saw in it "the fall of an archangel." Many of them denounced it as the treacherous bid of a Presidential candidate for Southern favor. Their reproaches varied from the indignant murmur to the shrillest note of execration. Persons less interested or excited looked up at the colossal figure of the old hero of "Liberty and Union" with a sort of bewildered dismay, as if something unnatural and portentous had happened to him. Even many of his stanchest adherents among the conservative Whigs stood at first stunned and perplexed, needing some time to gather themselves up for his defense.

This was not surprising. Henry Clay could plan and advocate the compromise of 1850 without loss of character. Although a man of antislavery instincts, he was himself a slaveholder representing a slaveholding community, a compromiser in his very being; and compromise had always been the vital feature of his statesmanship. But Webster could not apologize for slavery, and in its behalf approve compromise and concession in the face of disunion threats, without turning his back upon the most illustrious feat of his public life. Injustice may have been done to him by the assailants of his motives, but it can hardly be denied that the evidence of circumstances

stood glaringly against him. He himself was ill at ease. The virulent epithets and sneers with which he thenceforth aspersed antislavery principles and antislavery men — contrasting strangely with the stately decorum he had always cultivated in his public utterances — betrayed the bitterness of a troubled soul.

The 7th of March speech, and the series of addresses with which he sought to set right and fortify the position he had taken, helped greatly in inducing both political parties to accept the compromise of 1850; and also in checking, at least for the time being, the antislavery movement in the Northern States. But they could not kill that movement, nor could they prevent the coming of the final crisis. They did, however, render him acceptable to the slave power, when, after the death of General Taylor, President Fillmore made him Secretary of State. Once more he stirred the people's heart by a note addressed to the Chevalier Hülsemann, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, in which, defending the mission of a special agent to inquire into the state of the Hungarian insurrection, he proudly justified the conduct of the government, pointed exultingly to the greatness of the republic, and vigorously vindicated the sympathies of the American people with every advance of free institutions the world over. The whole people applauded, and this was to him the last flash of popularity.

In 1852 his hope to attain the Whig nomination for the Presidency rose to the highest pitch, although his prospects were darker than ever. But he had reached the age of seventy; this was his last chance, and he clung to it with desperate eagerness. He firmly counted upon receiving in the convention a large number of Southern votes; he received not one. His defeat could hardly have been more overwhelming. The nomination fell to General Scott. In the agony of his disappointment, Webster advised his friends to vote for the Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce. In 1848 he had declared General Taylor's nomination to be one «not fit to be made»; but after all he had supported it. Then he still saw a possibility for himself ahead. In 1852, the last hope having vanished, he punished his party for having refused him what he thought his due, by openly declaring for the opposition. The reasons he gave for this extreme step were neither tenable, nor even plausible. It was a wail of utter despair.

His health had for some time been failing, and the shock which his defeat gave him aggravated his ailment. On the morning of October 24th, 1852, he died. Henry Clay's death had preceded his by four months. The month following saw the final discomfiture of the Whig party. The very effort of its chiefs to hold it together, and to preserve the Union by concessions to slavery, disrupted it so thoroughly that it could never again rally. Its very name soon

disappeared. Less than two years after Webster's death the whole policy of compromise broke down in total collapse. Massachusetts herself had risen against it, and in Webster's seat in the Senate sat Charles Sumner, the very embodiment of the uncompromising anti-slavery conscience. The «irrepressible conflict» between freedom and slavery rudely swept aside all other politics and filled the stage. The thunder-clouds of the coming Civil War loomed darkly above the horizon.

In the turmoils that followed, all of Webster's work sank into temporary oblivion, except his greatest and best. The echoes of the «Reply to Hayne» awoke again. «Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!» became not merely the watchword of a party, but the battle-cry of armed hosts. «I still live,» had been his last words on his death-bed. Indeed, he still lived in his noblest achievement, and thus he will long continue to live.

Over Webster's grave there was much heated dispute as to the place he would occupy in the history of his country. Many of those who had idolized him during his life extolled him still more after his death, as the demigod whose greatness put all his motives and acts above criticism, and whose genius excused all human frailties. Others, still feeling the smart of the disappointment which that fatal 7th of March had given them, would see in him nothing but rare gifts and great opportunities prostituted by vulgar appetites and a selfish ambition. The present generation, remote from the struggles and passions of those days, will be more impartial in its judgment. Looking back upon the time in which he lived, it beholds his statuesque form towering with strange grandeur among his contemporaries,—huge in his strength, and huge also in his weaknesses and faults; not indeed an originator of policies or measures, but a marvelous expounder of principles, laws, and facts, who illumined every topic of public concern he touched, with the light of a sovereign intelligence and vast knowledge; who, by overpowering argument, riveted around the Union unbreakable bonds of constitutional doctrine; who awakened to new life and animated with invincible vigor the national spirit; who left to his countrymen and to the world invaluable lessons of statesmanship, right, and patriotism, in language of grand simplicity and prodigiously forceful clearness; and who might stand as its greatest man in the political history of America, had he been a master character as he was a master mind.

THE AMERICAN IDEA

From the 'Oration on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument,' June 17th, 1825

THIS uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose, of our assembling, have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth. . . .

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate,—that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and blessing of the world,—is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together in this place by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may

rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which under other circumstances might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve, the

great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry, and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution; which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre of her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this our continent, our own example has been followed, and colonies have sprung to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad to the brightened prospects of the world, while we still hold among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting,—I had almost said overwhelming,—this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet: but all else, how

changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling to it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber forever in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you! . . .

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge amongst men in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has in our time triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the *world* will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country; every wave rolls it: all give it forth and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and

opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered: and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half-century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors or fellow-workers on the theatre of intellectual operation. . . .

Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner that they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won: yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power: all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat; and nothing has ascertained, and nothing can ascertain, the amount of ultimate product. . . .

And now let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind therefore rest

with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are incitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition — all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us — authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is open to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circles of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA

From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830

SIR, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

LIBERTY AND UNION

From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830

IF ANYTHING be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it and refuse to change it, who has given or who can give to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general Constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, and under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a State trust their own State government with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections; and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power; which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent, as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And finally, the people of the United States have at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less to interfere by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its

plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than State pleasure or State discretion sees fit to grant the indulgence, and prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years; and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, *nullified*, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forward with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and

wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us,— for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE DRUM-BEAT OF ENGLAND

From Speech in the Senate, May 7th, 1834

THE Senate regarded this interposition [the President's Protest] as an encroachment by the executive on other branches of the government; as an interference with the legislative disposition of the public treasure. It was strongly and forcibly urged yesterday by the honorable member from South Carolina, that the true and only mode of preserving any balance of power in mixed governments is to keep an exact balance. This is very true; and to this end encroachment must be resisted at the first step. The question is therefore whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be any illegal exercise of power it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was in their eyes enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises,

struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared: a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

IMAGINARY SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

From the 'Discourse on the Lives and Services of Adams and Jefferson,' August 2d, 1826.

IT WAS for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by

men,—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago in this place moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty,—may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us; which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony indeed has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for

the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour to sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On this annual return they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears,—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it

shall be my dying sentiment,— Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.»

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored; and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it; and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

THE CONTINUITY OF THE RACE

From the 'Discourse in Commemoration of the First Settlement of New England,' delivered at Plymouth on the 22d day of December, 1820

LET us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspicious indeed!—bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men; full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity—is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. Forever honored be this, the place of our fathers' refuge! Forever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in everything but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man!

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time, nor the spot of earth, in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history; and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying

their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils, by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs,— we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age. We become their contemporaries: live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time, by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us, by attempting something which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space: so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race, through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on

the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry, only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality: it deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of existence is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; and when it carries us forward also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do, in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us,—it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

Standing in this relation to our ancestors and our posterity, we are assembled on this memorable spot, to perform the duties which that relation and the present occasion imposes upon us. We have come to this Rock, to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration of their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and establish. And we would leave here also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

There is a local feeling connected with this occasion, too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters, made their first lodgment,—in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here at the season of the year at which the

event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and with toilsome efforts gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience; and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood,—houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast,—till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton: the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation,—all these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration.

The settlement of New England by the colony which landed here on the twenty-second of December, sixteen hundred and twenty, although not the first European establishment in what now constitutes the United States, was yet so peculiar in its causes and character, and has been followed and must still be followed by such consequences, as to give it a high claim to lasting commemoration. On these causes and consequences, more than on its immediately attendant circumstances, its importance as an historical event depends. Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results affecting the prosperity and happiness of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought, of all the fields fertilized with carnage, of the banners which have

been bathed in blood, of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars,—how few that continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion; and the world goes on in its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But if this be frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, which sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent interest, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory: but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveler pauses on the plain of Marathon, what are the emotions which most strongly agitate his breast? What is that glorious recollection which thrills through his frame and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was here saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her governments and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency whether the Persian or the Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment: he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles, as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether

he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

"If we conquer," said the Athenian commander on the morning of that decisive day,—"if we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy how well fulfilled! "If God prosper us," might have been the more appropriate language of our fathers, when they landed upon this Rock,—"if God prosper us, we shall here begin a work which shall last for ages: we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty and the purest religion; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer and the waving and golden harvest of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man. We shall whiten this coast with the canvas of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere but houseless worship, there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and in time, paying back where they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and to this hour, with unabated affection and regard." . . .

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and

partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know at least that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

JOHN WEBSTER

(Early in the Seventeenth Century)

LITTLE is known of the life of Shakespeare's greatest pupil in tragedy, John Webster. He began to write for the stage about 1601: between 1601 and 1607 he made certain additions to Marston's 'Malcontent,' and collaborated with Dekker in the 'History of Sir Thomas Wyatt,' 'Northward Ho' and 'Westward Ho.' In 1612 'Vittoria Corombona,' the most famous of his tragedies, was published, and in 1623 'The Duchess of Malfi' appeared. Webster's classical tragedy, 'Appius and Virginia,' was not published until 1654. Besides these plays he wrote a tragi-comedy entitled 'The Devil's Law-Case,' and with Rowley the curious drama of 'A Cure for a Cuckold.' In his introduction to the Mermaid Edition of Webster's plays, J. A. Symonds points out that there is little internal evidence of this collaboration, for which the publisher Kirkman's word was the authority. Mr. Edmund Gosse suggested that the little play within this play might be the work of Webster; and acting on this suggestion, the Hon. S. E. Spring-Rice detached the minor drama from 'A Cure for a Cuckold,' and under the name of 'Love's Graduate' had it printed at the private press of Mr. Daniel. For two hundred years after Webster lived, he was almost forgotten. The keen appreciation of Charles Lamb rescued him from the strange oblivion which had rested upon his remarkable if sinister genius. In his 'Specimens from the English Dramatic Poets,' he accords him the highest praise. In 1830 the Rev. Alexander Dyce collected and edited the works of Webster; bringing them for the first time within the reach of the general reader, and securing the preservation of what are acknowledged masterpieces of a certain order of tragedy.

The two Italian dramas, 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona; or The White Devil,' belong to that strange genus, the "tragedy of blood," which began with the extravagances of Kyd, a predecessor of Shakespeare, and received its highest illustration by the master himself in 'Hamlet.' Webster made a less plausible use of this kind of tragedy than did Shakespeare, although he sometimes approaches him in dramatic strength. His sinister imagination is like the lightning of a midnight tempest, revealing the tormented sky and the black fury of the storm. "No dramatist," writes Mr. Symonds, "showed more consummate ability in heightening terrific

effects, in laying bare the inner mysteries of crime, remorse, and pain; . . . he was drawn to comprehend and reproduce abnormal elements of spiritual anguish.» His men and women go out of life in a black mist, as they pass through it in a red mist of crime. Vittoria Corombona, the beautiful evil heroine of the play, cries out when she is stabbed:—

«My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.»

Her brother, Flamineo, holds to the cynicism of his reckless life even amid the awful scenes of the last catastrophe.

«We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying.»

Yet the humanity of these men and women of Webster's is not disguised by their crimes. His insight into human nature is deep and incisive, but he knew only its night side. He was in love with agony and abnormal wickedness, and with the tortures of sin-haunted souls. He found fitting material for his uses in the stories of crime furnished by the splendid, corrupt Italy of the sixteenth century. The plots of 'Vittoria Corombona' and of the 'Duchess of Malfi' are both taken from this source. Viewed in the light of Italian Renaissance history, they cannot be called extravagant; but the sombre genius of Webster has made the most of their terrors.

In his Roman play of 'Appius and Virginia' he has shown that he could write calmly and dispassionately, and without the effects of the terrible and the ghastly. It is a stately and quiet composition; but it lacks «those sudden flashes of illumination, those profound and searching glimpses into the bottomless abyss of human misery, which render the two Italian tragedies unique.»

Webster's style is singularly well adapted to the spirit in which he portrays human life. It is cutting, sententious, powerful. He has the faculty of expressing an entire gamut of human emotions in a few words, as when Ferdinand in the 'Duchess of Malfi' sees the body of his twin-sister murdered by his orders, and exclaims—

«Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle; she dies young.»

Webster's portions in the collaborated plays are inconsiderable, and are not in any way characteristic of his peculiar genius.

FROM 'THE DUCHESS OF MALFI'

[The Duchess of Malfi, having secretly married her steward Antonio, arouses thereby the wrath of her brother, Duke Ferdinand, the heir of her great fortune had she died childless. She is forced to separate from her husband, and by the order of her brother she and her children and her attendant Cariola are put to death.]

Scene: Room in the Duchess's Lodging. Enter Duchess *and* Cariola.

DUCHESS — What hideous noise was that?
Cariola — 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practiced till this hour.
Duchess — Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cariola — Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duchess — Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cariola — Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Duchess — Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cariola — Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
Duchess — Of nothing;
When I muse thus I sleep.
Cariola — Like a madman, with your eyes open?
Duchess — Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Cariola — Yes, out of question.
Duchess — Oh that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow;
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar:

Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cariola— Like to your picture in the gallery,—
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duchess— Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy.—How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant

Servant— I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.

Duchess— Let them come in.

Servant— There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and failing o't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the Devil were among them.

Duchess— Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen

[*Here this song is sung to a dismal kind of music by a Madman.*]

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggèd howl,

Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And córrosived your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

First Madman — Doomsday not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon the instant. I cannot sleep — my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

Second Madman — Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

. . . . . .

First Madman — I have skill in heraldry.

Second Madman — Hast?

First Madman — You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

Third Madman — Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.

First Madman — Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

Second Madman — Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will eat to the bone.

Third Madman — He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

. . . . . .

Fourth Madman — I have pared the Devil's nails forty times, roasted them in ravens' eggs, and cured agues with them.

Third Madman — Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

. . . . . .

[*Here a dance of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereto; after which Bosola, like an Old Man, enters.*]

Duchess — Is he mad too?

Servant — Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*

Bosola — I am come to make thy tomb.

Duchess — Ha! my tomb!
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bosola — Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duchess — Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bosola — Yes.

Duchess — Who am I?

Bosola — Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duchess — Am not I thy duchess?

Bosola — Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duchess — I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bosola — That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duchess — Thou art very plain.

Bosola — My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living: I am a tomb-maker.

Duchess — And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bosola — Yes.

Duchess — Let me be a little merry: — of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bosola — Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duchess — Why do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bosola — Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

Duchess — Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.
Bosola — Now I shall:

Enter Executioners, *with a coffin, cords, and a bell*

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duchess — Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bosola — This is your last presence-chamber.
Cariola — O my sweet lady!
Duchess — Peace: it affrights not me.
Bosola — I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.
Duchess — Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
Bosola — 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen,
Hark! now everything is still.
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.
Cariola — Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? — Call for help.
Duchess — To whom? to our next neighbors? they are mad-folks.
Bosola — Remove that noise.

Duchess— Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give,—
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.
Cariola— I will die with her.
Duchess— I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.*]

Now what you please:
What death?
Bosola— Strangling; here are your executioners.
Duchess— I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.
Bosola— Doth not death fright you?
Duchess— Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?
Bosola— Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.
Duchess— Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smotherèd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways; any way, for Heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's-fault:
I'd not be tedious to you.
First Executioner— We are ready.
Duchess— Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
First Executioner— Yes.
Duchess— Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me;—
Yet stay: heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there

Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*] Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess.*]

Bosola— Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*Cariola and Children are brought in by the Executioners; who presently strangle the Children.*]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.
Cariola— Oh, you are damned
Perpetually for this! My turn is next—
Is't not so ordered?
Bosola— Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.
Cariola— You are deceived, sir:
I am not prepared for 't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.
Bosola— Come, dispatch her.—
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.
Cariola— I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.
First Executioner— Here's your wedding-ring.
Cariola— Let me but speak with the duke: I'll discover
Treason to his person.
Bosola— Delays: throttle her.
First Executioner—
She bites and scratches.
Cariola— If you kill me now,
I am damned: I have not been at confession
This two years.

. . . . . .

[*The Executioners strangle Cariola.*]

Bosola— Bear her into the next room,
Let these lie still.

[*Exeunt the Executioners with the body of Cariola.*]

Enter Ferdinand

Ferdinand— Is she dead?
Bosola— She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity:

[*Shows the Children strangled.*]

Alas, how have these offended?
Ferdinand— The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
Bosola— Fix your eye here.
Ferdinand— Constantly.
Bosola— Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
Ferdinand—
Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle; she dies young.
Bosola— I think not so: her infelicity
Seems to have years too many.
Ferdinand— She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.
Bosola— It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Ferdinand— Let me see her face
Again. Why didst not thou pity her? what
An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gained
An infinite mass of treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause? her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.

For thee,—as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part,—I hate thee for 't;
And for my sake, thou hast done much ill well.

DIRGE FROM 'VITTORIA COROMBONA'

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEISS

(1818–1879)

JOHN WEISS belonged to a class of writers, not uncommon among the Transcendentalists of New England, whose works are distinguished by epigrammatic brilliancy. He wrote of great things in what might almost be called a clever way; sometimes hiding the bold, simple outlines of an idea under an elaborate and striking tracery of words. Yet the genuineness of his endowments is beyond question. He possessed the singularly strong and daring intellect of that generation of New-Englanders which brought forth Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker. He possessed the remarkable faculty of combining an almost mystical faith with extreme devotion to science. His outlook seemed to be as broad as heaven itself, yet his mind recorded only flash-light pictures of the universe. He saw vividly; he wrote of what he saw, in an intense epigrammatic manner.

He was born in Boston in 1818, was graduated from Harvard in 1837. Later he studied at Heidelberg, becoming subsequently a minister of the Unitarian church. From 1859 to 1870 he was pastor of the Unitarian church at Watertown, Massachusetts. At one time he gave a series of brilliant lectures in New York on the Greek Myths; he wrote for the Radical, for the Massachusetts Quarterly, for the Atlantic Monthly. In 1842 appeared his first work, in which he had performed the task of editor and translator. This was 'Henry of Afterdingen,' by F. von Hardenberg. In 1845 he published a translation of the philosophical and æsthetic letters of Schiller; a year later appeared an edition of the memoir of Fichte by William Smith; and in 1864 one of his most noted works, 'Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker.' Later he published a volume of essays bearing the title 'American Religion,' and a volume entitled, 'Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.' Besides these works, he was the author of a number of religious and political pamphlets. He died in 1879.

His creed forms a background to much that he has written. The foremost of the radicals, he cared nothing for dogma, centring his faith solely about the idea of God and the idea of immortality. For these he contended with glittering weapons. But he was not a logician primarily: his thought was essentially poetical.

"When all my veins flow unobstructed, and lift to the level of my eyes the daily gladness that finds a gate at every pore; when the

roaming gifts come home from nature to turn the brain into a hive of cells full of yellow sunshine, the spoil of all the chalices of the earth beneath and the heaven above,—then I am the subject of a Revival of Religion."

The style of Weiss is sometimes overladen with conceits and epigrams, is not always a sane and quiet style; but it expresses admirably his peculiar type of mind,—a type which has perished perhaps with the unusual circumstances producing it.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL

From 'American Religion.' Copyright 1871, by John Weiss

THE Ideal is not a phrase in high repute among practical people, who suspect it of excusing some immediate incapacity, like that which would recommend clouds to the selectmen for a new style of pavement, or a balloon's aimless whirling instead of some direct and planted way of locomotion. There may be an upper westward current; but in the mean time the rail gets over the ground by all the points of the compass. The Ideal will possibly carry a person off by some aerial route to Paris; but if he would return to Boston he must alight. This shrewdness is furthered too by the feeling that the phrase is chiefly the property of poets, who are exercised only in expression, and cannot be counted on for work. The influence which imaginative expression exerts upon a people is undervalued because it does not enrich the instant, but passes into the temperament by slow absorption, and appears at length in quality. Men cannot wait for that. There is work on hand that is to be done with what quality exists, or not at all. A man of business cannot see that the poem which he read over-night affected, unless to perturb, his next day's operations. He will do better with his leisure next time by getting well posted from the commercial columns. He rises more buoyantly upon stocks; the pathos that wrings his heart is when they fall, and his streamers are no longer gayly afloat. The expression of music and art serves him only for enjoyment; and he has this advantage over the idealist, that nobody can calculate the subtile orbit of influence, nor show how the song and symphony make blood. It is only by accident if one or two men in a generation have their heart or stomach so exposed that the physicians can observe its function. But

if every brain were unroofed, there is no Asmodeus skilled to detect tones and colors jostling its atoms into more spiritual companionship. One must be a part of the violin's grain to know how the vibrations of the strings record themselves in the dead wood of the instrument,—not dead, indeed, if it is capable of assimilating rhythm.

But there are two kinds of the Ideal: one tends toward expression; the other animates all kinds of labor, and secures results. When a practical man says that he can do without the Ideal, he does not understand his own business. When a prosaic moralist says the same, and takes a contract to reform or to establish, he throws up the material that he must work in. It is intangible, but has a pressure of so many pounds to the inch, and he stands drenched in it while he pretends he does not breathe.

There is some ideal stimulus in every kind of work, none the less definite because the worker appears to be unconscious of it. A gang of men with sledge-hammers go fastening ties westward toward a Golden Gate. There is expectation in every stroke: not a man of them but proposes to arrive somewhere by that track on which he is hammering. Family bread, affection, independence, enlargement: these invisible yearnings give the gold-glimmer to his Sacramento. He is an idealist while he is faithful to his work. And the country which hires his labor, and affects only to be wanting to reach the Pacific thereby, is stimulated by more than all the spices of the Orient. There is no such ideality on earth as that which compels a nation to expand all its powers of intelligence, and to reach eventually the Rights of Man.

Something is to be overcome wherever the ideal road is traveled. The effort may be stamped with the coarsest realism; but the ideality is in the effort. We do not know the outlets of everything that we perform, nor the subtile connection between our simplest acts and our loftiest attainments. It sometimes seems a great way from the body to the soul; but a very slight deed may bridge over the abyss of that ocular deception. The soul is waiting close at hand to receive the benefit of our least integrity. So that very ordinary things may be the essentials to secure our spiritual advance,—begrimed and sturdy engineers who rapidly pontoon for us a formidable-looking current, and let us transport our whole splendid equipment to the opposite shore. The Indian knows that a buffalo trail will take him surest to

water. The American condescends to follow the Indian, and his cities rise opposite to ferries and at the confluences of streams. Then at length the buffalo pilots thither the silent steps of Religion and Liberty.

When Frederick the Great said he always noticed that Providence favored the heaviest battalion, he only stated in a sarcasm what God in history states religiously: that he is on the side of valor, foresight, self-control, wheresoever and on whatsoever objects these great qualities of an overcoming man are exercised. God, having no human pride, does not regard the nature of the object, but its intrinsic difficulties and its drift towards some beauty. An ideal object is one, however material, that gives the world a whole-souled man. And it is on this principle that natural forces seem to have selected their men and nations through the whole of history. It is the forecasting that molds and reconstructs a raw popular material, till it is able to occupy, or to create, some important position, to assert a truth, to breast a flood of tyranny, to be caught in some way by the drift and amplitude of the Divine order. If people have settled in spots toward which the streams of the past converge in order to find the outlet of civil and religious liberty, or if their ethical quality slowly selects spots that invite either the friendship or hostility of reigning ideas, and suggest rude engineering to arrange a battlefield, they are certain to be subjected to the training which shall best prepare them for their great effort. This training consists in overcoming something, no matter how physical or how remote in character from the future issue.

I know of nothing, for example, more striking than the way in which the Dutch people were prepared to maintain liberty of thought and worship. A poor Frisian race was selected and kept for centuries up to its knees in the marshes through which the Rhine emptied and lost itself. Here it lived in continual conflict with the Northern Ocean, forced literally to hold the tide at arm's length, while a few acres of dry land might yield a scanty subsistence. Here circumstance kept them half submerged, till instead of obeying a natural impulse to emigrate to solid and more congenial land, they acquired a liking for their amphibious position. The struggle piqued them into staying and seeing it out. For centuries they appeared to be doing nothing but building and repairing dikes, when really they were constructing a national will and persistency which was a dike for tyranny to

lash in vain. By keeping out the water they trained themselves to keep out the more insidious tide of bigotry and spiritual death. What a homely and inglorious school for a great republic, that taught her how to watch patiently by tending dikes and ditches; how to close a breach against ruin by standing with succor in the mid-tide when the sea-wall crumbled; how to convert almost continual defeat into victory, by keeping hold of a drowned position, cultivating acres that had just been drenched with salt, flowing back again upon depopulated districts, and holding the old line against the sea! All these stubborn traits appeared afterward clothed in noble forms of moral and mental life: still there was the old breakwater running through the national temper, and the will of the people was like one of the ancestral Frisians, who could stand in a flood all day and not be chilled. The wisdom was vindicated which compelled them first to make a soil for ideal liberty to flourish in. And as nations are prepared for great destinies, so are men: the constitution must catch free and vigorous movements in some mode of life fatal to indolence and vulgarity, the will must be roused and learn how to handle the helm, no matter how rude the objects of the voyage are. . . .

The poets and men of expression have not then monopolized the Ideal. We must be poetical enough to detect it in the moral uses of the ordinary life we lead, that is so pathetic with the struggles of constancy against physical and mental circumstances. No matter how sensitive a young person's heart may be, like a bare nerve in the weather, flattered by the soft touch of music and colors, pared into gracious action by the chisel that builds the statue's symmetry, twitched by the finger of tragedy till the fount of tears is opened,—his ideal life does not begin till he turns away from these to take up his own instrument of work, to chip a conscience out of school-keeping, type-setting, engineering, cooking, and housework, to quarry some vital activity of a free people. Because he himself is to become a poem, fairer than any that was ever written, by overcoming indolence and a bad disposition in favor of some immediate exigency. That is the story of his siege of Troy, his wandering of Ulysses, his Paradise Regained. The ideal of his constancy is the moral sense, which some personal deficiency or poverty inflames till it becomes his pillar of fire in the wilderness. It does not shape him so much to remember the Odyssey, as it does to tie himself to his own mast and sail past the Sirens; or to go through

Circe's den not only unsullied but a liberator of his comrades. When we see the course of nature breeding in such schools its human genius, we may know how closely allied are conscience and superior talents. Underneath the slow grinding, suddenly a facet flashes. It is true you may grind at a sea-shore pebble till nothing comes of it but sand; but before you begin to grind, all stones appear of similar texture. The real ideality is hid in this persevering against the most humiliating and prosaic conditions, such as the Creator maintained through chaos and his scarcely less chaotic creatures of the early epochs. A million or two years of coarse persistency vanquish matter, and Shakespeare supplants the saurian. Why should he not in every man and woman? for conscience can become Shakespearean underneath a hod of mortar that mounts round by round to top the house. Young people must learn that their creative and inspiring impulse is not derived from high art, but from accommodation to low requirements in a high vein to make them serve, to extort from them such exquisite tones as the Russian did out of his bits of wood cut from different trees, till he converted the forest into a harmonicon; and that other obscure inventor, who coaxed a heap of various stones to yield up its separate notes, and to fall into place in perfect octaves. . . .

We have all seen many persons who appear to us quite ruined. Perhaps there is a better judge of that; but if it be true, the fact is not so revolting to us as the shock is which it gives to our natural preferences. The most deeply compromised person will prefer to think that health has not become impossible for him; he shares the instinct of nature which struggles desperately to make its growth shapely under gnarled conditions. A man clings to his share of a divine ideal of recuperation. No number of damaged structures can vote down our feeling that supreme Good aspires through man to become expressed and organized; it shakes its signals of direction through the densest fog that we can exhale. We see the light discolored, but do not mistake it for darkness; we observe whence it comes, and trust to its hints regarding our safety. On various principles of judgment, preachers declare these men and those women to be abandoned. The epithet remands God back to chaos. The poet grants us a better glimpse of the hold on life than innocence possesses: —

> "I helped a man to die, some few weeks since,
> Warped even from his go-cart to one end —

The living on princes' smiles, reflected from
A mighty herd of favorites. No mean trick
He left untried; and truly well-nigh wormed
All traces of God's finger out of him.
Then died, grown old: and just an hour before—
Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes—
He sate up suddenly, and with natural voice
Said that in spite of thick air and closed doors
God told him it was June; and he knew well,
Without such telling, harebells grew in June;
And all that kings could ever give or take
Would not be precious as those blooms to him."

Does not that precious cherishing snatch a new June from the collapse of the body, as a wrecker disentangles a still living babe from the last freezing strain of a drowned mother? We can only bid our imagination frame, in the interest of the universe, at least a remonstrance against the destruction of the babe. For we must always presume that the faintest pulse is a possible chance for the heart to recover its full beat. . . .

The world could transact nothing, and no race could ever develop its special felicity, if the ideal of goodness ever deserted its infelicitous men and women. . . .

In our first unchartered moments, when we discover that Nature can be a bit of a spendthrift, we have a companion better than all with whom we sport, and the inner sense reaches for its hand: as when a youth, blindfolded for a game, threads by some glimmer of seeing or of mere attraction the whole romping scene, and pursues the beauty who one day shall be his. Heaven is never in despair: it has watched too many generations, and profited by their prevailing goodness, not to perceive that if dissoluteness be out of order, so is cynicism and a skeptical temper about ordinary people, if not more hostile to an ideal life. So the young persons launch their divine gifts upon a stream that is fretted with rapids near its head; some make the portages, others try the shoot: the stream more tranquil always lies below. There are eddies that carry them into indulgences of social and material pleasure. The parents generally dissuade with a great deal of wise shaking of the head, as much as to say, "We've tried all that, and seen the folly of it." It is an ideal instinct that prompts the children to reply, "Well, we would like to see the folly of it too." How lucky it is that nobody can decant

his old wine into the new bottles! So the youth gets his promotion from the nursery to school, to occupation, to love and marriage, to the successive disciplines; and his knowledge of one period never makes him equal to the next one, which always has some surprising element that tests him on a new side. We have to go storming parallel after parallel. Up we run impetuously, with glad acclaim, and plant our colors: before the wind takes them, we perceive an inner line that we had not suspected. Headlong we go at that too, only to find that the busy antagonist has thrown up another; and that also has to be assailed. It is plot and counterplot, mine and countermine: reality works, while the Ideal catches a nap leaning upon its weapon; till as we sink, and the colors falter on the last breach, we find that death is only a resource and desperate ambush of a foe that is sullenly retreating; and to-morrow the Ideal, light-armed, with marching rations and the packs all left behind, will buoyantly pursue.

What a hint of personal immortality is this relative imperfection of our experiences! They suggest the absolute perfection which is the plan of every soul; like the crumbled scale or bone that taught the naturalist the structure, shape, and habits, of an extinct fish whose fossil even no man had ever seen. One day a fossil is found to justify, in the minutest particulars, the infallibility of the scientific imagination. Our partial experiences contain the history of souls not yet completed; and they are guarantees given to us directly by the divine imagination, the earnest of the spirit, that the whole plan must include all the time and opportunity needed to fill out the spiritual form. Eternity is in pledge to our successive disappointments. Every morning we go down to the edge of it like the fishermen of rock-bound coasts, and put off upon it as they do, to fight for their little gains, and satisfy the hunger that is as prompt to return as the morning. All day we trawl and hunt by various devices for our shy sustenance; and the fruitful infinite stretches all around us, so deep and coy that everything is hidden, so deep that everything is contained. Our day sinks into its storm or calm. Over it our day breaks with wants that never are appeased.

What do we care for the expense that this spendthrift, our good-will for God, subjects us to? If anything is to be melted for a beautiful casting, men keep the flame up, and throw in all the fuel in the neighborhood. There is nothing too precious to go towards making a soul limpid and symmetrical. Bernard

Palissy, at the end of twenty years spent in vain attempts to create a white enamel for his pottery, found nothing left but the house he lived in, and the fences around it. Not a billet of wood, for love or money, to keep up the furnace with. The palings were ripped down and thrown in,—the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house: the children were in dismay; the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, became loud in her reproaches. Bernard was breaking up the tables and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt! There was more crashing and hammering in the house: Bernard was tearing up the floors to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushes off to raise the town against him. She was starved out by his pertinacity; he was fed by his idea. And while she was gone, the anxieties and poverty of twenty years flowed in the clear coating that became the rage of kings and connoisseurs.

Throw everything into the fire of the Ideal!—the incumbrances of society and pleasure, the frivolous amusements, the small-talk and idling, the clique feelings and constraints, the conveniences that make our life a curse, the ornaments that dress us in a weight to crush us to the dust. Throw fruitless regrets and memories, and all the things we are most vain about, into the devouring flame. We are clay in the hands of the potter. Let all our rubbish melt to make it impervious to the weather, not subject to decay, much sought for by the King.

THE COURT FOOL

From 'Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare'

THOUGH Shakespeare empties all his own love for pure fun into this clown [in 'Twelfth Night'], he makes of him the only cool and consistent character in the play, and thus conveys to us his conviction of the superiority of an observer who has wit, humor, repartee, burlesquing, and buffoonery at command; for none but wise men can make such fools of themselves. Such a fine composition is apt to be misunderstood by the single-gifted and prosaic people: but this only piques the bells to their happiest jingle; and a man is never more convinced of the divine

origin of his buffooning talent than when the didactic souls reject it as heresy. All Shakespeare's clowns brandish this fine bauble: their bells swing in a Sabbath air and summon us to a service of wisdom. Feste has no passion to fondle, and no chances to lie in wait for except those which can help his foolery to walk over everybody like the sun. Even when he seems to be wheedling money out of the Duke and Viola, he is only in sport with the weakness which purse-holders have to fee, to conciliate, to enjoy an aspect of grandeur. His perfectly dispassionate temper is sagacity itself. It discerns the solemn fickleness of the principal personages. They are all treated with amusing impartiality; and it is in the spirit of the Kosmos itself, which does not stand in awe of anybody. It seems, indeed, as if the function of fool, and the striking toleration which has always invested it, was developed by Nature for protection of those of her creatures who are exposed to flattery and liable to be damaged by it. Not for shallow amusement have rich and titled persons harbored jesters, who always play the part of the slave of Pyrrhus, at proper intervals to remind them that they are mortal. All men secretly prefer to know the truth; but the pampered people cannot bear to sit in the full draught of it. Its benefit must, however, be in some way conveyed to them. Bluff Kent is banished for saying to Lear, in the plainest Saxon, what the fool kept insinuating with impunity. Therefore, no genuine court has been complete without its fool. The most truculent sceptre has only playfully tapped his liberty. Timur the Terrible had a court fool, named Ahmed Kermani. One day, in the bath with a crowd of wits, the conversation fell upon the individual worth of men; and Timur asked Ahmed, "What price wouldst thou put on me if I were for sale?" "About five-and-twenty aspers," rejoined Ahmed. "Why," said Timur, "that is about the price of the sheet I have on."—"Well, of course, I meant the sheet." When the business of kingship becomes decayed, the office of fool is obsolete.

JOHAN SEBASTIAN CAMMERMEYER WELHAVEN

(1807–1873)

UP TO the year 1814, when Norway obtained a constitution of her own and a political separation from Denmark, her literature had been so merged in that of the latter country that it may hardly be said to have had an identity of its own. Copenhagen had been, from the time of Holberg and before, the literary centre of both Denmark and Norway; and nearly all the men of conspicuous talent had at one time or another found their way to the common capital of the two nations. But with the semi-independence achieved by Norway in 1814, the current of national sentiment grew so strong that it was bound to find expression in a national literature; and such a literature, surprising in its richness and vitality, has grown up during the past three quarters of a century.

When we begin, then, to deal with Norwegian as distinct from Danish literature, as we must do from the thirties onward, we are at once confronted with the two significant names of Wergeland and Welhaven. Henrik Wergeland, born in 1808, became at an early age a profuse writer of somewhat shapeless verse, abounding in the faults that characterize an impulsive and ill-regulated mind, yet seething with patriotism of the emotional sort, and displaying at its best the true lyrical impulse. His extraordinary lyrical drama, 'Skabelsen, Mennesket, og Messias' (The Creation, Man, and Messiah), published in 1830, offers the starting-point for a discussion of the subject of the present article; for it was by a critical attack upon that work that Welhaven first became known. Johan Sebastian Cammermeyer Welhaven was born in Bergen in 1807, thus being one year Wergeland's senior. He went to Christiania for study, and as a professor in the national university remained afterwards identified with the capital. An anonymous poem addressed to Wergeland, and soon followed by a pamphlet 'Om Henrik Wergelands Digtekunst og Polemik' (Upon Henrik Wergeland's Poetry and Polemics), opened a critical warfare that raged for several years, and divided literary circles into two hostile camps. Wergeland represented the impulsive principle in poetry, the spontaneous lyric cry unfettered by rule or historical tradition; Welhaven stood for the academic view, for reflection and the canons of æsthetics. The attack on Wergeland was so unsparing in its exposure of the poet's weak spots and defects of

taste, and so scornful withal in its calm analysis, that it caused great excitement in literary circles; and for a time poems and pamphlets upon the matter in dispute flew thick and fast from the press. Viewing the controversy from this distance, it is easy to see that the stars in their courses fought with Welhaven; for it was his part to stand as champion of the reflective reason as opposed to the sentimental impressionism of his opponents. And time, while it has winnowed an immense amount of chaff from the grain of Wergeland's voluminous output, has preserved the body of Welhaven's work as of lasting value, both on the critical and the creative side.

That work, which fills eight volumes in the standard edition, is about equally divided between prose and poetry. The prose includes the controversial matter already mentioned, an important critical study of the eighteenth-century literature of Denmark, and a great variety of public addresses, sketches of travel, memorial studies and reviews. As a whole, these writings give to Welhaven the highest place among Norwegian critics, and may still be read with profit. Their polished style, their conservative tendencies, and their recognition of the fact that criticism is a very different thing from the expression of personal likes and dislikes, are the qualities that give to any critical prose a lasting influence; and they are all highly characteristic of Welhaven's writing. Like Heiberg and Brandes in Denmark, he brought to bear upon criticism a carefully conceived and well-tested method, and his trained and penetrating mind revealed whatever it dealt with in the dry objective light which should shine upon the phenomena of literature and of life. It may be interesting to view them in other kinds of light, but it is not safe; and those critics do the best service who guard us against garish colors and iridescent diffractions.

Welhaven's poetry consists wholly of short pieces,—lyrics, ballads, and essays in occasional verse,—unless we regard as a single long poem the cycle of sonnets which formed his first poetical publication of importance. This work, entitled 'Norges Dæmring' (Norway's Dawn), strikes the chord of a noble indignation when it deals with the follies and the passions of the nation, and then in prophetic strain sings of a spiritual dawn yet to come, and fairer far than the dawn, already broken, of merely external political freedom. Seriousness is the prevailing note of Welhaven's poetry; although the sense of humor is by no means lacking, and often finds expression in forms that inevitably suggest the work of Heine. He has given to Norwegian literature what is probably its most finished and exquisite body of verse, excepting that which we owe to Björnson and Ibsen. It is the verse of a scholarly and finely cultured mind, rather than of a nature of decided lyrical endowment. In this respect, it often

suggests the poetry of Matthew Arnold; and makes, to the ears fitted to hear it, an appeal altogether disproportionate to the degree of its acceptance by the general public.

A SONNET FROM 'NORWAY'S DAWN'

OH, LIKE a youth our race with courage bold
Shall yet wax strong behind its mountain rim:
While many an evil giant, fierce and grim,
Shall fall, and lie in death's embraces cold.

And valorous deeds, like those men did of old,
Shall here once more be praised in song and hymn;
The life renewed of saga-ages dim,
In glowing words shall once again be told.

The word shall turn to act of high emprise;
The thought now hushed shall spring to burning speech
In hall of counsel and the sacred fane.

The noisy shout shall cease, the precept wise
Shall take its place, and, far as sight may reach,
The gleam shall grow into the light again.

Translation of William Morton Payne.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

THIS tree of freedom we have made,
To which men thronging bring their suit,—
Whose branches cast no cooling shade,
And ashes in the mouth whose fruit,—
'Tis but the same old pole of yore,
With the old tinsel wreaths bedecked,
Around which men have danced before,
Until they knew its promise wrecked.

And if it stand on fertile soil,
No root it strikes, no bud doth bear;
'Tis but a log, smooth-shaped with toil,
And stuck end upward in the air.
The signs of blooming life it bears,
Adorning it with summer shows,

Are but the borrowed crown it wears
Of withered leaf and paper rose.

So when men say in ardent trust,
This is in truth the very palm
Whose foliage wide-spreading must
Bring to mankind its peace and calm,—
Why, then I test my sight anew;
But, do my best, I cannot see
The slightest cause to change my view
That but a May-pole is the tree.

Full many a pole like this shall yield
The hoary trunk of Ygdrasil,
Before the golden year revealed
With light and music earth may fill;
For men of Adam's race must God
Another earth and heaven make:
Then shall the palm spring from the sod,
And earth its thirst for freedom slake.

Translation of William Morton Payne.

GOLIATH

When little Goliath in stature was growing,
He was carefully fed by the Philistines knowing;
So Goliath grew up, both stout and tall,
And a weaver's beam was his lance withal,

While the Philistines were to themselves confessing:
"How lucky we are in a giant possessing!"
And viewing with pride his blustering gait,
The Philistines lived in his strength elate.

"The deuce take you all!" thought Goliath defiant,
"I am not for my health in this business of giant;
Let them gape as they please, they dare not frown,
I will yet reign in Gaza, the wealthy town."

Now many a rich Judæan village
Did the braggart crew of the Philistines pillage,
Till the folk of Judæa took arms in hand,
And a tempest threatened the robber band.

The Philistines thought: «What a fright will soon seize
you,
When you see what a giant we have here to tease you!»
So they gave to Goliath both helmet and shield,
And the fellow he was stood then first revealed.

And Goliath he thought: «These Philistines bore me,
But now I can see my reward lies before me.
The rich tabernacle I'll take for my share,
The rest they may have—for all that I care.»

But the Philistines thought: «A sure thing we have made
us,
The day that we have such a giant to aid us.
We'll put him before us, and watch the show,
While he lays about him with many a blow.»

Then Goliath marched forth, all wrathful his bearing,—
The biggest he was of those Philistines daring;
But quickly a pebble his bare temple found,
And he suddenly stretched his full length on the ground.

And the Philistines asked, as they viewed him with won-
der,
How on earth could the fellow so quickly go under;
For thirteen feet, they were ready to swear,
Was Goliath's length as they measured him there.

Translation of William Morton Payne.

PROTESILAOS

AMONG the Greeks for Troy their anchors weighing,
No other met such bitter fate as he
Who fell the first of all, that men might see
Fulfillment of the oracle's dark saying,—

The ominous words that still their memory followed,
From Delphian caves, and lingered on their lips:
«That hero who the first shall leave the ships
Shall first of all by Erebus be swallowed.»

«Protesilaos!» every tongue was saying,
«Thy name concerns this oracle so dark.»
But cheerfully he put to sea his bark,
And sailed from home, relentless fate obeying.

No craven fear his courage high displaces:
Farewell he's said to Tempe's lovely dale;
And to restrain him were of no avail
Laodamia's eager fond embraces.

But when the winds and waves at last were bringing
The hollow ships to the Dardanian shore,
The faltering warriors dared not to the fore,
Where Hector fierce his heavy lance was swinging.

He chosen by the gods the hearts to quicken
Of all who stood in the Achæan host,—
Protesilaos,—on that fatal coast
Was first to land, to fall in death down-stricken.

While weapons flashed, and men to war-cries hearkened,
Low in the dust the noble hero lay;
No booty to his tent might find its way,
And as the war dragged on, his fame grew darkened.

But afterwards men grateful learned to cherish
His mighty deed: in hymns his name was praised;
And pilgrims sought the temple to him raised
That memories of his valor might not perish.

And from the heroic age a voice deep-weighted
With earnest accent echoes on the ear:
"Who leads the way in strife, and knows no fear,
To conquer not, to fight and die is fated."

Translation of William Morton Payne.

THE PARIS MORGUE

In its manifold depiction of human life, recent French literature bears the stamp of a freshness and truth before unattained. Nowhere else may we find experience and the study of life raised so far above the unsafe methods of *a priori* construction. After so many storms, life itself is freer here; and its every shoot buds and blossoms in its true character, forced by neither the *espalier* of a system nor the artificial temperature of a hot-house. The public places, squares, and streets are here the academies for the painter of souls; who might be taken for an indolent dandy, did we not know him to be a philosopher, a modern peripatetic.

Many human relations elsewhere coyly or fearfully concealed, many scenes that seem to belong to the fireside nook, come here to public view, and make their impression of joy or of despair. A crowd of people are viewing from the Pont Louis XIV. the rising flood of the Seine. A lady dressed in black pushes through the crowd, and throws herself into the stream in full view of everybody. This is but one of many examples of the French exaltation that feeds upon showing its wounds to the public gaze, and ending the play with a dazzling or startling exit.

Where life lies upon all sides so unveiled, many of the limitations of art must give way. The tragic pathos of the old school was as a whole merely declamatory, and only upon cothurns might it display itself with propriety. Its sentimentality was as mannered and bloodless as the Arcadian shepherd race that thought itself to hold tenancy of the Eden of poetry, when people still believed that the bird of paradise had no feet and only hovered in the blue. Things are different now: sentimentality has taken hold of the flesh, and the bird of paradise perches on many a roof. Tragedy goes about comfortably in socks; and this merciless unbaring of the frightful, this natural and painstaking depiction of circumstances that often stiffen the sympathies with terror, affects us with doubled force, because it clings close to conditions with which every beholder is acquainted.

Louis the Eighteenth once remarked of Châteaubriand's René' that it bore a resemblance to 'Werther'; and when asked if a parallel might indeed be drawn between those two works, he replied: "Yes, without doubt; and I give the preference to 'Werther,' on account of its simple naturalness. The hero is placed amid quite ordinary circumstances, which is an important matter. These every-day details attract us all the more to Werther's violent passion. On the other hand, we feel little or no sympathy for René, who is a mere figure of romantic fiction." This observation, which was remarkable for a prince trained in the old dogmatic school, was looked upon for some score of years as an example of tasteless criticism. But in the present period, an enormous amount has been done to spread abroad the discovery that the world of poetry is at bottom just the same as that which is usually called "the prosaic world." No Parisian doubts this at the present time. Even in the abnormal growths of French literature, in the monstrous sensational pieces wherewith many a theatre seeks to gain the attention of a restless

public, forcing it to listen, there are traces of this reformation. These pictures have many lifelike details; and herein they resemble the Greek fabulous combinations of plant and animal forms, which are monstrous as wholes, but whose separate parts are worked out with the most exact truth.

Whoever closely views the various pictures of life that throng upon the observation in the French capital, will easily recognize them as mirrored in the productions of art; either seen in their full potency as in a concave mirror, or viewed as sparks and colors through some many-sided prism. The strange figures and bizarre delineations of a Balzac are to be found here in living reality. We read in the newspapers the bare account of some wonderful domestic drama, which seems to belong to the dream world; yet it has been enacted in palpable form at our very door. We go to the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, and view with repulsion and terror scenes from 'La Tour de Nesle,' that harrowing painting with all its ice-cold corpses; and we reject the idea that life could have furnished forth the composition with matter and models. Yet the original lies close at hand: it is the corpse-house on the Seine,—*La Morgue!* The poet of the 'Tour de Nesle' has been there. He has gazed himself sick upon these mystical shapes; the death smell has crept into all of his pleasures; he has been forced to visit the morgue again and again, and the shadows have haunted him until he freed himself from them with his work. La Morgue is the black crater beneath the Parisian people's grapevines of joy; it is the cry of woe in the midst of the triumph; it is the dark writing on Belshazzar's wall. The joys of life have no such focus, for they culminate in a thousand places at once.

La Morgue is a police institution: it supplements the bureau of found articles. This frightful find of the suicides and the slain must fall into the right hands. People go there to seek out in the collection the bodies of friends or relatives. No one doubts it to be a wise arrangement. A body is a small thing, of less account than hay or dry brushwood. But we know that it sometimes is inestimable as measured by affection, and sometimes has a deep hieroglyphic significance. Consequently, for the convenience of observers, the morgue is situated in the centre of the city. Were it perhaps better that it should stand apart in some solitary place, shaded by the cypress and the weeping willow? The forsaken one might then be alone with his unrest and

his fear when he went to seek, and alone with his sorrow when he had found. Alas! this is only a secondary consideration. La Morgue is a public exhibition, a museum of the day's history. These bodies still belong to the public; therefore their place is in the midst of the crowd. The pit would see the tragic hero on the boards, and pass judgment upon him before turning homewards.

How busily Parisian life stirs about this grewsome little house! There is nothing sad in the neighborhood, except the wan stream and the towers of Notre Dame. It is but a few steps to the morgue from the flower-market. A light zephyr is enough to waft the fragrance of roses over the low roof. Close by the walls there is a busy traffic in fruits and vegetables. The heralds of life's stir, the restless omnibuses, rumble by over the bridge. When the morgue is full of bodies, there are speculators on hand, drawn by the throng,—mountebank tricksters, placards announcing new inventions, harp-players and organ-grinders!

One might think that the sense of the people had become blunted to the sights in the morgue. But this is not so: it has offered too many heart-rending spectacles; they know that it is a cave of Avernus, which may at any moment reveal the most frightful things. The dusk of life hovers over that house, and it throws a deep shadow. We often see some gloomy, motionless figure in the midst of the noisy crowd; he casts a spell upon our eyes, and we see him alone thereafter. His whole nature presents the picture of a dark and brooding soul, and we say to ourselves: He is lost,—the shadow of the morgue is within him.

The arrangement of the morgue is very simple. The bodies lie in a light-yellow hall, on dark inclined planes, and a stream of cold water falls upon each of them. They are naked save for a fig-leaf of dark leather. Over the couch hangs the clothing of the corpse. Light falls from above. This hall is separated by a grating from the anteroom, which is always open to the public. Here we find placards displayed, describing persons who have disappeared, and asking for information about them. At the grating may be seen many indifferent, but also many feverishly agitated faces. Now and then an outcry is heard, as "C'est affreux!" and "Pauvre homme!"

How mysterious these bodies are! We stare at them, and would read their history in their discomposed features: we picture them in the silent oppressive gambler's den, in the dark

squalid street where a dull gleam from the mansards is the only light; we follow them to the Seine; we hear the awful spash of the water: and before we know it, we have clothed these dumb shapes with life, full of horror and despair.

I was once with a friend who lived close to the morgue. I saw the crowd stream in, but I saw no one come out, and concluded with a shudder that the corpse-house must be unusually rich. I could not resist the powerful impulse that drove me to view the image of terror close by. The house was full, and most of the bodies were set forth in horrible display; one of them had been hanged, and still had the rope about his neck. High up lay an old colossal warrior. There was a great scar on his forehead; his coat hung wet and muddy behind him, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. What proud memories must not have dwelt in that broad breast! But they were shadowy ranks, and could bring no booty to his airy bivouac. This warrior had been at Beresina. Perhaps with the fury of a tiger he hewed a path for this body through the dense mass of men on the breaking bridge, or fought for his life among the ice floes of the wild stream. And now it was all a fairy tale. It rushed into his head when he stood alone on the Pont-Neuf; but the bridge would not break under him, and he had to cast himself into these quiet waters, which mirror the trophies of his valor. The last body in this company was that of a young girl: her hair was of glistening black and extraordinarily long; one hand was clenched convulsively, the other limp and outspread. "Du armes Kind, was hat man Dir gethan?" A soldier stood at my side: he was a handsome man, and could not have been over eighteen. The sweat pearled on his forehead, and he pressed his face hard against the grating. I could not tire of watching him, but he did not notice,—he stared incessantly at the last body.

La Morgue is an instructive institution, and has brought many misdeeds to light. But a true feeling for the high seriousness of death, for the deep significance of silent grief, may not be reconciled with this sort of exhibition. The mechanism of the State is skillfully constructed,—it goes and goes, and its workings correspond more and more closely to calculation,—but how many a delicate nerve in the human organism must it bruise or divide before it shall become an entirely safe and trustworthy machine! Death is a mystery; a corpse is sacred. We must take heed

not to offend the sanctity that invests a body from which the soul has fled. The thought of suicide is fearful; but it does not lose its poison through the desecration of God's image in human form. The sad and prayerful moods that attend the dead, and preserve his memory, shun the body in the morgue. Repulsion and terror alone seize upon us at the sight of these shapes. We have the same uncomfortable feeling as when we read in old chronicles of those sorceries whereby the body was robbed of its repose by horrible runes placed under the tongue. The warm heart, that would bleed itself to death, and desired naught but rest, must now be anatomized by cold hands! Those secret sorrows that made its fibres quiver must now be displayed to stimulate and amuse a light-hearted mob! Here in the French corpse-house, I could but think of our Norse tale of the wounded bird, that, stricken to death, dives to the bottom and bites fast in the sea-weed.

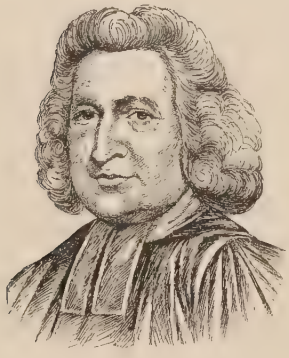
Translation of William Morton Payne.

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

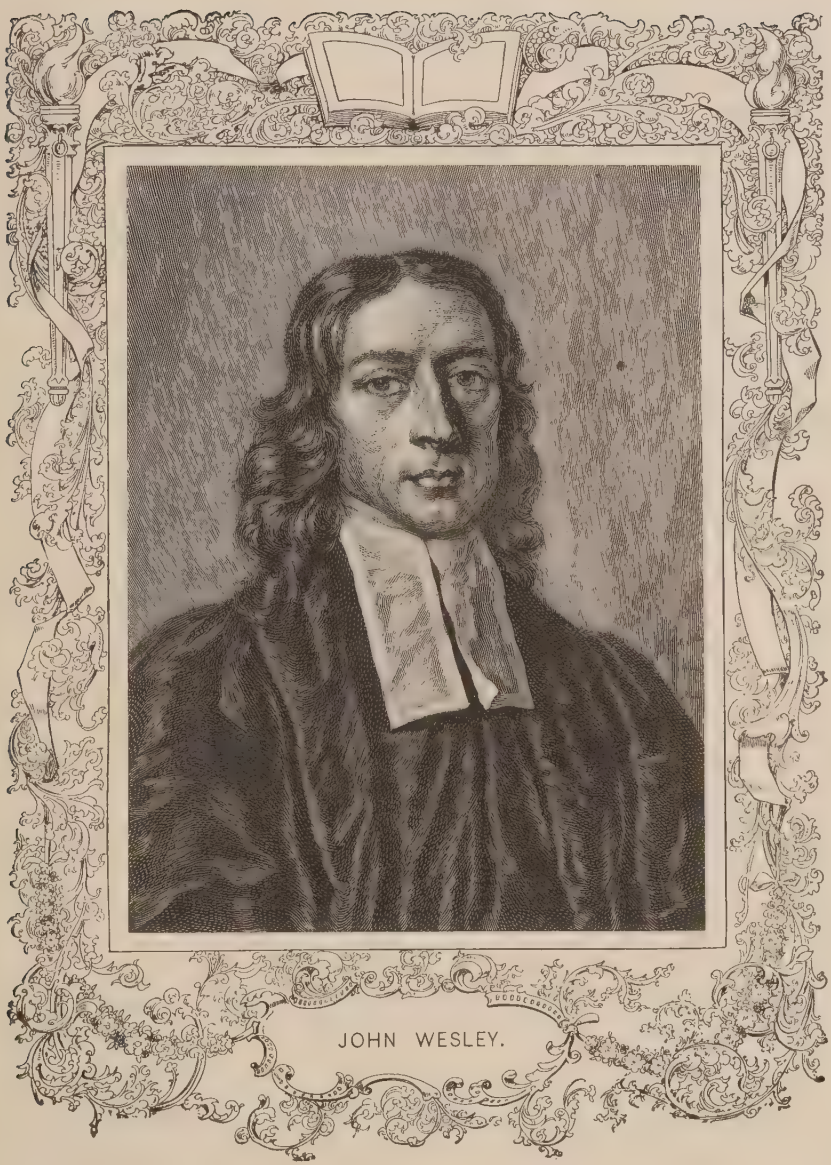
(1703–1791) (1708–1788)

BY WILLIAM POTTS

With a jocose reapplication in a literal sense of a metaphorical phrase, John Wesley was used to speak of himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." He had been forgotten when a child, through the excitement caused by a conflagration in his father's house due to incendiarism, and only rescued at the last possible moment. There were other experiences in that house, and in the one which succeeded it, which were not wholly conventional. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, was a woman of fine education and of strong character, and a pious and devoted mother. She usually bent herself to her husband's will, though with discretion; but they were not politically agreed, and he at one time withdrew for a considerable period from association with her because he was offended on this account. It is said that his salary was never greater than £200 per annum, and he was frequently called upon to aid impecunious relatives; but Malthus had not yet come, and neither he nor his wife perhaps realized any incongruity between his income and their family of nineteen children. Mrs. Wesley had her own theory as to how the early education of children should be conducted. She did not begin with them until they were five years old, "and then she made them learn the alphabet perfectly in one day; on the next day they were put to spell and to read one line, and then a verse, never leaving it until they were perfect in the lesson." Of the nineteen, only a limited selection of three boys and three girls lived to grow up: the three boys all attained prominence, the girls all great unhappiness. Unseen powers appear to have taken part in the political schism between the Rev. Samuel Wesley and his wife: their home at Epworth parsonage, during a long period while John was a schoolboy, being the scene of the most unaccountable noises and other disturbances, which attained their maximum of obtrusivenes during the



Charles Wesley



JOHN WESLEY.

Reverend Samuel's prayers for the royal family. So customary did these noises become, that for convenience, their unknown author was given the name of "Old Jeffery," by which appellation "he" was long familiarly called in the family.

John Wesley was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17th (O. S.), 1703. His brother Charles, with whom he was closely associated throughout their lives, was born at the same place five years later (December 18th, 1808, O. S.). In studying their biographies, one cannot well avoid the conclusion that though Charles was less aggressive than his brother, and though his fame, in part on this account, has been wholly overshadowed by that of the latter, his was the steadier and better rounded character of the two; and that to him their common success as religious leaders is largely due. Charles was the forerunner in the movement at Oxford, and again, though only by a few days, in his "conversion"; and above all, Charles was the hymn-writer of Methodism, and the influence of the service of song upon the Methodist movement it is almost impossible to exaggerate. Charles Wesley, it is said, wrote more than six thousand hymns; and though in this vast flux of words he sometimes — nay, often — "ran to emptins," there are among his sacred songs some which appeal to people of every faith, and promise to live as long as Divine service is continued. The strong musical bias in his blood is shown in the fact that his son Samuel played on the organ at three, and composed an oratorio at eight.

John was educated at Charterhouse School, and at Christ Church College, Oxford. He easily won a reputation as a fine scholar. He was ordained a deacon in 1725, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, was in the same year appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, became curate for his father at Wroote in 1727, and was ordained a priest in 1728. Charles was educated at Westminster School, at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and at Christ Church College; but was not ordained until 1735. At Oxford, about 1728, he with a dozen others organized an association, which in derision was known variously as the Holy Club, the Godly Club, the Bible Moths, the Bible Bigots, the Sacramentarians, and the Methodists. The latter term, referring to the formal system introduced by them in their services, was destined to become the title of the most important religious organization of the century; although this organization, founded by the same men, took a wholly different direction from the club from which it inherited its title. Among the members of the club, besides the Wesleys, the most important were George Whitefield, and James Hervey the author of the 'Meditations.'

Returning to Oxford in 1729, John joined this club, and was immediately recognized as its leader. In the austerities practiced by the members, and in many other ways, it is clear that they permitted

themselves to be led into great excesses, which later they more or less frankly acknowledged.

In 1735 the brothers went to Georgia in General Oglethorpe's company; the elder to take spiritual charge of his colony, the younger as his secretary. Upon the same vessel were a number of Moravians from Herrnhut, by whom John was greatly impressed; and under the influence of that body he remained for a number of years. This Georgia episode was characterized by a variety of disagreeable incidents. The responsibility for the troubles which occurred, it is now impossible to place with exactness; but it is safe to say that they resulted in part at least from some lack of tact or of fitness in the brothers for the tasks which they undertook. Charles returned to England in 1736, but John remained abroad until 1738.

Through their intercourse with the Moravians, the brothers had become convinced that although they had undertaken to teach others, they had themselves not yet become true Christians. Remaining under the same influence, it was in the natural order of events that John, a little later, recorded his awakening into the new life "at a religious meeting at a quarter before nine o'clock on the evening of May 24th 1738"; Charles having gone through the same experience three days earlier. From this time forward the work of evangelism occupied his life, until its close fifty-three years later. He died March 2d, 1791, having traveled during the period of his active ministry, it is estimated, 225,000 miles, and preached more than 40,500 sermons, not including miscellaneous addresses. After he was seventy years of age he gave this explanation of his continued cheerfulness and good health: "The chief reasons are, my constant rising at four for about fifty years; my generally preaching at five in the morning, — one of the most healthy exercises in the world; my never traveling less by sea or land than four thousand five hundred miles in a year." Until his later years he usually traveled on horseback; and he often read the while, until consequent mishaps warned him of the risks to which he was exposing himself. His home life was not inspiring. He had spoken much of the advantages of celibacy, but in 1750 married a widow with four children. The marriage was not a blessed one. Mrs. Wesley seems to have been "good" but not wholly agreeable. Their intercourse was not harmonious; and after some tentative absences, it is said that she finally left him not to return, although in his journal there appears some indication that this is not a strictly correct statement.

Neither of the brothers withdrew from the established Church, and Charles appears never to have reconciled himself to the prospective establishment of a new denomination, to which course John seems to have been fully committed many years before his death. Both engaged actively in the ministry from the date of their conversion or

soon after, until 1740 in connection with the Moravians, and afterward independently; and when in London, their meetings were usually held in a room in Fetter Lane. In 1739 an old building in Moorfields called "The Foundery" was converted into a meeting-house; but this soon became inadequate for the crowds which were drawn together, and open-air preaching followed in the natural order of evolution. Whitefield was soon drawn into the work; but he and Wesley subsequently parted upon theological grounds, Wesley having fully assimilated the doctrines of Free Grace and Salvation by Faith, while Whitefield held firmly to Predestination. The impossibility of attending with frequency congregations gathered in various parts of the kingdom, led before long to the employment of lay speakers; and these in turn gradually gave place to an established order of itinerant preachers; and later these again to ministers settled for a limited period, with superintending bishops.

The ministrations of the two brothers and of Whitefield, but especially of John Wesley, were characterized by an impassioned earnestness which worked powerfully upon the susceptibilities of their hearers. The meetings were soon the scene of violent demonstrations of nervous emotion and physical contortions, such as have in a measure survived to this day; though in late years they have not been so frequent or so pronounced, nor do they appear to be usually encouraged by the exhorters. These hysterical demonstrations, though familiar to every student of history, were then not so well known and understood as now; and perhaps it was quite natural that John Wesley accepted them as valuable testimony to the virtue of his teaching, without scrutinizing them too closely. It is true that he was at times on his guard, and disposed to "try the spirits": to which course he was prompted by the extravagances of the Camisards,—the "French Prophets," then numerous in England, the counterparts of which had been seen in New England during the so-called witchcraft excitement of fifty years earlier. But his occasional success in restoring calm in some cases, which were clearly not intended as imposture, might have led him to a greater caution in other cases. Charles never looked with a kindly eye upon these paroxysms of "enthusiasm." He was more conservative in several ways than his brother; and though he was engaged for many years in itinerant preaching, he was disposed to a quieter and more contemplative life. His literary work is comprised in his innumerable hymns and verses, and in a journal and sermons published subsequent to his death. He was not quite so self-assertive as his brother, who perhaps would not have written —

"How ready is the man to go
Whom God hath never sent!

How timorous, diffident, and slow,
His chosen instrument!
Lord, if from thee this mark I have
Of a true messenger,
By whom thou wilt thy people save,
And let me always fear.»

Charles Wesley died March 29th, 1788, three years earlier than his elder brother.

John Wesley was an eager reader and a voluminous writer. It seems almost impossible that even in his long life he could have found time for all that he accomplished. Sermons, letters, and controversial works; works on Divinity, on Ecclesiastical History, on Medicine; a short 'History of Rome,' a 'History of England,'—what did he not indite! He even published an abbreviation of Brooke's 'Fool of Quality.' He was a good linguist and an extremely forcible writer, and his works have been republished in many forms and editions.

The value to the Church and to society of the work initiated by the Wesleys cannot be overestimated. The times in which they lived were sadly out of joint, and few would hesitate to say with Thackeray:—

«No wonder that Whitefield cried out in the wilderness,—that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hillside. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle,—the good John Wesley surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the Queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their anteroom under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opening into the adjoining chamber, where the Queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with a basin at her mistress's feet?»

THE NEW BIRTH

From a Discourse entitled 'The New Birth'

BEFORE a child is born into the world, he has eyes but sees not; he has ears but does not hear. He has a very imperfect use of every other sense. He has no knowledge of any of the things of the world, or any natural understanding.

To that manner of existence which he then has, we do not even give the name of life. It is then only when a man is born, that we say he begins to live. For as soon as he is born, he begins to see the light, and the various objects with which he is encompassed. His ears are then opened, and he hears the sounds which successively strike upon them. At the same time, all the other organs of sense begin to be exercised upon their proper objects. He likewise breathes, and lives in a manner wholly different from what he did before. How exactly doth the parallel hold in all these instances! While a man is in a mere natural state, before he is born of God, he has, in a spiritual sense, eyes and sees not; a thick impenetrable veil lies upon them: he has ears, but hears not; he is utterly deaf to what he is most of all concerned to hear. His other spiritual senses are all locked up; he is in the same condition as if he had them not. Hence he has no knowledge of God; no intercourse with him: he is not at all acquainted with him. He has no true knowledge of the things of God, either of spiritual or eternal things; therefore though he is a living man, he is a dead Christian. But as soon as he is born of God, there is a total change in all these particulars. The "eyes of his understanding are opened" (such is the language of the great apostle); and he who of old "commanded light to shine out of darkness shining on his heart, he sees the light of the glory of God," his glorious love "in the face of Jesus Christ." His ears being opened, he is now capable of hearing the inward voice of God, saying, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee;" "Go and sin no more." This is the purport of what God speaks to his heart; although perhaps not in these very words. He is now ready to hear whatsoever "He that teacheth man knowledge" is pleased from time to time to reveal to him. He "feels in his heart" (to use the language of our Church) "the mighty working of the Spirit of God": not in a gross, carnal sense, as the men of the world stupidly and willfully misunderstand the expression; though they have been told again and again, we mean thereby neither more nor less than this: he feels, is inwardly sensible of, the graces which the Spirit of God works in his heart. He feels, he is conscious of, a "peace which passeth all understanding." He many times feels such a joy in God as is "unspeakable, and full of glory." He feels "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto him"; and all his spiritual senses are then exercised to discern spiritual good and evil. By

the use of these, he is daily increasing in the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and of all the things pertaining to his inward kingdom. And now he may be properly said to live: God having quickened him by His spirit, he is alive to God through Jesus Christ. He lives a life which the world knoweth not of, a "life which is hid with Christ in God." God is continually breathing, as it were, upon the soul; and his soul is breathing unto God. Grace is descending into his heart; and prayer and praise ascending to heaven: and by this intercourse between God and man, this fellowship with the Father and the Son, as by a kind of spiritual respiration, the life of God in the soul is sustained; and the child of God grows up, till he comes to the "full measure of the stature of Christ."

From hence it manifestly appears, what is the nature of the new birth. It is that great change which God works in the soul when he brings it into life; when he raises it from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. It is the change wrought in the whole soul by the almighty Spirit of God, when it is "created anew in Christ Jesus," when it is "renewed after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness"; when the love of the world is changed into the love of God; pride into humility; passion into meekness; hatred, envy, malice, into a sincere, tender, disinterested love for all mankind. In a word, it is that change whereby the earthly, sensual, devilish mind is turned into the "mind which was in Christ Jesus." This is the nature of the new birth: "So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

OUR STEWARDSHIP

From a Discourse entitled 'The Good Steward'

We shall not receive *τα ιδια — our own things* — till we come to our own country. Eternal things only are our own: with all these temporal things we are barely intrusted by another — the Disposer and Lord of all. And he intrusts us with them on this express condition, that we use them only as our Master's goods, and according to the particular directions which he has given us in his word.

On this condition he hath intrusted us with our souls, our bodies, our goods, and whatever other talents we have received; but in order to impress this weighty truth on our hearts, it will be needful to come to particulars.

And first, God has intrusted us with our soul,—an immortal spirit, made in the image of God; together with all the powers and faculties thereof,—understanding, imagination, memory, will, and a train of affections, either included in it, or closely dependent upon it,—love and hatred, joy and sorrow; respecting present good and evil, desire and aversion; hope and fear, respecting that which is to come. All these St. Paul seems to include in two words, when he says, "The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds." Perhaps indeed the latter word, *νοηματα*, might rather be rendered *thoughts;* provided we take that word in its most extensive sense, for every perception of the mind, whether active or passive.

Now of all these, it is certain we are only stewards. God has intrusted us with these powers and faculties, not that we may employ them according to our own will, but according to the express orders which he has given us: although it is true that in doing his will we most effectually secure our own happiness; seeing it is herein only that we can be happy, either in time or in eternity. Thus we are to use our understanding, our imagination, our memory, wholly to the glory of Him that gave them. Thus our will is to be wholly given up to him, and all our affections to be regulated as he directs. We are to love and hate, to rejoice and grieve, to desire and shun, to hope and fear, according to the rule which he prescribes, whose we are, and whom we are to serve in all things. Even our thoughts are not our own in this sense: they are not at our own disposal; but for every deliberate motion of our mind, we are accountable to our great Master.

God has, secondly, intrusted us with our bodies (those exquisitely wrought machines, so "fearfully and wonderfully made"), with all the powers and members thereof. He has intrusted us with the organs of sense; of sight, hearing, and the rest: but none of these are given us as our own, to be employed according to our own will. None of these are lent us in such a sense as to leave us at liberty to use them as we please for a season. No: we have received them on these very terms, that as long as they abide with us, we should employ them all in that very manner, and no other, which he appoints.

It is on the same terms that he imparted to us that most excellent talent of speech. "Thou hast given me a tongue," says the ancient writer, "that I may praise thee therewith." For this

purpose was it given to all the children of men, to be employed in glorifying God. Nothing, therefore, is more ungrateful or more absurd than to think or say, "Our tongues are our own." That cannot be, unless we have created ourselves, and so are independent of the Most High. Nay, but "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves:" the manifest consequence is that he is still Lord over us, in this as in all other respects. It follows that there is not a word of our tongue for which we are not accountable to him.

To him we are equally accountable for the use of our hands and feet, and all the members of our body. These are so many talents which are committed to our trust, until the time appointed by the Father. Until then, we have the use of all these; but as stewards, not as proprietors: to the end, we should "render them, not as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but as instruments of righteousness unto God."

God has intrusted us, thirdly, with a portion of worldly goods, with food to eat, raiment to put on, and a place where to lay our head; with not only the necessaries but the conveniences of life. Above all, he has committed to our charge that precious talent which contains all the rest,—money: indeed it is unspeakably precious, if we are wise and faithful stewards of it; if we employ every part of it for such purposes as our blessed Lord has commanded us to do.

God has intrusted us, fourthly, with several talents which do not properly come under any of these heads. Such is bodily strength; such are health, a pleasing person, an agreeable address; such are learning and knowledge in their various degrees, with all the other advantages of education. Such is the influence which we have over others, whether by their love and esteem of us, or by power—power to do them good or hurt, to help or hinder them in the circumstances of life. Add to these that invaluable talent of time, with which God intrusts us from moment to moment. Add, lastly, that on which all the rest depend, and without which they would all be curses, not blessings; namely, the grace of God, the power of his Holy Spirit, which alone worketh in us all that is acceptable in his sight. . . .

Brethren, "Who is an understanding man and endued with knowledge among you?" Let him show the wisdom from above, by walking suitably to his character. If he so account of himself, as a steward of the manifold gifts of God, let him see that

all his thoughts, and words, and works, be agreeable to the post God has assigned him. It is no small thing to lay out for God all which you have received from God. It requires all your wisdom, all your resolution, all your patience, and constancy;—far more than ever you had by nature; but not more than you may have by grace. For his grace is sufficient for you; and "all things," you know, "are possible to him that believeth." By faith, then, "put on the Lord Jesus Christ"; "put on the whole armor of God": and you shall be enabled to glorify him in all your words and works; yea, to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ!

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

From 'The First Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount'

THIS is that kingdom of heaven, or of God, which is within us: even "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And what is "righteousness," but the life of God in the soul; the mind which was in Christ Jesus; the image of God stamped upon the heart now renewed after the likeness of him that created it? What is it but the love of God, because he first loved us, and the love of all mankind for his sake?

And what is this "peace," the peace of God, but that calm serenity of soul, that sweet repose in the blood of Jesus, which leaves no doubt of our acceptance in him; which excludes all fear, but the loving, filial fear of offending our Father which is in heaven?

This inward kingdom implies also "joy in the Holy Ghost"; who seals upon our hearts "the redemption which is in Jesus," the righteousness of Christ imputed to us "for the remission of the sins that are past"; who giveth us now "the earnest of our inheritance," of the crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give at that day. And well may this be termed "the kingdom of heaven": seeing it is heaven already opened in the soul; the first springing up of those rivers of pleasure which flow at God's right hand for evermore.

"Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Whosoever thou art to whom God hath given to be "poor in spirit," to feel thyself lost, thou hast a right thereto, through the gracious promise of Him

who cannot lie. It is purchased for thee by the blood of the Lamb. It is very nigh: thou art on the brink of heaven! Another step, and thou enterest into the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy! Art thou all sin? "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!" All unholy? See thy "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous"! Art thou unable to atone for the least of thy sins? "He is the propitiation for [all thy] sins." Now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and all thy sins are blotted out! Art thou totally unclean in soul and body? Here is the "fountain for sin and uncleanness"! "Arise, and wash away thy sins!" Stagger no more at the promise through unbelief! Give glory to God! Dare to believe! Now cry out from the ground of thy heart,—

"Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!"

Then thou learnest of him to be "lowly of heart." And this is the true, genuine, Christian humility, which flows from a sense of the love of God, reconciled to us in Christ Jesus. Poverty of spirit, in this meaning of the word, begins where a sense of guilt and of the wrath of God ends; and is a continual sense of our total dependence on him for every good thought, or word, or work,—of our utter inability to all good, unless he "water us every moment," and an abhorrence of the praise of men, knowing that all praise is due unto God only. With this is joined a loving shame, a tender humiliation before God, even for the sins which we know he hath forgiven us, and for the sin which still remaineth in our hearts, although we know it is not imputed to our condemnation. Nevertheless, the conviction we feel of inbred sin is deeper and deeper every day. The more we grow in grace, the more do we see of the desperate wickedness of our heart. The more we advance in the knowledge and love of God through our Lord Jesus Christ (as great a mystery as this may appear to those who know not the power of God unto salvation), the more do we discern of our alienation from God,—of the enmity that is in our carnal mind, and the necessity of our being entirely renewed in righteousness and true holiness.

THE LOVE THAT HOPETH AND ENDURETH ALL THINGS

From the 'Second Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount'

AND when it can no longer believe, then love "hopeth all things." Is any evil related of any man? Love hopes that the relation is not true, that the thing related was never done. Is it certain it was?—"But perhaps it was not done with such circumstances as are related; so that allowing the fact, there is room to hope it was not so ill as it is represented." Was the action apparently, undeniably evil? Love hopes the intention was not so. Is it clear the design was evil too?—"Yet might it not spring, not from the settled temper of the heart, but from a start of passion, or from some vehement temptation, which hurried the man beyond himself?" And even when it cannot be doubted but all the actions, designs, and tempers are equally evil, still love hopes that God will at last make bare his arm and get himself the victory; and that there shall be "joy in heaven over [this] one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

Lastly: It "endureth all things." This completes the character of him that is truly merciful. He endureth not some, not many things only, not most, but absolutely *all things*. Whatever the injustice, the malice, the cruelty of men can inflict, he is able to suffer. He calls nothing intolerable; he never says of anything, "This is not to be borne." No: he can not only do but suffer all things through Christ which strengtheneth him. And all he suffers does not destroy his love, nor impair it in the least. It is proof against all. It is a flame that burns even in the midst of the great deep. "Many waters cannot quench" his "love, neither can the floods drown it." It triumphs over all. It "never faileth," either in time or in eternity.

> "Thus in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
> Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
> But lasting charity's more ample sway—
> Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay—
> In happy triumph shall forever live,
> And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive."

So shall "the merciful obtain mercy": not only by the blessing of God upon all their ways, by his now repaying the love

they bear to their brethren a thousandfold into their own bosom; but likewise by "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory," in the "kingdom prepared for them from the beginning of the world."

A CATHOLIC SPIRIT

From a Discourse entitled 'Catholic Spirit'

FROM hence we may learn, first, that a catholic spirit is not *speculative* latitudinarianism. It is not an indifference to all opinions: this is the spawn of hell, not the offspring of heaven. This unsettledness of thought, this being "driven to and fro, and tossed about with every wind of doctrine," is a great curse, not a blessing; an irreconcilable enemy, not a friend, to true catholicism. A man of a truly catholic spirit has not now his religion to seek. He is fixed as the sun in his judgment concerning the main branches of Christian doctrine. It is true, he is always ready to hear and weigh whatsoever can be offered against his principles; but as this does not show any wavering in his own mind, so neither does it occasion any. He does not halt between two opinions, nor vainly endeavor to blend them into one. Observe this, you who know not what spirit ye are of: who call yourselves men of a catholic spirit, only because you are of a muddy understanding; because your mind is all in a mist; because you have no settled, consistent principles, but are for jumbling all opinions together. Be convinced that you have quite missed your way; you know not where you are. You think you are got into the very spirit of Christ, when in truth you are nearer the spirit of Antichrist. Go first and learn the first elements of the gospel of Christ, and then shall you learn to be of a truly catholic spirit.

From what has been said, we may learn, secondly, that a catholic spirit is not any kind of *practical* latitudinarianism. It is not indifference as to public worship, or as to the outward manner of performing it. This likewise would not be a blessing but a curse. Far from being a help thereto, it would, so long as it remained, be an unspeakable hindrance to the worshiping of God in spirit and in truth. But the man of a truly catholic spirit, having weighed all things in the balance of the sanctuary, has no doubt, no scruple at all, concerning that particular mode

of worship wherein he joins. He is clearly convinced that *this* manner of worshiping God is both Scriptural and rational. He knows none in the world which is more Scriptural, none which is more rational. Therefore, without rambling hither and thither he cleaves close thereto, and praises God for the opportunity of so doing.

Hence we may, thirdly, learn that a catholic spirit is not indifference to all congregations. This is another sort of latitudinarianism, not less absurd and unscriptural than the former. But it is far from a man of a truly catholic spirit. He is fixed in his congregation as well as his principles. He is united to one, not only in spirit, but by all the outward ties of Christian fellowship. There he partakes of all the ordinances of God. There he receives the supper of the Lord. There he pours out his soul in public prayer, and joins in public praise and thanksgiving. There he rejoices to hear the word of reconciliation, the gospel of the grace of God. With these his nearest, his best beloved brethren, on solemn occasions, he seeks God by fasting. These particularly he watches over in love, as they do over his soul; admonishing, exhorting, comforting, reproving, and every way building up each other in the faith. These he regards as his own household; and therefore, according to the ability God has given him, naturally cares for them, and provides that they may have all the things that are needful for life and godliness.

But while he is steadily fixed in his religious principles, in what he believes to be the truth as it is in Jesus; while he firmly adheres to that worship of God which he judges to be most acceptable in his sight; and while he is united by the tenderest and closest ties to one particular congregation,— his heart is enlarged towards all mankind, those he knows and those he does not; he embraces with strong and cordial affection neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. This is catholic, or universal love. And he that has this is of a catholic spirit. For love alone gives the title to this character: catholic love is a catholic spirit.

If then we take this word in the strictest sense, a man of a catholic spirit is one who, in the manner above mentioned, gives his hand to all whose hearts are right with his heart: one who knows how to value, and praise God for, all the advantages he enjoys, with regard to the knowledge of the things of God, the true Scriptural manner of worshiping him, and above all, his

union with a congregation fearing God and working righteousness: one who, retaining these blessings with the strictest care, keeping them as the apple of his eye, at the same time loves — as friends, as brethren in the Lord, as members of Christ and children of God, as joint partakers now of the present kingdom of God, and fellow-heirs of his eternal kingdom — all of whatever opinion, or worship, or congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; who love God and man; who, rejoicing to please and fearing to offend God, are careful to abstain from evil, and zealous of good works. He is the man of a truly catholic spirit, who bears all these continually upon his heart; who, having an unspeakable tenderness for their persons, and longing for their welfare, does not cease to commend them to God in prayer as well as to plead their cause before men; who speaks comfortably to them, and labors by all his words to strengthen their hands in God. He assists them to the uttermost of his power in all things, spiritual and temporal. He is ready "to spend and be spent for them"; yea, to lay down his life for their sake.

Thou, O man of God, think on these things! If thou art already in this way, go on. If thou hast heretofore mistook the path, bless God who hath brought thee back! And now run the race which is set before thee, in the royal way of universal love. Take heed, lest thou be either wavering in thy judgment, or straitened in thy bowels; but keep an even pace, rooted in the faith once delivered to the saints, and grounded in love, in true catholic love, till thou art swallowed up in love for ever and ever!

THE LAST JUDGMENT

From a Discourse on 'The Great Assize'

SUFFER me to add a few words to all of you who are at this day present before the Lord. Should not you bear it in your minds all the day long, that a more awful day is coming? A large assembly this! But what is it to that which every eye will then behold, the general assembly of all the children of men that ever lived on the face of the whole earth! A few will stand at the judgment seat this day, to be judged touching what shall be laid to their charge; and they are now reserved in prison, perhaps in chains, till they are brought forth

to be tried and sentenced. But we shall all — I that speak, and you that hear — "stand at the judgment seat of Christ." And we are now reserved on this earth, which is not our home, in this prison of flesh and blood, perhaps many of us in chains of darkness too, till we are ordered to be brought forth. Here a man is questioned concerning one or two acts which he is supposed to have committed: there we are to give an account of all our works, from the cradle to the grave; of all our words; of all our desires and tempers, all the thoughts and intents of our hearts; of all the use we have made of our various talents, whether of mind, body, or fortune, till God said, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." In this court, it is possible, some who are guilty may escape for want of evidence; but there is no want of evidence in that court. All men with whom you had the most secret intercourse, who were privy to all your designs and actions, are ready before your face. So are all the spirits of darkness who inspired evil designs and assisted in the execution of them. So are all the angels of God, those eyes of the Lord that run to and fro over all the earth; who watched over your soul, and labored for your good, so far as you would permit. So is your own conscience, a thousand witnesses in one; now no more capable of being either blinded or silenced, but constrained to know and to speak the naked truth touching all your thoughts, and words, and actions. And is conscience as a thousand witnesses? — yea; but God is as a thousand consciences! Oh, who can stand before the face of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ!

See! see! He cometh! He maketh the clouds his chariot! He rideth upon the wings of the wind! A devouring fire goeth before him and after him, a flame burneth! See! He sitteth upon his throne, clothed with light as with a garment, arrayed with majesty and honor! Behold, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his voice as the sound of many waters!

How will ye escape? Will ye call to the mountains to fall on you, the rocks to cover you? Alas, the mountains themselves, the rocks, the earth, the heavens, are just ready to flee away! Can ye prevent the sentence? Wherewith? With all the substance of thy house, with thousands of gold and silver? Blind wretch! Thou camest naked from thy mother's womb, and more naked into eternity. Hear the Lord, the Judge! "Come, ye blessed of my Father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you from

the foundation of the world." Joyful sound! How widely different from that voice which echoes through the expanse of heaven, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels!" And who is he that can prevent or retard the full execution of either sentence? Vain hope! Lo, hell is moved from beneath to receive those who are ripe for destruction! And the everlasting doors lift up their heads, that the heirs of glory may come in!

"What manner of persons then ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" We know it cannot be long before the Lord will descend with the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God; when every one of us shall appear before him, and give account of his own works. "Wherefore, beloved, seeing ye look for these things," seeing ye know he will come, and will not tarry, "be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless." Why should ye not? Why should one of you be found on the left hand, at his appearing? He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; by repentance, to faith in a bleeding Lord; by faith, to spotless love, to the full image of God renewed in the heart, and producing all holiness of conversation. Can you doubt of this, when you remember the Judge of all is likewise the Savior of all? Hath he not bought you with his own blood, that ye might not perish, but have everlasting life? Oh, make proof of his mercy rather than his justice; of his love rather than the thunder of his power! He is not far from every one of us; and he is now come not to condemn, but to save, the world. He standeth in the midst! Sinner, doth he not now, even now, knock at the door of thy heart? Oh that thou mayest know, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! Oh that ye may now give yourselves to Him who gave himself for you, in humble faith, in holy, active, patient love! So shall ye rejoice with exceeding joy in his day, when he cometh in the clouds of heaven!

All the foregoing selections are from John Wesley's works.

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD, WHOSE HEIGHT

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Translation of John Wesley, from the German of Gerhard Tersteegen.

[All the following Hymns are by Charles Wesley.]

FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift:
My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die:
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

LIGHT OF LIFE, SERAPHIC FIRE

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come!

Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;

Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be:
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above;

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions, "Peace";
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still";
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

O Death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought:
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;

Let me lean upon thy breast,—
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in thy embrace,
Let me see thy smiling face.
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

Oh that I may never know
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to thee.
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offense,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art:
Give me thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind:
Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be:
Thou art all humility.
Let me to my betters bow:
Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own;
Thou thy self didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am.
Make me, Savior, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

THOU VERY PRESENT AID

THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's Balm thou art,
The Healer of mankind.
In deep affliction blest,
With thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient love.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature-streams are dry:
I have the Fountain still.

Stript of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

HAIL! HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below!
One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

Thee, holy Father we confess;
Thee, holy Son adore;
Thee, Spirit of true holiness
We worship evermore.
Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive,
Which angel-choirs and saints in light
And saints embodied give.

Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
(Our heavenly song shall be),
Supreme, essential One adored
In coeternal Three!

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

AND HAVE I MEASURED HALF MY DAYS

AND have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

The morning of my life is past,
The noon is almost o'er;
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

Oh, what a length of wretched years
Have I lived out in vain!
How fruitless all my toils and tears!
I am not born again.

Evil and sad my days have been,
And all a painful void,
For still I am not saved from sin,
For still I know not God.

Darkness he makes his secret place,
Thick clouds surround his throne;
Nor can I yet behold his face,
Or find the God unknown.

A God that hides himself he is,
Far off from mortal sight,
An inaccessible abyss
Of uncreated light.

Far off he is, yet always near;
He fills both earth and heaven;
But doth not to my soul appear—
My soul from Eden driven.

O'er earth a banished man I rove,
But cannot feel him nigh:
Where is the pardoning God of Love,
Who stooped for me to die?

I sought him in the secret cell,
With unavailing care:
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find him there.

Still every means in vain I try;
I seek him far and near:
Where'er I come, constrained to cry,
"My Savior is not here."

God is in this, in every place;
Yet oh, how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious Self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone!

Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore:
Oh, that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more!

Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me in to God!

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on thee I cast my care.
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive:
Hoping against hope I stand;
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE

JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I rest upon thy word:
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated Cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim
(Unmoved by threatening or reward),
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want — alas, what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

THOMAS WHARTON

(1859–1896)

BY OWEN WISTER

As one looks back upon the life of Thomas Wharton, the good name of those from whom he sprung, the distinction which after many years of promise he had begun to win for himself, it grows clearer than ever that a talent of a rare kind, with rare advantages of inheritance, is lost to American letters; a talent of charm, of grace, of winning fancy, that in these literal, half-ugly days can ill be spared. With many honorable generations in his blood, Thomas Wharton came by right to pluck, subtlety, humor, and brilliant powers of acquisition. Among Philadelphia lawyers, the names of both his father and grandfather remain traditional for scholarship. One other birthright — namely, length of days — might have been his; and persuaded that it was to be, he labored steadily, cheerfully, and in no haste; believing that success would come to him all the more ripe and sure for his patience. But even middle age was denied him. Born August 1st, 1859, he died April 6th, 1896, full of plans and work, letters from theatre managers and composers in his desk, books and plays in his mind beyond what was signed for by actual contract at the moment; a man of thirty-seven but at heart forever a boy, with his eyes beholding the first visions of worldly reward.

Three periods he knew: a beginning full of hope, a middle full of struggle undaunted and courageous disappointment, and a brief end when the rays of true recognition began to shine upon him.

Before he was fifteen, he brought home from his first year at Hellmuth College, near London, Ont., five prizes; and to crown these, the medal given that year by the Governor-General for the highest average marks. In those days he also scribbled copiously, verse and prose, but verse the more; and his art with words was already light and happy far beyond the common. He first appeared in print then, with an ode of Horace put into English verse; and at twenty-one he was in the Atlantic Monthly with more verses, entitled 'Archæology.' By inheritance a scholar, but himself robust in fibre, fond of swimming, and of cricket, and of life, he did not sustain his prize-winning eminence at the University of Pennsylvania. There he was graduated in 1879; with no array of honors, but like his father, knowing and

loving well the things that he knew. From all the shelves — Attic, Augustan, Romance, Renaissance, through Shakespeare, Molière, and Heine, to Mark Twain — he pulled the books down and rejoiced in them. His knowledge of what man has written mellowed his judgment, seasoned his imagination, and preserved him from those errors of taste and theory that waylay so many genuine but half-educated talents in our country.

The law was Thomas Wharton's hereditary, logical, but inappropriate choice of career. After a few years his talent revolted, the inevitable crushed the conventional, and he became out-and-out writer. In 1888 he went upon the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Times, and was Sunday editor when he died. Dangerous for the clever ignorant, it was beneficent for him, this swift journalism,— compelling the scholar to be himself, to take up his scholarship and walk. Until now, neither his matter nor his manner had been quite his own. To look at his articles and stories in Lippincott's Magazine and in Puck, and especially his clever novels, 'A Latter-Day Saint' and 'Hannibal of New York,' is to see a genuine gift often misdirected. From the novels turn to 'Bobbo,' and in a flash the true final Wharton stands revealed. This is what the gods made him for: weaver of fancies, rainbow-colored whims, dreams away from the jangle of life, through which life's pathos and humor and tenderness should delicately play. Had the word *gem* with us Americans not been thumbed out of all critical meaning, 'Bobbo' should be called a gem. Its light completely radiates from a form complete.

Wharton attained this through newspaper work, and side work of verses and fantastic texts for operas. The newspaper made him master of his scholarship instead of being mastered by it, and set free his fancy. From Charlemagne's paladins, from the teocalli of Montezuma, from Paris streets as Villon knew them, he brought fancies, and more fancies, verse and prose ever finer tempered,— the spontaneity shining even brighter through the chiseled language. It is wholesome knowledge that he was a civilized college-bred American, dwelling quiet at home; that cultivation made valuable his gift; that he did not believe rawness to be symptom of originality. Certainly, for our pleasure and his rare example, we can ill spare him. So many of us seem born mere observers, with all the note-making apparatus — but no wings!

Owen Wister.

BOBBO

From 'Bobbo and Other Fancies.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

IT WAS Ash-Wednesday morning; and thanks to the carnival the night before, the labors of Monsieur Anatole Doblay, most respected of the magistrates of Paris, seemed likely to be severe. True, the prospect did not weigh upon the mind of the worthy magistrate, who customarily busied himself only with his duty, and accepted that duty in whatever form it was arrested and brought before him, so to speak, by the gendarmes. But the thought of a long and harassing session was anything but refreshing to another functionary of the court,—the clerk, Paul Patureau. Half asleep and nodding was Monsieur Paul as he sat and waited for the hour of opening court; his head ached, and the riotous melodies of the carnival still rang in his ears. He had been out very late himself,—oh, very late!—and this morning his dearly despised official duties seemed, like the vast court-room, more forbidding and gloomy than ever.

Now, when a young man finds his office gloomy in the morning and his clerical duties irksome, that generally means that he has a soul above routine; and dissipation the night before only aggravates his unrest. And as a matter of fact, Paul Patureau deemed that in being made a clerk, he had arrived at the wrong address: like most other young Frenchmen, he thought he had been directed "À la Gloire." And he wished to be, instead of a clerk in the Correctional Court, a poet, a dramatist, and most particularly a writer of librettos,—librettos that should make all Paris laugh and sing and dance; that should go round the world, like the 'Grande Duchesse' or the 'Fille de Madame Angot'; that should bring him fame and money, and the friendship of the Muse,—and it need not be said that as yet he had not achieved his *chef-d'œuvre*. Alas, the dramatic ambition, if it is only to write a play around a tank, is the most torturing of all ambitions; for while there are theatres and actors the appetite can never be controlled. As it feeds, it grows and grows; it begins in the gallery and descends by degrees to the orchestra stall; sometimes it may even conquer the green-room and the coulisse: but thus to feed unsatisfied is the bitterest vanity if the ideas will not arrive. And that was the difficulty with Paul Patureau. Ideas cut him dead.

Except when he was asleep. For when he was asleep and dreaming, the most striking plots revealed themselves to him,

whole dramas performed themselves before him as author and sole spectator; only, when he awoke he could not remember a single situation. It was a new demonstration of Fate's unfailing and subtle irony that poor Paul Patureau should nightly renew the bitterness of his own conviction that he deserved success, and daily exasperate himself against his own unlucky memory as being to blame for his inability to command it. Yes, when he slept he saw all kinds of plays, with characters and motives, plots and stories, drawn from every age and clime: heroes more romantic than Ruy Blas, more comic than Figaro; theatrical surprises more thrilling than the horn in 'Hernani,' more clever than the scented glove in 'Diplomacy': and as for stage pictures, he had but to close his eyes and they crowded on his sight, magnificent in their complex accuracy and perfection. Yet what good did they do to him? None at all. Now, at this very moment, should he yield to his overwhelming desire to doze off, forgetful of the criminals and the gendarmes and the stuffy, evil-smelling crowd of spectators, he would probably witness one of these very productions, to be performed only once and then to be lost forever — which would leave him no better off. Still, if he remained awake the criminals and the gendarmes and the spectators would suggest nothing to him, and he would in addition be bored, so that there was some reason for going to sleep.

"Indeed, I wish I could go to sleep," he said to himself; and he folded his arms and closed his eyes. Almost every Frenchman looks as if he had artistic possibilities; and with his pale cheeks — the result of the carnival — and thin, delicate, closed eyelids, the young clerk was by no means a bad type of a poet and a dreamer. "A pretty figure I must be," he said drowsily to himself, "to assist at the administration of justice to unfortunate carnival-makers who have been less cautious than myself!" And he began to wonder how he could best secure the magistrate's clemency for some of those very unfortunates in whom he was particularly interested. Among the prisoners waiting their turn to appear before Monsieur Doblay were certain masqueraders, who, it was said among the ushers, were well-known actors; they had been quarreling among themselves at a restaurant after the ball, and their quarrel had grown so violent that the whole party had been taken into custody. It may be guessed with what sympathy Monsieur Paul viewed their incarceration. If he could have passed upon their offense, their detention would have been very quickly at an end.

All of a sudden there broke out from the adjoining room, where the prisoners were in custody, a snatch of a chorus:—

"And every time the princess sighs,
Her tearful subjects wipe their eyes."

Paul started up, instinctively crying out "Silence!" and he heard the officers calling for order; but a few voices still continued:—

"They sorrow most because her griefs
Entail such waste of handkerchiefs."

"Outrageous! What do they mean by such a disturbance?" said a stern voice behind him; and Paul turned with an almost guilty realization of the dignity of the court and of Monsieur Doblay. To tell the truth, he had just lost his own consciousness of official dignity in the perception that the words of the chorus were new to him, and that discovery never fails to set the nerve cells of the amateur tingling.

He explained the situation to Monsieur Doblay.

"Actors, indeed! They take great liberties."

"They are a most picturesque collection," said Paul, longing to find a good word to throw in on their behalf. "There is a Punchinello, a Harlequin, a Pierrot, a Pantaloon, a Domino Noir, a Pierrette—"

"The classics, eh?" growled Monsieur Doblay. "They wish to turn my court-room into a scene from Racine?"

"Monsieur," cried Paul, suddenly illumed, "I have it! They must be singing from the new operetta at the Folles-Farces: it is the one operetta I have not heard; but only because I had not time: and perhaps this is the cast."

"Have them in at once," said Monsieur Doblay, replying, it almost seemed, to Paul's unspoken wish. "Have them in, and we will see how they excuse themselves for their follies."

"Ah, monsieur, wait till you see the Pierrette," said Paul. "She is a nymph—a true nymph! Oh, she is wonderful!"

It is always these old friends of ours who are getting into trouble, thought Paul, as the masqueraders were ushered into the court-room, disheveled, haggard, absurdly out of keeping with the daylight in their carnival paint. The Pierrot and the Punchinello led, followed by all the other familiar figures,—a Pantaloon, a Harlequin, a Columbine (wrapped in a long fur cloak), a

Domino Noir, and two young men in dress-coats and false noses: their costumes gave them all that droll, half-deprecating look of conscious guilt which Punchinello and Pierrot wear before the Law. And Paul, as he prepared to take down their names with a stub-pen on stiff court paper, felt himself a figure in the comedy which the carnival and the stage hand down unchanged, eternal,—the comedy which shows man human, weak, but therefore lovable.

And here a singular incident happened. For while this red-and-white procession was being marshaled toward the seat of justice, to the immense delight of the habitués of the court-room, an altercation was heard to arise next door, in the room devoted to the prisoners. "I will not accompany the rest of the troupe," cried a woman's voice—a young and fresh voice. "I am the prima donna, my good man, and I insist on my entrée!"

"You hear her? That is Adèle," murmured the Pierrot, as he lounged forward, his eyes dropping with sleep. He shrugged his sloping shoulders. It was indeed Mademoiselle Adèle, of the Folles-Farces, as Paul all of a sudden became aware; and a hard time the gendarme had to bring her out into the court-room,—flushed, frowning, mutinous, long strands of her straight glossy black hair undone, and falling over her creamy cheeks and the white sleeves of her Pierrette dress. The tall rebellious androgyn tossed back her hair, and put her hands on her supple slim hips, and looked devastation at the magistrate; but he was not nearly so much affected as was Monsieur Paul Patureau as he took the names down.

He thought it more appropriate to set them out as a cast, as follows:—

PUNCHINELLO - - -	MM. TAVERNIER.
PIERROT - - - - - -	BRÉBANT.
PANTALOON - - - - -	MUELLER.
HARLEQUIN - - - - -	GERVAIS.
COLUMBINE - - - -	Mmes. JOLIFROY.
DOMINO NOIR - - - - -	GAUDRION.
PIERRETTE - - - - -	ADÈLE.

All of the Théâtre des Folles-Farces. In addition to these, M. Rébus of the Matinée, and M. Obus of the claque.

Monsieur Doblay listened gravely to the report of the gendarme. A case of disorderly conduct, fracas, and defiance of the authorities of the Café des Blafards. Blows had been struck and furniture broken. The women of the party encouraged the participants. The defendants Brébant and Rébus had taken no part in the fracas, but on the appearance of the authorities had interfered to protect their companions. It had consequently been necessary to arrest the whole party.

"And all," cried Mademoiselle Adèle, "because Tavernier cannot act Bobbo."

"Silence!" cried the ushers. And everybody stood aghast.

Monsieur Doblay pressed his fingers together and looked over his spectacles, not so much severely as reflectively, at the rebellious Pierrette, so full of grace and wild beauty.

"Upon my word," he said at last, "I should be glad to have some explanation why so many people of reputation and intelligence have been engaging in such a lamentable dispute. Is it only because Monsieur Tavernier cannot act Bobbo? Pray what is Bobbo?"

"An opera-bouffe, Monsieur le Juge," said the actress, proudly inclining her head, "composed for the Folles-Farces by Monsieur Brébant there, and the libretto is by Monsieur Tavernier himself. And I am the Princess Lisa."

"You mean that you take that part in the opera?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge. And Monsieur Tavernier has the title rôle."

"Which he sustains with the utmost art," murmured Brébant.

Adèle gave him a glance which might have withered him.

"Which he does not sustain with art, Monsieur le Juge — oh, not at all. For though it is an adorable little story, but adorable, it does not draw the public; and why? Because Monsieur Tavernier, though a comedian not a little proud of his own prowess, cannot carry out the very part he has imagined for himself." And here her slender limbs began visibly to chafe under the oppression of keeping still. Her voice rang higher, but always sweet. "And the Folles-Farces is a new theatre, Monsieur le Juge; not a rich theatre. It is most important to us to draw the public: and we do not draw the public, monsieur, because Monsieur Tavernier cannot act Bobbo. And we shall all starve!" And she looked daggers at poor Tavernier, who twisted his

hands together — the thick, short-fingered hands of a true bouffe actor — and drew a long sigh.

"And yet," said Monsieur Doblay, gravely, "if there was a quarrel, mademoiselle, there must have been those who disagreed with you. Why did the quarrel arise?"

"Because," cried Mademoiselle Adèle, "I frankly counseled Monsieur Tavernier to leave the cast. As a friend."

"That was the way of it, Monsieur le Juge," said Brébant, who shrugged his shoulders with languid cynicism. "She frankly counseled my colleague, the author of the operetta, part owner of the theatre, stage-manager, and leading actor, to leave the cast. I forgot to add that it was to him she owed her engagement."

"And when Mademoiselle Adèle gave this advice to Monsieur Tavernier, there was opposition?" asked Monsieur Doblay.

"Pronounced," said Brébant.

"Vociferous," said Rébus. "Even minatory."

"Upon which" — Mademoiselle Adèle's eyes were blazing indignantly at Brébant, but he persevered relentlessly — "upon which Mademoiselle Adèle treated her colleagues, particularly Mademoiselle Jolifroy, to epithets of an injurious character."

"Pray, if I might ask —"

"I called them pigs of gallery-crushers," said Adèle, impetuously breaking in.

"The words were uttered in heat," said Brébant dryly.

"I do not withdraw them," said Adèle.

"And it was on this provocation that the fracas arose?" said Monsieur Doblay patiently.

"As if the words had been dynamite," said Rébus.

There was a moment's silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the magistrate, "I am afraid that I see nothing for it but to fine you all. I regret that there should be differences among you behind the scenes, if I may so express myself; but the law really cannot concern itself with the origin of these differences."

"I would leave the cast willingly," said Tavernier, whose heavy face looked so sad that his Punchinello's hump seemed to belong to him, "but we cannot afford another actor."

"Monsieur le Juge," said Madame Gaudrion, speaking with dignity from the mysterious folds of her domino, "I desire it should go on record as the opinion of those members of the company whose sentiments are in accord with what has just fallen

from the lips of Monsieur Brébant, that the rôle of Bobbo is perfectly sustained by Monsieur Tavernier, and that if any one's acting is at fault it is Mademoiselle Adèle's."

"Mazette! I believe you," murmured the little Jolifroy. (Understudy.)

From Adèle's eyes shot forth a flame of contempt; she spread her small brown hands wide to the poles. "Listen, Monsieur le Juge," she cried,—"listen, and you will understand why they all speak evil of me. I am alone against them all; and last night they would have driven me out of the theatre forever, except that Monsieur Gervais, that good young man whom you see there as Harlequin, Monsieur le Juge, and Monsieur Obus, with the false nose, like chivalrous and gallant friends, constituted themselves my champions,—and the resistance they encountered was such that the gendarmes were hurled upon us. It is true, Monsieur le Juge, it is true that I act badly—that in my great scene where I should laugh I want to cry—and thus I am so angry that I cannot laugh at all—and the whole scene is spoiled, and the whole play is spoiled, and our happiness, and our business, and my career, all, all are spoiled! But why? Because it is Bobbo who should make me want to laugh, and every night when I play it is Bobbo who makes me want to cry!"

"Fudge!" said Madame Gaudrion, decisively, and quite loud enough to be heard.

"You say that, madame—" began Adèle; but Monsieur Doblay silenced her with a word.

"You are a firebrand, mademoiselle," he said; and he turned to Brébant. "As I am still in the dark, monsieur, perhaps you will explain a little further."

"Willingly, Monsieur le Juge," said the Pierrot. "The fact is, Mademoiselle Adèle is convicting herself by her own testimony; for Monsieur Tavernier's rôle, admirably conceived, is one of those which blend humor and pathos, and it is the pathos which should make, not Mademoiselle Adèle, you understand, but the Princess Lisa laugh. And if Mademoiselle Adèle forgets that she is the Princess Lisa, and herself feels the pathos of the scene, she is not an actress, that is all."

"Ah!" said Monsieur Doblay, looking benignly wise. "The paradox of acting."

"Exactly, Monsieur le Juge."

"But," cried Adèle in a transport, "it is Tavernier who is not acting!"

"Not acting!" cried Brébant, Gervais, and Mueller together. In fact, the whole company turned to Adèle with looks of astonishment.

"No, he is not acting! Do you suppose that I, an actress, cannot tell? It is real with him; yes, I affirm it, Monsieur le Juge, it is real with him! and that makes it real with me, and I cry instead of laughing."

At this remarkable statement all eyes were turned on Tavernier. His face was doleful enough; but he only shrugged his hump, as if to say, "I do not understand, but I will not oppose her."

Monsieur Doblay laid down his pen in despair. "The further we go," he said, "the greater is my perplexity. Suppose, mademoiselle, I were to ask you to give me a brief *précis* of the plot, and then perhaps I shall understand. For really it has come to this,—that Monsieur Tavernier's acting is on trial, and I feel it my duty to examine into his case and pronounce one way or the other."

It seemed to Paul Patureau as if his ideas mysteriously communicated themselves to his superior, and what was more remarkable, controlled him.

Adèle stood forward. She made a gesture of such grace and eloquence as thrilled Paul Patureau to the marrow. "Monsieur le Juge," she said, "I am overcome by the honor—oh, but overcome! You ask me for the plot of 'Bobbo,' Monsieur le Juge. Monsieur Tavernier's idea was charming, most charming; and I should be the first to make its eulogiums, for he honored me by giving me the chief rôle,—after his own. I, do you see, am the Princess Lisa. The scene is laid in Italy at the time they called the Middle Ages,—but how did they know then they were the Middle Ages, Monsieur le Juge?—and I am very melancholy. Oh, I am the most melancholy princess that ever was known! They give fêtes for me, balls, tournaments, cavalcades, water parties, illuminations—all to no purpose; they might as well have paraded the funerals of the town before me. Then they have plays to amuse me, jugglers, clowns, dancing-dogs, acrobats, the whole Folies Bergères: worse and worse—I weep all day long, and I swear that nothing can cure me. So my father, the king,

who is excellently played by Monsieur Mueller, Monsieur le Juge, — my father is in agonies; for not only am I his favorite child, but if I do not marry, the kingdom must go to his brother, whom he despises. And when they talk to me of marriage, I weep so bitterly that even Madame Gaudrion, my governess,— you understand, my most aristocratic governess,— gives me up. So the king has an idea. He offers my hand to any one who will make me laugh. Is not that an idea worthy of a father? But, nevertheless, so stupid are men that numbers of poor young princes and counts and barons come and try to win a smile from me, and they all fail, and their heads are taken off by the headsman — Monsieur Gervais. Such things happen, you know, in opera-bouffe — in the Middle Ages. And of course, as these repeated executions happen, I go into convulsions of grief, and grow more and more melancholy."

"Because none of the young men succeeds?" asked Monsieur Doblay with a smile.

"Possibly," said Mademoiselle Adèle. "But of course," she added, with a sudden and dazzling smile of her own,— "of course I do not confess that to myself, so there my poor father is at the end of his resources; and even my sister, the Princess Beatrice (played by Mademoiselle Jolifroy), confesses she does not know what is to be done. And as a last resource my father thinks once more of Bobbo. Bobbo, Monsieur le Juge, is the most celebrated jester in the world,— irresistible, enchanting, the very soul of drollery and humor. It is not only that his wit is so quick and keen, but his features are the perfect epitome of comedy. You die of laughing just to look at him; it is impossible to remain grave in his presence. My father would have brought him before me long ago but for one unfortunate circumstance,— Bobbo is attached to the court of our young and hot-headed neighbor the Prince Eugenius. Now some time ago, before all these experiments that ended so sadly on the headsman's block, the prince personally asked for my hand; and as I declined to hear of marriage, it was refused him. So he vowed that if my melancholy was not removed by the announcement of his suit, I might remain in my present state of depression till the end of my days before he would lift a finger to prevent it. Accordingly my father goes to war with him, captures both him and Bobbo, and brings the captives back to court. For he

is a terrible man, my father, as the prince — who is Monsieur Brébant — finds out."

"I begin to see the plot," said Monsieur Doblay, deeply interested. Court officers and spectators too all hung upon her words.

"Is it not too natural?" cried Adèle, her eyes sparkling. "What stupid beings fathers are, Monsieur le Juge! Why should the king suppose that I, who have succeeded in my obstinacy — yes, I admit that it is obstinacy: the idea of weeping one's eyes out like that for any other reason! — that I, who have persisted in torturing my lachrymal glands while any number of nice young men were trying to entertain me, should all of a sudden face about, dry my eyes, and laugh like a cook at the antics of a professional clown? Much he knows about a woman! Actually, when he brings Bobbo before me, he is smiling for the first time in years. Poor man, he is doomed to disappointment. Perhaps Bobbo is not over-confident, for he knows what will happen to him if he fails; but no matter how he exerts himself,—and in two minutes he has the rest of the court rolling on their sides on the floor,— Monsieur le Juge, I pay absolutely no attention to him. He says the wittiest, most excruciating things: I am deaf. He gambols and capers so as to make you ill with laughing: I scarcely lift my eyebrows. He even makes sport of his master, the prince, for suffering himself to be captured: I turn away indifferent. And then what happens is that he loses his courage, he falters, he stammers, he wrings his hands, and finally falls on his knees and begs pathetically to be spared. Consequently my father orders him to be beheaded at once."

"He was wrong," said Monsieur Doblay judicially.

"Very wrong, Monsieur le Juge; but after all, see how fortunately it turned out! For on hearing his sentence, Bobbo, in despair, turns to me and sings a song begging me to intercede for him; he joins his wrinkled old hands together, and the tears run from his poor old face, and his nose is red, and his eyes are bleared, and his voice cracks and creaks, and altogether he looks so absurd and ridiculous, and he is such a refreshing, delightful, irresistible contrast to the terrified and unnatural gayety which every one about me has been forced to exhibit, that I burst out into a good hearty fit of laughter, the first in years. Bobbo has saved me!"

Brava! There followed general applause, which was at once suppressed, but which did not seem to annoy Monsieur Doblay very greatly. He smiled with satisfaction at the escape of Bobbo, and by the nodding of his head appeared to congratulate the princess on the breaking of the spell that afflicted her. As for Paul, his heart sank. "There!" he said to himself: "do you wonder that it falls to the lot of others to write libretti, and not to mine? Effectively! They have ideas, while I—"

"And so you marry the prince," said Monsieur Doblay approvingly.

"Oh, not yet!" cried Adèle, radiant with her success. "Of course finally I do; but if it ended now it would be flat indeed."

Paul's heart sank again: he had supposed this was the *finale*, and behold he did not know the elements of construction!

"What happens next is that I become serious once more, and swear that as my father offered to marry me to whosoever should make me laugh, and as Bobbo has been the one to succeed, I will marry Bobbo. This, of course, is meant to punish the prince for his pride; yet, after all, I have a—a little feeling for Bobbo. But you may guess," cried Adèle, with a heightened color, "how this resolve affects my father and the court; and it is only a very little while before they are all in tears at my feet, begging me to reconsider my decision. And as they are now the melancholy ones, I am well amused, I promise you. 'If you all sniveled till Doomsday,' I say to them, 'you couldn't make me break faith with my dear Bobbo.' Poor Bobbo, you know! ready to put his head in a meal-bag and pull the strings. Well, at last the situation is resolved—but you must ask Madame Gaudrion how."

"How, Madame Gaudrion?"

"Oh, very simply," replied that lady in her measured tones. "I am the governess,—very aristocratic, as Mademoiselle Adèle says,—and I have been talking a great deal of my family pretensions, and setting my cap at the king; and it turns out that Bobbo is my husband."

Whereat there was a laugh.

"And everybody is made happy, except probably Bobbo," commented Monsieur Doblay. "Let me compliment you, Monsieur Tavernier, on the grace and charm of your little theme. The springs of sorrow and happiness lie very close together in our hearts, and you have perceived this and made excellent use of

your penetration of human nature." And he made a polite yet magisterial bow.

"I beg you to believe, Monsieur le Juge, that I know how to value such compliments," said Tavernier, a little flush of pleasure breaking out on his anxious face. "But the story has gained greatly from Mademoiselle Adèle's manner of recital."

"Doubtless she will answer that she has gained her inspiration from the story," said the courteous magistrate. "But come now, Monsieur Tavernier, here we are on the threshold of the mystery; let us examine it to the bottom. You are charged by this young lady with singing your ballad in such a manner as to prevent her from listening properly in the character of the Princess Lisa. Now here I am about to throw out a suggestion which may assist us. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the ballad itself; and I should be very glad if you will repeat it, Monsieur Tavernier. Or better still, if any one here has a libretto — "

Obus stepped forward, solemn-faced leader of the claque. He drew a marked libretto from the pocket of his paletot.

"You will pardon my critical remarks on the margin, Monsieur le Juge," he observed.

The magistrate found the place, and adjusted his glasses.

LA CHANSON DE BOBBO

Oh, is it you, all youth and grace,
Who turn an unrelenting face,
And cruel send
Me to my death, so bent and worn,
So pitiable and forlorn,
So old a friend?

Think! in the nursery, long ago,
A form like mine you used to know,
With curving back,
With painted cheeks, and staring eyes.
Look at me! don't you recognize
Your jumping Jack?

You only had to pull a string,
And he his arms and legs would fling
A dozen ways;
And then you'd laugh — ah, yes, indeed!
'Twas easy for me to succeed
In those old days.

You clasped me to your baby breast,
And cried, "Dear Jack!" and soothed to rest
My clumsy head;
And when they asked you which of all
Your toys the prettiest you'd call,—
"My Jack!" you said.

Yes, let my poor absurd grimace,
My crooked back and wizened face,
My pardon make.
O child, your childhood bring to mind,
And be to Punchinello kind,
For pity's sake!

While Monsieur Doblay read this aloud, slowly, and with the reserve of a man who does not commit himself to the support of his author, there was a deep silence in the court-room. Then Monsieur Doblay raised his head, and it was not difficult to see that he was disappointed. "I confess," he said, "I do not find these verses in themselves so affecting as to justify Mademoiselle Adèle's representations."

There was a little nervous professional stir among the actors; but before any one else could speak in behalf of Tavernier's song, Adèle was boldly making her own special defense. "Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Juge," she cried, "they are not meant to be read like verses in a book, you know — they are written for music and the stage effect. Ah, monsieur, if you will ask Monsieur Tavernier to recite them to you, you will see! Yes, Monsieur Tavernier, if you really desire to clear yourself, repeat them to the magistrate — and let him judge."

"You see, Monsieur le Juge, what she exacts," was all Tavernier could say.

"After all," said Monsieur Doblay, "she is correct. I am misconstruing your verses, Monsieur Tavernier, and I see that my doubt disposes of itself. If the lines are written solely for the actor, there is nothing intrinsically pathetic in them — there can be nothing." And Monsieur Doblay smiled reassuringly. "And now let me hear you repeat them. Permit me to say that I anticipate a great artistic gratification."

Tavernier looked over at Adèle, and murmured something no one could hear. She, her face flushed, seemed ready to spring upon him, take him by the shoulders, and shake him into action, so eager was she to be proved in the right.

As if fascinated, he kept his troubled eyes fixed upon her and began in a low voice:—

"Oh, is it you, all youth and grace—"

And as he spoke he betrayed all.

There was no mistaking the import of his tone. The man had a voice that should have made his fortune. Resonant, strong, full of feeling, and yet dominated by a strange and overpowering timbre, a curious vibration, which though hard and masculine was inexplicably attractive, and even affecting,—a perfect stage voice, intended by nature for comedy and bouffe,—it aroused not only instant carnal delight, but also the obscure yearning that accompanies the highest artistic sympathy. But now it was quivering with the deepest pathos. To hear him struck to the heart. Tears sprang unbidden to the eyes. It was an appeal, all concealment thrown aside, to the beautiful young girl who stood before him. It told the whole story of their relations,—of his dumb despairing love and her girlish obtuseness, perversity, and self-love. The words fell slowly and like sobs. They conveyed the yearning of a life.

The surprise of his emotion deeply disturbed his hearers. Brébant, in particular, was visibly startled out of his languor, and launched uneasy glances at Adèle. She alone appeared to see in this sudden confession merely the confirmation of her charge. Her eyes sparkled with triumph; her foot patted the ground; she could hardly wait until Tavernier had finished. She did not give Monsieur Doblay time to speak.

"You see," she cried—"you see, all of you, that I have told you nothing but the truth—and yet you would not believe me! He sings it himself—and not to the Princess Lisa, but to me. He does not know how to sing it. Hold! I will show you how." And before any one could stop her, she suddenly pushed away Mueller and Obus, clearing a little space for a stage, as it were, and dropped her tall supple form into a hunchback's crouching pose and began to sing.

It was a most amazing feat of mimicry. Her head sank and rolled on her shoulders, her arms hung long and loose by her sides, her back was crooked—yet all these things were shown by the lightest, swiftest indications, like the heart-breaking falsetto in her rich, splendid voice, which, with her frightened eye and trembling lip, showed the poor Punchinello at his wits' end for

refuge. Sing it well? Not the greatest comedian that ever lived, it seemed, could have sung it better,—with all its whimpering, its ridiculous terrified grimaces, its shaking fingers weakly clawing the air, its tottering knees and cracked comic voice, its absurd senile smiles broken by swift spasms of terror as the singer alternated between hope and despair. Adèle subdued it all to her purpose, with the true bouffe touch so perfectly bestowed that the very pathos of it seemed a thing to laugh at, because it so surely promised that happiness was on the other side of the picture. And indeed, as verse succeeded verse, smiles were running over all their lips, as they stood breathlessly listening, ready when she ended to break out into laughter and applause. When all at once, just as she was nearing the end, perhaps overcome by some sudden emotion, perhaps tired by the night of confinement and the strain of the police examination, perhaps at the end of her artist's tether, since extreme were the demands the song made upon her thus to counterfeit a buffo at the height of his art,—for whatever reason, she faltered, gasped, and tottering against Mueller, who caught her round the waist and supported her, burst into tears.

Then, heartlessly enough, but with full professional enjoyment of her break-down, the actors raised a peal of laughter, in which all joined—except Tavernier. He stood apart, forgotten, watching her with his burning eyes. But the little Jolifroy was especially merry, and clapped her hands in an ecstasy of mirth.

Adèle leaped up; furious, angry gleams darting from her eyes. "What do you mean by laughing at me?" she cried. "You are all beggars, wretches, vile travesties of actors, whom the public will cover with shame!" That her tumult of wrath must have physical relief was obvious. It was the little Jolifroy who suffered. Adèle's glance fell instinctively on her understudy's sniggering face, and she smacked it.

A cry of horror rose—gendarmes sprang at the offender. Contempt of court, lèse-majesté—what had not Adèle committed? She herself, at the realization of her offense, paled and stood trembling in the grasp of the military police before the magistrate.

The only reason why Tavernier was not scuffling with those same gendarmes was that Brébant and Rébus, by a common impulse, threw their arms about him and restrained him.

Monsieur Doblay seemed for a moment lost in consternation at the iniquity of the deed which his own lenity had encouraged; then he roused himself, and addressed the prisoner at the bar.

"Mademoiselle," he said sternly, "insensible of the kindness with which you have been treated here, you have permitted yourself to commit an outrage upon the dignity of this court which merits the severest retribution. And what is more, you have shown yourself intolerant, unreasonable, unjust to a brother artist, who after all can only do his best, as his talent permits, and to whom it would appear you are bound in very gratitude to defer. Art is not life, mademoiselle; it is but a representation of life, and all the more, therefore, perfection in it cannot be demanded or hoped for. It rests with all artists to give the public their best; but having done so, they must be satisfied. And since this seems impossible to you, since your ungovernable temper makes you a firebrand among your colleagues, the punishment that I must now impose upon you should be responsive to this fault, that justice may prove remedial. I condemn you to prison, Mademoiselle Adèle, for forty days,—and suspend the sentence on condition that you pass the whole of the ensuing Lent in retirement, in good works and meditation, without appearing once at the theatre. And that will teach you, perhaps, to control yourself."

"What, Monsieur le Juge — leave the stage?"

Then might you have seen Adèle, breaking from the gendarmes, kneel, actually kneel like a guilty sinner before the tribune, imploring mercy. To be condemned for forty days to leave the theatre — to leave a successful play, to see which the house was crowded every evening — she would be forgotten by the public, by her friends — her understudy would supplant her — and the theatre was her life, her very being! She would die without it; to do penance would kill her!

Would not Monsieur le Juge fine her — she could afford to pay a fine, oh, a heavy fine — and let her go?

And it did occur to Monsieur Doblay that his scheme of poetic justice did not consider the management of the Folles-Farces; and he said, "After all, I ought not to visit the penalty of your misbehavior on the theatre, and therefore a fine —"

To every one's surprise, here Tavernier interrupted. "No, Monsieur le Juge," he cried, quite beside himself with suffering: "I would rather let her go!"

"Let me go?" exclaimed Adèle, her face suddenly growing white.

"Yes," he answered, turning on her, his breast heaving: "we cannot go on like this,—one of us must leave the Folles-Farces. There is a limit to what a man's heart can bear; and since you mean to break mine, since there is no limit to your contempt, your disdain, and your ill-usage, I must protect myself,—I must snap the chain in two. God knows I would give you all,—the theatre, my heart, my life, if you would but accept them,—God knows I have offered you both my heart and my life, again and again, and you would not take them—"

"You have offered me your heart?" said Adèle, with a strange sound in her voice.

"Yes," he cried in exaltation: "every night, in the song I sing to you, the song I wrote to you, the song I cannot sing because every word, every note, breaks my heart when you will not look at me or care for me. But why should you?—you, so beautiful, so young—"

He could not go on.

Adèle drew a long, shuddering breath; her face was white. She choked as she tried to speak. Finally she said, "I did not know—I did not know I was so much to you." And after a pause she added, "I have promised to marry Brébant."

Tavernier gave a cry, and then covered his ghastly face with his hands. Brébant looked at them both from under the dark, delicate lines of his eyebrows, pulled at his mustache, and said, "Fichtre!"

Nobody seemed able to speak, and there was a long silence.

All at once Adèle started, and turned and looked at Brébant. He met her look steadily, but without budging a hair's-breadth from his attitude of profound, concentrated attention. Then the blood surged back to her face again, and she cried, in excited but clear and resolute tones, "But as Brébant does not love me—I release him."

When we wake from a dream, the eye still sees distinct before it the mental image which was the last impressed on the retina of our imagination, and which somehow seems the one which woke us out of sleep. And as Paul Patureau returned to his senses and found the real court-room again before him, and heard the tread of the real Monsieur Doblay echoing behind

him on the tribune, there hung for an instant clearly outlined in his vision the miniature actors of the supposititious theatre created by his drowsy fancy as they disposed themselves before their flight,— Tavernier catching Adèle to his breast; Mueller and Gervais and Rébus and Jolifroy and all the rest grouped about in various attitudes of astonishment and delight, or perhaps envy; Brébant slowly vouchsafing the magistrate a glance whose faint suggestion of relief was to Paul Patureau the subtlest touch of it all. How willing Paul would have been to delay them just a moment longer, to hear what Tavernier was saying to Adèle, or himself to have saluted the bride! But he saw them go without a pang, for this once he recollected the plot of his operetta. He had at last dreamed successfully.

And now he had nothing left to do but write his libretto, get it accepted by some popular composer, and produced. Lucky Paul Patureau!

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

(1819–1886)

JOHN G. WHITTIER, in his introduction to Whipple's 'American Literature,' says of him that "with the possible exception of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, he was the ablest critical essayist of his time." A later generation may not wholly accept this estimate of Mr. Whipple's work; but putting comparisons aside, he can never fail of recognition as an able man of letters, whose taste was sound and whose scholarship was thorough and extensive. He was not a writer of great originality; but his work is valuable, by reason of a quality of faithfulness in it to certain high ideals of literature and of life.

E. P. WHIPPLE

He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8th, 1819; was educated at the English High School at Salem; and began at the age of fourteen to write for the newspapers. For several years he was engaged in a broker's office in Boston. In 1837 he was made superintendent of the reading-room of the Merchants' Exchange; a position which he held until 1860, when he resigned it to devote himself entirely to literary work. During the period of his superintendency he was gradually gaining a reputation as a man of letters. In 1843 he wrote a critical essay on Macaulay, which at once brought him into prominence, and gained for him the gratitude of Macaulay himself. In the same year he delivered a series of lectures on the lives of certain authors; these lectures being published afterwards in book form. He was literary editor of the Boston Globe from 1872 to 1873. In 1878 he edited, with James T. Fields, the 'Family Library of British Poetry.' His writings include — 'Essays and Reviews' in two volumes (1848–49); 'Literature and Life' (1849); 'Character and Characteristic Men' (1866); 'Literature of the Age of Elizabeth' (1869); 'Success and its Conditions' (1871); 'American Literature' (1887); 'Recollections of Eminent Men' (1887); and 'Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics' (1888). The three last-named works were posthumous, Mr. Whipple having died in 1886.

Essays on literature and on men of letters form the body of his writings; although he sometimes wanders into other fields, treating financial, political, and social topics with skill and discrimination. He is at his best, however, in his critical essays on literature, especially of the literature of the Elizabethan period. His insight into the dramatists of that time is especially keen, witnessing to a genuine sympathy with their spirit. His estimates of modern writers,— of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Bryant, of Wordsworth, of Hawthorne, and others,— while not always unerring, are on the whole just and catholic. Sometimes he throws vivid light upon the personality of an author in a single sentence; as when he writes of Hawthorne, "He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy." His characterizations are never lacking in that chief of all merits, suggestiveness; the faculty of reproducing the mystery which is the background to all great men, and which must be taken account of in the criticism of their work. It is in this quality of suggestiveness that the value of Mr. Whipple's writings largely lies.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

From 'Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics.' Copyright 1888, by Ticknor & Co.

We live under a republican form of government, where the rights of the citizen are supposed to be jealously guarded by law. Leaving out some limitations on the right of voting, which will readily occur to every reader, the statement is correct. The political rights of the individual are on the whole well secured and maintained; but these are not sufficient to confer social happiness. Political rights enable a man to have a voice in deciding what persons shall rule over him, and make and execute the laws of the country. But his political well-being may be relatively perfect while his social well-being is constantly vexed and tormented by certain peculiarities in the organization, or rather disorganization, of his household. He votes at certain times and at certain places once, twice, or thrice a year, and the annual expenditure of time in exercising this august privilege of the freeman is hardly an hour; but — taking man and wife as one — as soon as he proudly leaves the polls and enters his own house, he is no longer an independent citizen of a "great and glorious country," but an abject serf, utterly dependent on the

caprices of his domestics, or as they are ironically named, his "help." He finds his wife the victim of an intolerable tyranny, which presses on her every day and almost every hour; exerting her energies in often vain attempts to put down an insurrection in the kitchen, or to conciliate the insurgents. He may have been during the day threatened by a strike of the laborers in his workshop, and have used all the resources of his patience, intelligence, and character in so adjusting matters that his men, being reasonable beings, agree to a compromise between labor and capital which does injustice to both. When he arrives at his house he encounters a conflict in which sullen stupidity, or vociferous stupidity, each insensible to reason, is engaged in battle with the "lady of the house." This last conflict is too much for him; he commonly succumbs with the meekness of a galley-slave, and with a rueful countenance tries to eat his half-done potatoes and overdone beefsteak with the solemn composure of a martyr at the stake.

It is important here to note that this is not a question of equality. The nominal master and mistress of the house may be just and humane, considerate of the rights of others, and sensitive not to wound their feelings: but they have to submit to the mortifying fact that the object of their help is to render them helpless; that a despotism is established in their house; and that their tyrants are their hired servants. There is more or less resistance going on for a time, but the autocracy of the kitchen is firmly established in the end. Frequent changes of help do little good. One spirit seems to animate the whole class. The new-comers announce, in true monarchical fashion, "The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!" Those who are dismissed find comfort, as they depart, in hearing this triumphant strain from the lips of their successors. They glow with the thought that the household from which they are expelled will still be taught to know that domestic life is indeed a "fitful fever"; that the art of "slaughtering a giant with pins" is not yet extinct in the world; and that the process of converting homes into hells is as well understood by the incoming as by the outgoing denizens of the house.

There is a story going the round of the newspapers to this effect: that a wife, after reading the report of Queen Victoria's speech, told her husband she was now a convert to woman suffrage, as the Queen had made as good a speech as a king. Her

husband objected on the ground that Victoria, like the rest of her sex, when she says anything always makes a mess of it. "Look," he continued, "at the Irish—" "Yes," she retorted, "look at the Irish. If she had half the trouble with her Bridgets that I have, who blames her—" "But that is a matter of statesmanship, and not of domestic affairs," was his response. Her reply was crushing: "My dear, it requires statesmanship to run domestic affairs. You just try it." Probably this excellent stateswoman, with her power of managing refractory tempers and enforcing necessary rules, must often have been beaten in her efforts to maintain her persuasive or belligerent supremacy; must have sometimes sighed as she heard what Hood calls that "wooden damn" with which Bridget, after a reproof, slams the door as she descends to the realms she rules, and heard with a sinking of the heart the crash of crockery (sworn to be accidental) which occurred soon afterward. In fact, no statesman or stateswoman has yet solved the problem—and it may be that it is a problem impossible to be solved by human skill and intelligence—how to harmonize the relations between those who hire and those who are hired, so that persons of limited incomes can have a comfortable home. Take the majority of modest householders, who set up housekeeping on fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred a year, and ask them, after twenty years' experience of the petty miseries attendant on their employment of one or two domestics, the terrible pessimistic question, "Is life worth living?" and it is to be feared that their answer would be a sorrowful or splenetic or passionate "No!"

More than half a century ago, Colonel Hamilton, one of the officers who won their laurels in Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal, published a book which he called 'Men and Manners in America.' He criticized both our men and manners with a caustic severity such as might have been predicted when a bigoted Scotch Tory assailed the people and institutions of a republic. His work exasperated almost every American who read it; and Edward Everett never wrote a more popular paper than his scorching criticism of it in the North American Review. The book is now forgotten. Still, one sentence in it survives in the memories of antiquarians, and it is this: "In an American dinner party, the first dish served up is the roasted mistress of the house." It is to be supposed that the author only condescended to dine with persons distinguished by their opulence or official

position; and it seems to prove that domestic service fifty or sixty years ago, in the mansions of the rich, was as much in a state of anarchy, owing to the incompetence or ill temper of the cook and her assistants, as it is now in humbler dwellings. Indeed, who has not occasionally seen, at ordinary dinner parties where no aristocratic Colonel Hamilton is present, the flaming countenance of the mistress of the house, as she takes her seat at the head of the table, indicating how hard has been her contest with her "help"?

But at the time a Mrs. Schuyler, or a Mrs. Adams, or a Mrs. Quincy may have appeared to the British guest as a victim to the incompetency of her cook, a representative of the great house of Devonshire was subject to a tyranny of another kind. The duke happened to be prejudiced against port wine, which those who were admitted to his great dinner parties preferred to other wines. The duke's butler, knowing his master's taste, provided the best champagne and claret that could be purchased in Europe; but bought the worst port he could find at a low price, and charged the duke at the price which was notoriously demanded by wine-dealers for the best. The imposition was successful for years. Nobody who was invited to the dinners of a duke could dare to remonstrate against the liquid logwood they swallowed as port. At last one friend had the courage to tell the duke that his butler was a rascal. The result was an investigation of the facts: the offending servant was ignominiously dismissed; but not until he had amassed a comfortable amount of some two or three thousand pounds as a compensation for his disgrace.

This is a pertinent illustration of the difference between our domestics and those of England. People are never tired of berating ours as barbarians, and contrasting them with those of England, who are thoroughly tamed and trained, and do their work with exemplary skill and propriety. In the great houses of England most of the servants are sycophantic and crafty,—bending their knees in prostrate adoration before the "gentry" they serve, but at the same time taking every secure opportunity to pick their pockets. An English servant of an English noble is apt to be the most ignoble of men.

But the female English domestic is the ideal of many American women who can afford to hire one. The history and literature of England show the incorrectness of this assumption. Take

the literature of England from the time of Charles the Second, and you will find that a majority of the clear-sighted dramatists and novelists represent the servant-maids as the obedient accomplices of their mistresses in every questionable act they do, but plundering those whom they serve. Even to the present day, one can hardly enter a theatre without finding the pert and unscrupulous chambermaid of the comedy to be a lively combination of liar and trickster, an expert in effrontery, malice, and mischief, and destitute equally of the sense of honor and the sense of shame.

In the last century Fielding condensed the whole class in his Mrs. Slipslop. "My betters!" she indignantly exclaims: "who is my betters, pray?" As to the large question of domestic service, Dickens and Thackeray, in our own generation, have shown what people have to endure in the continual hostility between the kitchen and the drawing-room. David Copperfield, when he had won the adorable Dora, his "child-wife," is daily tormented by the doings and misdoings of the wretches she employs as servants, and whom the adorable Dora is utterly incapable of converting into "help"; and in the household of Mr. Dombey, what a picture is presented of the kitchen aristocracy of the mansion in which the great merchant dwells, and in which he has the pretension to believe that he is the lord and master! How is he looked down upon, when he fails, by the meanest menial whose business it is to scrub the floors of his house! Indeed, the description of the assembly of Mr. Dombey's domestics, when it is known that the firm of Dombey and Son has fallen into cureless ruin, is one of Dickens's masterpieces. Thackeray, in all his novels, seems to be haunted with the idea of the utter falsity of English domestics, from the august butler of the palatial mansion down to the wench who does the lowest work of the cheap boarding-house. He is never more cynical than when he records the scandalous and unfavorable judgments delivered by the tenants of the kitchen on their masters and mistresses. One would hesitate, indeed, to undertake the forming of a household in England, if he were dolorously impressed by Thackeray's monitions as to the essential antagonism between those who dwelt below the drawing-room and those who dwelt in the room itself. The two, being separated by distinction of caste, can rarely have with each other cordial human relations. There may be formal subordination and obedience on the part of

the servants; but hate, envy, uncharitableness, rankle beneath the mask of sycophancy they wear.

Much has been written about realistic fiction as distinguished from fiction which is eminently unrealistic; and English novelists who belong to the latter class are still prone to push upon the attention of their readers a revival of the old feudal relation between mistress and maid. It seems from these novels that they are bound together by the ties of mutual affection. The mistress condescends to make her maid her confidante, confides to her all her griefs and joys, and is rewarded for her protecting kindness by awakening in the bosom of her maid a sentiment of love which is entirely independent of self-interest. The husband of the lady is ruined by a trusted friend, who proves to be a villain, or he is made a bankrupt by some unfortunate speculation, or he is suspected of a crime which compels him to fly from his home and country: at any rate, he dies forever or disappears for a time. The disconsolate wife or widow calls the roll of her "pampered minions," pays them their wages up to the day of their separation, and they depart from the house with an ill-concealed scorn of their ruined employer. But one aged domestic remains: she protests that she will never leave her mistress; she will serve her without wages,—nay, all the money she has saved up for a series of years shall be forthcoming at this moment of financial distress in the household; and ends by flinging herself into the arms of her dejected mistress, and in a flood of tears declares that she will never desert her beloved mistress—never! never!! never!!! Three points of admiration hardly do justice to the pathos of the scene. Scores of novels might be named in which it is rehearsed to the immense satisfaction of sentimental readers, who would never do anything of the kind themselves. Practical people are now apt to consider this disinterested, this sublime self-devotion of the feminine servant to the feminine employer as something bordering on the unreal, so far as their experience goes. Perhaps some of them are malicious enough to remember Mrs. Micawber's repeated statement to David Copperfield, when the hot punch was passed around the table, that despite the injurious opinions which her distinguished relations had formed of her husband's capacity to get an honest living for himself and family, she would never desert Mr. Micawber—never, never, never!

Indeed, persons of limited incomes, whether poets, scientists, mechanics, clerks, or philanthropists, are commonly subjected, and

always have been subjected, to the tyranny of domestics, without regard to their place of residence in one country or another. Neither genius, nor integrity, nor virtue, nor fame, nor saintliness of character, can check a virago's tongue when she condescends to enter a comparatively poor man's home, after she has served an apprenticeship, even as scullion, in the mansion of a millionaire. Perhaps nothing could better illustrate this fact than to cite an instance from the biography of one of the most prominent poets of the century. Thomas Campbell, after publishing 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and many immortal lyrics, such as 'Hohenlinden,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic,' which had thrilled the whole nation, settled down in Sydenham with his wife and child,—poor, but with a great and wide poetical fame. In a letter to another immortal, Walter Scott, he humorously narrates a comic epic which had occurred in his own home. It seems that he hired a cook, recommended to him as faithful and sober, who had been with her husband for many years on board of a man-of-war. In the course of seven weeks, however, she developed her real character, and went from bad to worse. "One fatal day," Campbell says, "she fell upon us in a state of intoxication, venting cries of rage like an insane bacchanalian, and tagged to our names all the opprobrious epithets the English language supplies. An energetic mind, in this state of inflammation, and a face naturally Gorgonian, kindled to the white heat of fury, and venting the dialect of the damned, were objects sufficiently formidable to silence our whole household. The oratrix continued imprecations till I locked up my wife, child, and nurse, to be out of her reach; and descending to the kitchen, paid her wages, and thrust her forthwith out of my doors, she howling with absolute rage. During the dispute she cursed us for hell-fire children of brimstone, whose religion was the religion of cats and dogs. I asked the virago what was her religion, since her practice was so devout. 'Mine,' says she, 'is the religion of the Royal Navy,' at the same time showing a prayer-book. After vainly trying to set the house on fire, this curious devotee set off for London on the top of a stage-coach, cursing as she went."

It seems that this is a typical scene. It has been witnessed since by so many small householders, that it is needless to remind them that a certain element of ceremonial religion mixes with the ribaldry and blasphemy of such domestics. "Mine," the drunken brute exclaims, "is the religion of the Royal Navy."

All persons who have borne an active part in turning such creatures out of their houses must have noticed that a vague sense of formal piety finds utterance in their wild maledictions; still it is a piety which comforts itself in predicting sure future damnation to the masters or mistresses who call it forth. But perhaps the worst of the matter is that such domestic hornets develop the habit of swearing in employers who previously had shown no tendency to the vice. Indeed, to many heads of families a course of housekeeping is a school of profanity.

The domestic service of the United States is mostly composed of immigrants who differ from their employers in race and religion. In one of the most splendid orations of Edward Everett, he happily contrasted the peaceful emigrants who came from Ireland, Germany, and other European countries, to settle here, with the descent of the barbarians on the Roman Empire. The former came to increase enormously the wealth and productive power of the nation they peacefully invaded; the warlike mission of the latter was to destroy and devastate what the genius and industry of former centuries had accumulated. The former came to create new capital; the latter to annihilate the capital which had previously been added to the stores of civilization. Indeed, the immense debt which we owe to what is called foreign labor — though laborers from abroad are so swiftly assimilated into the mass of our citizens, that the word "foreign" hardly applies to them — is practically incalculable. It has been for some time considered that the yearly additions to our population from this source is, in a great degree, an index of our advancing prosperity.

There are evils resulting from this rush of new powers and influences into the rapid stream of our American life, but the evils are overcome in time by counterbalancing good. It certainly is provoking to have a few foreign socialists, escaping perhaps from the prisons of their native countries, or from the fear of being imprisoned in them, coming to this land of liberty and labor, and in corner groceries and lager-beer saloons announcing the doctrine that laborers cannot get their rights unless they begin their crusade against capital by robbery, arson, and murder; but it is hard to convince a workman who really works, that he is to become better off by destroying the palpable and permanent monuments of previous generations of laborers, such as houses, mills, railroads, and other evidences of labor capitalized. Indeed, the belligerent socialist is merely a reproduction of Attila and Alboin, acting a part which is foreign to our present civilization.

This is one side of foreign immigration,—its beneficent side. The other side relates to the mothers, daughters, and sisters of the inflowing host, who "go out to service," and who control most of the business. The gradual disappearance of American girls from service in families is a calamity both to themselves and the public; and it is based on an absurd prejudice that they lower their position and forfeit their independence in doing what they call menial work. They accordingly rather prefer to labor in factories, or swell the crowd of half-starved sewing-women, than to gain board, lodging, and good wages, in a private family. The result is that the Irish, German, and Swedish women who have had no education qualifying them for the business of cooks and general household work, learn their duties by experimenting on the meats given them to prepare for the table, and on the floors and carpets they are to scrub or sweep. This Kindergarten system results in educating them at last into domestics; but it is at the expense of a great breaking of crockery, a series of burnt steaks and chops which are uneatable, and a trial of the employer's patience which gradually results in nervous prostration. The servants undoubtedly follow the Baconian theory that knowledge is obtained by observation and experiment; but their experiments resemble those of the Irish pilot, who, after remarking to the captain of the ship that the coast was full of sunken rocks, casually added as the vessel struck, "And that is one of 'em!"

It would be a lesson in the study of human nature to note all the varieties of experience which the mistress of a house passes through when one servant, who has been educated in this way, departs, and another, who has also obtained an approximate idea of what good housekeeping means, applies for the vacant place. There is no form of "interviewing" more prolific than this, of incidents illustrating the conflicts and collisions of adverse specimens of human character. There for instance is the interesting invalid, who is bullied and browbeaten by the energetic virago who storms into the house, demands the wages which she thinks her services are worth, obtains them, and then dominates the household; reigning supreme until the master of the establishment is compelled to interfere, and dismisses her with words that savor more of strength than of righteousness. The list might go on to include the fretful, the economical, the bad-tempered, the shrewd, the equitable, the humane female heads of households that require help, but find it difficult to procure from

those who offer it. Perhaps it would be well to condense and generalize the whole matter in dispute, by citing an example in which the applicant for a situation was confronted by a woman who had a touch of humor in her composition. In all the dignity of second-hand finery, resplendent with Attleboro' diamonds and rubies, which must have cost at the least a quarter of a dollar a gem, the towering lady sweeps into the parlor, and demands a sight of the lady of the house. The meek lady of the house appears. "I understand you want a second-girl to do the housework." "Yes," is the gentle response. The high contracting parties forthwith proceed to discuss the terms of the treaty by which the claimant for the office of second-girlship will condescend to accept the place, stating her terms, her perquisites, and her right to have two or three evenings of every week at her own disposal, when her engagements will compel her to be absent from the house. The reply is, "It seems to me, if we comply with your terms, it would be better for my husband and myself to go out to service ourselves; for we never have had such privileges as you claim." — "That is nothing to me. I have lived in the most genteel families of the city, and have always insisted on my rights in this matter. By the way, have you any children?" — "Yes, I have two." — "Well, I object to children." — "If your objections, madam, are insuperable, the children can easily be killed." — "Oh! you are joking, I see. But I think I will try you for a week to see how I can get along with you." The curt response is: "You shall not try me but the one minute which elapses between your speedy descent from those stairs and your equally speedy exit from the door." The high contracting parties being unable, under the circumstances, to formulate a treaty agreeable to both, the applicant for the vacant place disappears in a fury of rage.

It may be said that this is a caricature of what actually occurs in such interviews and encounters; but it has an essential truth underneath its seeming exaggeration. In almost all the professions and occupations in which men are engaged, the supply is commonly more than equal to the demand. In domestic service the supply of intelligently trained servants is notoriously far short of the demand. One must notice the readiness with which clubs, of late, are formed, for advancing all imaginable causes which can arrest the attention of intelligent, patriotic, philanthropic men. They meet weekly, fortnightly, or monthly,

at some hotels noted for their excellent method of cooking the fish and flesh which are daily on the dinner-tables of the members, but cooked on a different method. The Sunday newspapers report the effusions of eloquence which the Saturday meetings call forth. The clubs multiply also with a rapidity which puzzles ordinary observers to account for their popularity. Perhaps a simple reason may be timidly ventured as an explanation of this phenomenon. Men who are classed as prosperous citizens like a good dinner, which they cannot get at home; and at stated periods they throng to a hotel, where the Lord sends the meats, and at the same time prevents the Devil from sending the cooks.

It will be said that this attack on the present disorganization of our domestic service is one-sided. It is. Doubtless much may be urged in reply, arraigning the conduct of employers and defending that of the employees. Many evils of the present relations between the two might be averted by a mutual understanding of each other's motives and aims. Still the previous education of domestics, not only in the enlightenment of their minds but in the regulation of their tempers, is the pressing need at present. If some charitable person should start a College for the Education of Female Domestics, its success in increasing human happiness would prompt others to follow in his lead. Such a college might turn out thousands on thousands of competent servants every three or four months. The diplomas it would give would command attention at once; and the way now followed, of sending to the girl's "reference" and giving evasive replies, would be discountenanced. It would also give all classes of domestics a great lift in social estimation; the certificates that they have graduated with honor in such colleges would be equivalent to the B. A. or A. M. of colleges of another sort, when a young student applies for the position of schoolmaster in a country town or village. At any rate, a vast mass of unnecessary misery in families might be prevented, and a large addition made to the stock of human happiness.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

(1832–)

AMERICAN cosmopolitanism in educational and political affairs is well illustrated in the life and writings of Andrew Dickson White, whose ripe scholarship has been rendered all the more influential by his wide and varied contact with men and things. As a statesman, as a teacher, as a diplomat, as an organizer of great educational movements, he has exhibited the true culture which makes scholarship subservient to life.

ANDREW D. WHITE

His career is an illustration of the possibilities of activity in many fields open to the educated American, whose citizenship derives not a small portion of its worth from liberal and strenuous intellectual training. Born in Homer, New York, November 7th, 1832, he was graduated from Yale in 1853; going soon after to Europe, where, as an attaché of the Russian Legation, he carried on further study, laying the foundation of that broad historical and sociological knowledge for which he is distinguished. From 1857 to 1862 he was professor of history and English literature in the University of Michigan. He served as State Senator in New York from 1863 to 1866. He was one of the organizers of Cornell University, and its first president,—the duration of his office being from 1867 to 1885. It was owing in large part to his wise guidance and to his munificence, that the growth of the university proceeded so rapidly. He bestowed upon it an endowment of a hundred thousand dollars, and founded the White Historical Library, to which he presented a unique collection of books and manuscripts relating to the period of the French Revolution. In 1871 he was commissioner to Santo Domingo. From 1879 to 1881 he was United States minister to Germany. In 1892 he was appointed United States minister to Russia, an office which he held for two years. He is again minister to Germany, having been appointed early in 1897.

While his most comprehensive work is 'The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' it is in his pamphlets on the study of history and on education, that the secret of the vitality of his

scholarship may be found. His conception of history is of interest, not because it is original, but because it is clearly the result of that wide acquaintance with men and affairs, through which the conviction is attained that history is not a mere record of wars, but the record chiefly of the development of humanity. It is revelation or it is nothing. «The great deep ground out of which large historical studies may grow is the ethical ground,—the simple ethical necessity for the perfecting, first, of man as man, and secondly, of man as a member of society; or in other words, the necessity for the development of humanity on one hand and society on the other.»

With this elemental principle in mind, he is quick to perceive that the great forces of history being moral forces, apparently insignificant events may furnish a clue to the spirit of an entire period. «Louis XIV. receiving Condé on the great staircase of Versailles was an immense fact at the time; to us, in the light of general history, it is worth little or nothing. Louis XVI. calling for bread and cheese when arrested in Varennes, and declaring it the best bread and cheese he ever ate, furnishes a fact apparently worthless, but really of significance; for it reveals the easy-going helplessness which was so important a factor in the wreck of the old French monarchy.» History must therefore «occupy itself with men and events which signify something.» These extracts from the pamphlet 'On Studies in General History and the History of Civilization,' contributed to the American Historical Association, give evidence of an essentially modern and humanistic scholarship; as does also the pamphlet on 'The Relation of National and State Governments to Advanced Education,' in which the author advocates making institutions for advanced education the objects of governmental support, on grounds both of patriotism and of culture.

In 1861, Andrew D. White published an 'Outline of a Course of Lectures on History'; in 1876 a treatise on 'Paper Money Inflation in France.' In the same year appeared a little book with the title 'The Warfare of Science,' which had grown out of a lecture of which the thesis was that «in all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direst evils both to religion and to science, and invariably; and on the other hand, all untrammeled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous to religion some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good both of religion and of science.»

This book was supplemented by further articles in the Popular Science Monthly in support of the thesis, which grew gradually into the comprehensive work published in 1896 under the title 'A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.' This work

is at once popular and scholarly. It is written in a style which would interest a schoolboy, yet it bears evidence of a scholarship whose thoroughness is only equaled by its breadth. The author's European residences afforded him opportunities for wide research, and for the consultation of sources. It has literally compassed the earth for information which would throw light upon subjects of world-wide significance. He traces the growth of the modern spirit in many departments of thought and speculation,—the passing away of the old order of mediævalism, and the dawn of scientific enlightenment.

In 1882 he published 'New Germany'; a subject on which he was well qualified to write, through his ministerial residence in that country. In 1886 appeared 'A History of the Doctrine of Comets,' and in 1887 'European Schools of History and Politics.' His works are written in a clear and forcible style, most appropriate to the positive and definite subjects of which he treats.

RECONSTRUCTIVE FORCE OF SCIENTIFIC CRITICISM

From 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.' Copyright 1896, by D. Appleton & Co.

For all this dissolving away of traditional opinions regarding our sacred literature, there has been a cause far more general and powerful than any which has been given; for it is a cause surrounding and permeating all. This is simply the atmosphere of thought engendered by the development of all sciences during the last three centuries.

Vast masses of myth, legend, marvel, and dogmatic assertion, coming into this atmosphere, have been dissolved and are now dissolving quietly away, like icebergs drifted into the Gulf Stream. In earlier days, when some critic in advance of his time insisted that Moses could not have written an account embracing the circumstances of his own death, it was sufficient to answer that Moses was a prophet; if attention was called to the fact that the great early prophets, by all which they did and did not do, showed that there could not have existed in their time any "Levitical code," a sufficient answer was "mystery"; and if the discrepancy was noted between the two accounts of creation in Genesis, or between the genealogies of the dates of the crucifixion in the Gospels, the cogent reply was "infidelity." But the thinking world has at last been borne, by the general development of a scientific atmosphere, beyond that kind of refutation.

If, in the atmosphere generated by the earlier developed sciences, the older growths of Biblical interpretations have drooped and withered, and are evidently perishing, new and better growths have arisen with roots running down into the newer sciences. Comparative anthropology in general, by showing that various early stages of belief and observance, once supposed to be derived from direct revelation from heaven to the Hebrews, are still found as arrested developments among various savage and barbarous tribes; comparative mythology and folklore, by showing that ideas and beliefs regarding the Supreme Power in the universe are progressive, and not less in Judea than in other parts of the world; comparative religion and literature, by searching out and laying side by side those main facts in the upward struggle of humanity which show that the Israelites, like other gifted peoples, rise gradually through ghost-worship, fetishism, and polytheism, to higher theological levels, and that as they thus rose, their conceptions and statements regarding the God they worshiped became nobler and better,—all these sciences are giving a new solution to those problems which dogmatic theology has so long labored in vain to solve. While researches in these sciences have established the fact that accounts formerly supposed to be special revelations to Jews and Christians are but repetitions of wide-spread legends dating from far earlier civilizations, and that beliefs formerly thought fundamental to Judaism and Christianity are simply based on ancient myths, they have also begun to impress upon the intellect and conscience of the thinking world the fact that the religious and moral truths thus disengaged from the old masses of myth and legend are all the more venerable and authoritative, and that all individual or national life of any value must be vitalized by them.

If, then, modern science in general has acted powerfully to dissolve away the theories and dogmas of the older theological interpretation, it has also been active in a reconstruction and recrystallization of truth; and very powerful in this reconstruction have been the evolution doctrines which have grown out of the thought and work of men like Darwin and Spencer.

In the light thus obtained the sacred text has been transformed: out of the old chaos has come order; out of the old welter of hopelessly conflicting statements in religion and morals has come, in obedience to this new conception of development, the idea of a sacred literature which mirrors the most

striking evolution of morals and religion in the history of our race. Of all the sacred writings of the world, it shows us our own as the most beautiful and the most precious; exhibiting to us the most complete religious development to which humanity has attained, and holding before us the loftiest ideals which our race has known. Thus it is that, with the keys furnished by this new race of Biblical scholars, the way has been opened to treasures of thought which have been inaccessible to theologians for two thousand years.

As to the Divine power in the universe: these interpreters have shown how, beginning with the tribal god of the Hebrews, — one among many jealous, fitful, unseen, local sovereigns of Asia Minor, — the higher races have been borne on to the idea of the just Ruler of the whole earth, as revealed by the later and greater prophets of Israel, and finally to the belief in the Universal Father, as best revealed in the New Testament. As to man: beginning with men after Jehovah's own heart, — cruel, treacherous, revengeful, — we are borne on to an ideal of men who do right for right's sake; who search and speak the truth for truth's sake; who love others as themselves. As to the world at large: the races dominant in religion and morals have been lifted from the idea of a "chosen people," stimulated and abetted by their tribal god in every sort of cruelty and injustice, to the conception of a vast community, in which the fatherhood of God overreaches all, and the brotherhood of man permeates all.

Thus, at last, out of the old conception of our Bible as a collection of oracles — a mass of entangling utterances, fruitful in wrangling interpretations, which have given to the world long and weary ages of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; of fetishism, subtlety, and pomp; of tyranny, bloodshed, and solemnly constituted imposture; of everything which the Lord Jesus Christ most abhorred — has been gradually developed through the centuries, by the labors, sacrifices, and even the martyrdom of a long succession of men of God, the conception of it as a sacred literature: a growth only possible under that divine light which the various orbs of science have done so much to bring into the mind and heart and soul of man; a revelation, not of the Fall of Man, but of the Ascent of Man; an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the Eternal Law of Righteousness, — the one upward path for individuals and for nations. No longer an oracle, good for the "lower orders" to accept, but to

be quietly sneered at by "the enlightened"; no longer a fetish, whose defenders must become persecutors, or reconcilers, or "apologists": but a most fruitful fact, which religion and science may accept as a source of strength to both.

MEDIÆVAL GROWTH OF THE DEAD SEA LEGENDS

From 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.' Copyright 1896, by D. Appleton & Co.

THE history of myths, of their growth under the earlier phases of human thought and of their decline under modern thinking, is one of the most interesting and suggestive of human studies; but since to treat it as a whole would require volumes, I shall select only one small group, and out of this mainly a single myth,—one about which there can no longer be any dispute,—the group of myths and legends which grew up on the shore of the Dead Sea, and especially that one which grew up to account for the successive salt columns washed out by the rains at its southwestern extremity.

The Dead Sea is about fifty miles in length and ten miles in width; it lies in a very deep fissure extending north and south, and its surface is about thirteen hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean. It has therefore no outlet, and is the receptacle for the waters of the whole system to which it belongs, including those collected by the Sea of Galilee and brought down thence by the river Jordan.

It certainly—or at least the larger part of it—ranks geologically among the oldest lakes on earth. In a broad sense the region is volcanic: on its shore are evidences of volcanic action, which must from the earliest period have aroused wonder and fear, and stimulated the myth-making tendency to account for them. On the eastern side are impressive mountain masses, which have been strewn up from old volcanic vents; mineral and hot springs abound, some of them spreading sulphurous odors; earthquakes have been frequent, and from time to time these have cast up bitumen; concretions of sulphur and large formations of salt constantly appear.

The water which comes from the springs or oozes through the salt layers upon its shores constantly brings in various salts in solution; and being rapidly evaporated under the hot sun and

dry wind, there has been left, in the bed of the lake, a strong brine heavily charged with the usual chlorides and bromides,—a sort of bitter «mother liquor.» This fluid has become so dense as to have a remarkable power of supporting the human body; it is of an acrid and nauseating bitterness; and by ordinary eyes no evidence of life is seen in it.

Thus it was that in the lake itself, and in its surrounding shores, there was enough to make the generation of explanatory myths on a large scale inevitable.

The main northern part of the lake is very deep, the plummet having shown an abyss of thirteen hundred feet; but the southern end is shallow and in places marshy.

The system of which it forms a part shows a likeness to that in South America of which the mountain lake Titicaca is the main feature; as a receptacle for surplus waters, only rendering them by evaporation, it resembles the Caspian and many other seas; as a sort of evaporating-dish for the leachings of salt rock, and consequently holding a body of water unfit to support the higher forms of animal life, it resembles among others the Median lake of Urumiah; as a deposit of bitumen, it resembles the pitch lakes of Trinidad.

In all this there is nothing presenting any special difficulty to the modern geologist or geographer; but with the early dweller in Palestine the case was very different. The rocky, barren desolation of the Dead Sea region impressed him deeply; he naturally reasoned upon it: and this impression and reasoning we find stamped into the pages of his sacred literature, rendering them all the more precious as a revelation of the earlier thought of mankind. The long circumstantial account given in Genesis; its application in Deuteronomy; its use by Amos, by Isaiah, by Jeremiah, by Zephaniah, and by Ezekiel; the references to it in the writings attributed to St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Jude, in the Apocalypse, and above all, in more than one utterance of the Master himself,—all show how deeply these geographical features impressed the Jewish mind.

At a very early period, myths and legends, many and circumstantial, grew up to explain features then so incomprehensible.

As the myth and legend grew up among the Greeks of a refusal of hospitality to Zeus and Hermes by the village in Phrygia, and the consequent sinking of that beautiful region with its inhabitants beneath a lake and morass, so there came belief in

a similar offense by the people of the beautiful valley of Siddim, and the consequent sinking of that valley with its inhabitants beneath the waters of the Dead Sea. Very similar to the accounts of the saving of Philemon and Baucis are those of the saving of Lot and his family.

But the myth-making and miracle-mongering by no means ceased in ancient times; they continued to grow through the mediæval and modern period, until they have quietly withered away in the light of modern scientific investigation, leaving to us the religious and moral truths they inclose.

It would be interesting to trace this whole group of myths: their origin in times prehistoric, their development in Greece and Rome, their culmination during the ages of faith, and their disappearance in the age of science. It would be especially instructive to note the conscientious efforts to prolong their life by making futile compromises between science and theology regarding them; but I shall mention this main group only incidentally, confining myself almost entirely to the one above named,—the most remarkable of all,—the myth which grew about the salt pillars of Usdum.

I select this mainly because it involves only elementary principles, requires no abstruse reasoning, and because all controversy regarding it is ended. There is certainly now no theologian with a reputation to lose who will venture to revive the idea regarding it which was sanctioned for hundreds, nay, thousands, of years by theology, was based on Scripture, and was held by the universal Church until our own century.

The main feature of the salt region of Usdum is a low range of hills near the southwest corner of the Dead Sea, extending in a southeasterly direction for about five miles, and made up mainly of salt rock. This rock is soft and friable; and under the influence of the heavy winter rains, it has been without doubt, from a period long before human history, as it is now, cut ever in new shapes, and especially into pillars or columns, which sometimes bear a semblance to the human form.

An eminent clergyman who visited this spot recently, speaks of the appearance of this salt range as follows:—

"Fretted by fitful showers and storms, its ridge is exceedingly uneven, its sides carved out and constantly changing; . . . and each traveler might have a new pillar of salt to wonder over at intervals of a few years."

Few things could be more certain than that, in the indolent dream-life of the East, myths and legends would grow up to account for this as for other strange appearances in all that region. The question which a religious Oriental put to himself in ancient times at Usdum was substantially that which his descendant to-day puts to himself at Kosseir: "Why is this region thus blasted?" "Whence these pillars of salt?" or "Whence these blocks of granite?" "What aroused the vengeance of Jehovah or of Allah to work these miracles of desolation?"

And just as Maxime Du Camp recorded the answer of the modern Shemite at Kosseir, so the compilers of the Jewish sacred books recorded the answer of the ancient Shemite at the Dead Sea; just as Allah at Kosseir blasted the land and transformed the melons into bowlders which are seen to this day, so Jehovah at Usdum blasted the land and transformed Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, which is seen to this day.

No more difficulty was encountered in the formation of the Lot legend, to account for that rock resembling the human form, than in the formation of the Niobe legend, which accounted for a supposed resemblance in the rock at Sipylos: it grew up just as we have seen thousands of similar myths and legends grow up about striking natural appearances in every early home of the human race. Being thus consonant with the universal view regarding the relation of physical geography to the Divine government, it became a treasure of the Jewish nation and of the Christian Church,—a treasure not only to be guarded against all hostile intrusion, but to be increased, as we shall see, by the myth-making powers of the Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans for thousands of years.

The spot where the myth originated was carefully kept in mind; indeed, it could not escape, for in that place alone were constantly seen the phenomena which gave rise to it. We have a steady chain of testimony through the ages, all pointing to the salt pillar as the irrefragable evidence of Divine judgment. That great theological test of truth—the dictum of St. Vincent of Lerins—would certainly prove that the pillar was Lot's wife; for it was believed so to be by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans from the earliest period down to a time almost within present memory—"always, everywhere, and by all." It would stand perfectly the ancient test insisted upon by Cardinal Newman, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" [The world judges infallibly].

For ever since the earliest days of Christianity, the identity of the salt pillar with Lot's wife has been universally held, and supported by passages in Genesis, in St. Luke's Gospel, and in the Second Epistle of St. Peter,— coupled with a passage in the book of the Wisdom of Solomon, which to this day, by a majority in the Christian Church, is believed to be inspired, and from which are specially cited the words, "A standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul."

Never was chain of belief more continuous. In the first century of the Christian era Josephus refers to the miracle, and declares regarding the statue, "I have seen it, and it remains at this day"; and Clement, Bishop of Rome,— one of the most revered fathers of the Church, noted for the moderation of his statements,— expresses a similar certainty, declaring the miraculous statue to be still standing.

In the second century that great father of the Church, bishop and martyr, Irenæus, not only vouched for it, but gave his approval to the belief that the soul of Lot's wife still lingered in the statue, giving it a sort of organic life: thus virtually began in the Church that amazing development of the legend which we shall see taking various forms through the Middle Ages,— the story that the salt statue exercised certain physical functions which in these more delicate days cannot be alluded to save under cover of a dead language.

This addition to the legend,— which in these signs of life, as in other things, is developed almost exactly on the same lines with the legend of the Niobe statue in the rock of Mount Sipylos, and with the legends of human beings transformed into bowlders in various mythologies, was for centuries regarded as an additional confirmation of revealed truth.

In the third century the myth burst into still richer bloom in a poem long ascribed to Tertullian. In this poem more miraculous characteristics of the statue are revealed. It could not be washed away by rains; it could not be overthrown by winds; any wound made upon it was miraculously healed; and the earlier statements as to its physical functions were amplified in sonorous Latin verse.

With this appeared a new legend regarding the Dead Sea: it became universally believed, and we find it repeated throughout the whole mediæval period, that the bitumen could only be dissolved by such fluids as in the process of animated nature came from the statue.

The legend thus amplified we shall find dwelt upon by pious travelers and monkish chroniclers for hundreds of years: so it came to be more and more treasured by the universal Church, and held more and more firmly,—"always, everywhere, and by all."

In the two following centuries we have an overwhelming mass of additional authority for the belief that the very statue of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed was still existing. In the fourth, the continuance of the statue was vouched for by St. Silvia, who visited the place: though she could not see it, she was told by the Bishop of Segor that it had been there some time before, and she concluded that it had been temporarily covered by the sea. In both the fourth and fifth centuries, such great doctors in the Church as St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, agreed in this belief and statement: hence it was, doubtless, that the Hebrew word which is translated in the authorized English version "pillar," was translated in the Vulgate, which the majority of Christians believe virtually inspired, by the word "statue"; we shall find this fact insisted upon by theologians arguing in behalf of the statue, as a result and monument of the miracle, for over fourteen hundred years afterward.

About the middle of the sixth century, Antoninus Martyr visited the Dead Sea region and described it; but curiously reversed a simple truth in these words: "Nor do sticks or straws float there, nor can a man swim; but whatever is cast into it sinks to the bottom." As to the statue of Lot's wife, he threw doubt upon its miraculous renewal, but testified that it was still standing.

In the seventh century the Targum of Jerusalem not only testified that the salt pillar at Usdum was once Lot's wife, but declared she must retain that form until the general resurrection. In the seventh century, too, Bishop Arculf traveled to the Dead Sea, and his work was added to the treasures of the Church. He greatly develops the legend, and especially that part of it given by Josephus. The bitumen that floats upon the sea "resembles gold and the form of a bull or camel"; "birds cannot live near it"; and "the very beautiful apples" which grow there, when plucked, "burn and are reduced to ashes, and smoke as if they were still burning."

In the eighth century the Venerable Bede takes these statements of Arculf and his predecessors, binds them together in his

work on 'The Holy Places,' and gives the whole mass of myths and legends an enormous impulse.

In the tenth century new force is given to it by the pious Moslem Mukadassi. Speaking of the town of Segor, near the salt region, he says that the proper translation of its name is "Hell"; and of the lake he says, "Its waters are hot, even as though the place stood over hell-fire."

In the crusading period, immediately following, all the legends burst forth more brilliantly than ever.

The first of these new travelers who makes careful statements is Fulk of Chartres, who in 1100 accompanied King Baldwin to the Dead Sea, and saw many wonders; but though he visited the salt region at Usdum, he makes no mention of the salt pillar: evidently he had fallen on evil times; the older statues had probably been washed away, and no new one had happened to be washed out of the rocks just at that period.

But his misfortune was more than made up by the triumphant experience of a far more famous traveler, half a century later,—Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela.

Rabbi Benjamin finds new evidences of miracle in the Dead Sea, and develops to a still higher point the legend of the salt statue of Lot's wife, enriching the world with the statement that it was steadily and miraculously renewed; that though the cattle of the region licked its surface, it never grew smaller. Again a thrill of joy went through the monasteries and pulpits of Christendom at this increasing "evidence of the truth of Scripture."

Toward the end of the thirteenth century there appeared in Palestine a traveler superior to most before or since,—Count Burchard, monk of Mount Sion. He had the advantage of knowing something of Arabic, and his writings show him to have been observant and thoughtful. No statue of Lot's wife appears to have been washed clean of the salt rock at his visit, but he takes it for granted that the Dead Sea is "the mouth of hell," and that the vapor rising from it is the smoke from Satan's furnaces.

These ideas seem to have become part of the common stock; for Ernoul, who traveled in the Dead Sea during the same century, always speaks of it as the "Sea of Devils."

Near the beginning of the fourteenth century appeared the book, of far wider influence, which bears the name of Sir John Mandeville; and in the various editions, its myths and legends of

the Dead Sea and of the pillar of salt burst forth into wonderful luxuriance.

This book tells us that masses of fiery matter are every day thrown up from the water "as large as a horse"; that though it contains no living thing, it has been shown that men thrown into it cannot die; and finally, as if to prove the worthlessness of devout testimony to the miraculous, he says: "And whoever throws a piece of iron therein, it floats; and whoever throws a feather therein, it sinks to the bottom: and because that is contrary to nature, I was not willing to believe it until I saw it."

The book, of course, mentions Lot's wife; and says that the pillar of salt "stands there to-day," and "has a right salty taste."

Injustice has perhaps been done to the compilers of this famous work in holding them liars of the first magnitude: they simply abhorred skepticism, and thought it meritorious to believe all pious legends. The ideal Mandeville was a man of overmastering faith, and resembled Tertullian in believing some things "because they are impossible"; he was doubtless entirely conscientious; the solemn ending of the book shows that he listened, observed, and wrote under the deepest conviction, and those who re-edited his book were probably just as honest in adding the later stories of pious travelers.

The 'Travels of Sir John Mandeville,' thus appealing to the popular heart, were most widely read in the monasteries and repeated among the people. Innumerable copies were made in manuscript, and finally in print; and so the old myths received a new life.

In the fifteenth century wonders increased. In 1418 we have the Lord of Caumont, who makes a pilgrimage and gives us a statement which is the result of the theological reasoning of centuries, and especially interesting as a typical example of the theological method in contrast with the scientific. He could not understand how the blessed waters of the Jordan could be allowed to mingle with the accursed waters of the Dead Sea. In spite, then, of the eye of sense, he beheld the water with the eye of faith, and calmly announced that the Jordan water passes through the Sea, but that the two masses of water are not mingled. As to the salt statue of Lot's wife, he declares it to be still existing; and copying a table of indulgences granted to the Church by pious pilgrims, he puts down the visit to the salt statue as giving an indulgence of seven years.

Toward the end of the century we have another traveler yet more influential: Bernard of Breydenbach, Dean of Mainz. His book of travels was published in 1486, at the famous press of Schoeffer, and in various translations it was spread through Europe, exercising an influence wide and deep. His first important notice of the Dead Sea is as follows: "In this, Tirus the serpent is found, and from him the Tiriac medicine is made. He is blind; and so full of venom that there is no remedy for his bite excepting cutting off the bitten part. He can only be taken by striking him and making him angry; then his venom flies into his head and tail." Breydenbach calls the Dead Sea "the chimney of hell," and repeats the old story as to the miraculous solvent for its bitumen. He too makes the statement that the holy water of the Jordan does not mingle with the accursed water of the infernal Sea; but increases the miracle which Caumont had announced by saying that although the waters appear to come together, the Jordan is really absorbed in the earth before it reaches the Sea.

As to Lot's wife, various travelers at that time had various fortunes. Some, like Caumont and Breydenbach, took her continued existence for granted; some, like Count John of Solms, saw her and were greatly edified; some, like Hans Werli, tried to find her and could not, but like St. Silvia a thousand years before, were none the less edified by the idea that for some inscrutable purpose, the Sea had been allowed to hide her from them: some found her larger than they expected,—even forty feet high, as was the salt pillar which happened to be standing at the visit of Commander Lynch in 1848,—but this only added a new proof to the miracle; for the text was remembered, "There were giants in those days."

Out of the mass of works of pilgrims during the fifteenth century, I select just one more as typical of the theological view then dominant; and this is the noted book of Felix Fabri, a preaching friar of Ulm. I select him, because even so eminent an authority in our own time as Dr. Edward Robinson declares him to have been the most thorough, thoughtful, and enlightened traveler of that century.

Fabri is greatly impressed by the wonders of the Dead Sea, and typical of his honesty influenced by faith is his account of the Dead Sea fruit: he describes it with almost perfect accuracy, but adds the statement that when mature it is "filled with ashes and cinders."

As to the salt statue, he says: "We saw the place between the sea and Mount Segor, but could not see the statue itself because we were too far distant to see anything of human size: but we saw it with firm faith, because we believed Scripture, which speaks of it; and we were filled with wonder."

To sustain absolute faith in the statue, he reminds his readers that "God is able even of these stones to raise up seed to Abraham," and goes into a long argument, discussing such transformations as those of King Atlas and Pygmalion's statue, with a multitude of others,—winding up with the case given in the miracles of St. Jerome, of a heretic who was changed into a log of wood, which was then burned.

He gives a statement of the Hebrews that Lot's wife received her peculiar punishment because she had refused to add salt to the food of the angels when they visited her; and he preaches a short sermon, in which he says that as salt is the condiment of food, so the salt statue of Lot's wife "gives us a condiment of wisdom."

There were indeed many discrepancies in the testimony of travelers regarding the salt pillar,—so many, in fact, that at a later period the learned Dom Calmet acknowledged that they shook his belief in the whole matter; but during this earlier time, under the complete sway of the theological spirit, these difficulties only gave new and more glorious opportunities for faith.

For if a considerable interval occurred between the washing of one salt pillar out of existence and the washing of another into existence, the idea arose that the statue, by virtue of the soul which still remained in it, had departed on some mysterious excursion. Did it happen that one statue was washed out one year in one place and another statue another year in another place, this difficulty was surmounted by believing that Lot's wife still walked about. Did it happen that a salt column was undermined by the rains and fell, this was believed to be but another sign of life. Did a pillar happen to be covered in part by the sea, this was enough to arouse the belief that the statue from time to time descended into the Dead Sea depths,—possibly to satisfy that old fatal curiosity regarding her former neighbors. Did some smaller block of salt happen to be washed out near the statue, it was believed that a household dog, also transformed into salt, had followed her back from beneath the deep. Did more statues

than one appear at one time, that simply made the mystery more impressive.

In facts now so easy of scientific explanation, the theologians found wonderful matter for argument.

One great question among them was whether the soul of Lot's wife did really remain in the statue. On one side it was insisted that as Holy Scripture declares that Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt, and as she was necessarily made up of a soul and a body, the soul must have become part of the statue. This argument was clinched by citing that passage in the Book of Wisdom in which the salt pillar is declared to be still standing as "the monument of an unbelieving *soul*." On the other hand, it was insisted that the soul of the woman must have been incorporeal and immortal, and hence could not have been changed into a substance corporeal and mortal. Naturally, to this it would be answered that the salt pillar was no more corporeal than the ordinary materials of the human body, and that it had been made miraculously immortal, and "with God all things are possible." Thus were opened long vistas of theological discussion.

As we enter the sixteenth century, the Dead Sea myths, and especially the legends of Lot's wife, are still growing. In 1507 Father Anselm of the Minorites declares that the sea sometimes covers the feet of the statue, sometimes the legs, sometimes the whole body.

In 1555, Gabriel Giraudet, priest at Puy, journeyed through Palestine. His faith was robust, and his attitude toward the myths of the Dead Sea is seen by his declaration that its waters are so foul that one can smell them at a distance of three leagues; that straw, hay, or feathers thrown into them will sink, but that iron and other metals will float; that criminals have been kept in them three or four days and could not drown. As to Lot's wife, he says that he found her "lying there, her back toward heaven, converted into salt stone; for I touched her, and put a piece of her into my mouth, and she tasted salt."

At the centre of these legends we see, then, the idea that though there were no living beasts in the Dead Sea, the people of the overwhelmed cities were still living beneath its waters, probably in hell; that there was life in the salt statue, and that it was still curious regarding its old neighbors.

GILBERT WHITE

(1720–1793)

THE 'Natural History of Selborne,' written by Gilbert White, an English clergyman of the eighteenth century, belongs to literature rather than to science, because of its poetical spirit of intimacy with the living world, making knowledge as much the fruit of intuition as of intellectual research. Like Thoreau's works, it springs from the heart of its author; lacking all the severity of a scientific treatise, warm instead with the humanity that feels itself close to all happy living things.

White of Selborne was, however, a naturalist of no mean rank; although his field of research was limited, including only the parishes in the South of England to which he ministered, and of which Selborne furnished him the greater part of the material for his famous book. In a letter to Thomas Pennant, he thus describes the geography of this parish, every inch of whose ground he knew and loved:—

«The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey; it is about fifty miles southwest of London, in latitude 51°, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive, it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex,—viz., Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south, and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton Valence, Faringdon, Harteley-Mandent, Great Wardleham, Kingsley, Hedleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lysse, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part to the southwest consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village; and is divided into a sheep-down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech; the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down or sheep-walk is a pleasant park-like spot of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view; being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water.»

In this parish of Selborne, Gilbert White was born in 1720; was educated at Basingstoke, under Warton the father of the poet, and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1744. He removed to a country curacy in 1753, but returned to Selborne again in 1755. In 1758 he obtained a sinecure living from his college;

became curate of Faringdon, remaining there until 1784; when he again assumed the charge of Selborne Church, and ministered there until his death in 1793.

From his youth he had shown the strongest love for natural history,— a passion shared by his brothers: one of whom, Benjamin, retired from trade to devote himself to natural and physical science, and besides contributing papers to the Royal Society, became a publisher of works of natural history; another brother, John, vicar of Gibraltar, wrote a natural history of the rock and its neighborhood. Their fame, however, is overshadowed by that of the author of the 'Natural History of Selborne.' The scientific value of this book is not inconsiderable. It is a storehouse of the knowledge patiently acquired by a man who was watchful of each phenomenon of nature; whose methods of gaining information were essentially modern, because they aimed at complete accuracy attained by personal research. But the charm of this record, not only of days but of hours in Selborne, lies not in its merits as a circumstantial history of the natural phenomena of an English parish, but in its spirit of loving intimacy with the out-of-door world. The book is fragrant with the wandering airs of the fields and woods. Each chapter is a ramble in rural England. It is a home-like work, because it tells of things that keen eyes might see from the cottage window, or perhaps no farther than the garden dial, or the graves in the ancient church-yard. White noted many curious things of birds and field-mice, of bats and frogs and insects, on his strolls through the village lanes. His humble neighbors must have caught some of his enthusiasm for natural knowledge; for mention is often made of their bringing to him curious scraps of information, the results of their observations in his behalf.

"A shepherd saw, as he thought, some white larks on a down above my house this winter: were not these the Emberiza nivalis, the snowflake of the Brit. Zoöl.? No doubt they were."

"As a neighbor was lately plowing in a dry chalky field, far removed from any water, he turned out a water-rat, that was curiously laid up in an hybernaculum artificially formed of grass and leaves. At one end of the burrow lay about a gallon of potatoes, regularly stowed, on which it was to have supported itself for the winter."

It was upon the birds of his district that the attention of White seems to have been chiefly centred. He knew the times of their appearance in spring and summer so accurately, that he is able to make out chronological lists which tell the day and almost the hour of their coming. He heads the list of the summer birds of passage with the wryneck, which comes in the middle of March, and has a harsh note; with the smallest willow wren, which appears on the 23d of the same month, and "chirps till September"; some have

«a sweet wild note,» some «a sweet plaintive note»; last of all is the fly-catcher, who arrives on May 12th, and is «a very mute bird.» He also makes a list of those birds who continue in full song until after midsummer, and of those who have ceased to sing before midsummer. To these he gives their Latin as well as their English names. His quaint scholarship shows itself in scattered Latin quotations bearing upon his subject; sometimes in happy lines from the old English poets; sometimes in a verse from the Bible, as when he uses the words of Job, in speaking of the cuckoo's cruelty to its young:—

«She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers:

«Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.»

The 'Natural History of Selborne' is chiefly embodied in White's letters to Thomas Pennant. He corresponded also with Barrington, with Lightfoot, with Sir Joseph Banks, and other noted naturalists. The style of the book is simple, scholarly, and not without a homely beauty of its own. One of the most restful figures in the restless and artificial eighteenth century is this of Gilbert White: living his serene life near to the heart of nature, writing of what he saw to sympathetic friends, accumulating for himself a long and quiet fame. His grave is in Selborne church-yard, amid the scenes with which he was associated in so loving an intimacy.

HABITS OF THE TORTOISE

Letter to Hon. Daines Barrington: from 'The Natural History of Selborne'

The old Sussex tortoise that I have mentioned to you so often is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mold, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities: and perceive already that towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing-place in the ground near its head; requiring,

I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower, and does not move at all on wet days. When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and to be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

When I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at fifty, brought forth troops of shell-snails, and at the same juncture the tortoise heaved up the mold and put out his head: and the next morning came forth, as if raised from the dead; and walked about until four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence — a very amusing occurrence! — to see such a similarity of feelings between the two φερεοίκοι: for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

Because we call "the old family tortoise" an abject reptile, we are too apt to undervalue his abilities, and depreciate his powers of instinct. Yet he is, as Mr. Pope says of his lord,—

"— much too wise to walk into a well;"

and has so much discernment as not to fall down a ha-ha: but to stop and withdraw from the brink with the readiest precaution.

Though he loves warm weather, he avoids the hot sun; because his thick shell when once heated would, as the poet says of solid armor, "scald with safety." He therefore spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage-leaf, or amidst the waving forests of an asparagus-bed.

But as he avoids heat in the summer, so in the decline of the year he improves the faint autumnal beams by getting within the reflection of a fruit-wall; and though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell, by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile: to be cased in a suit of ponderous armor which he cannot lay

aside,—to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell,—must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and disposition for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning, and traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field.

THE HOUSE-SWALLOW

Letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington: from 'The Natural History of Selborne'

THE house-swallow, or chimney-swallow, is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British *hirundines;* and appears in general on or about the 13th of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier: and in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It is worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case in the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time. A circumstance this, much more in favor of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and outhouses against the rafters; and so she did in Virgil's time:—"Garrula quam tignis nidos suspendat hirundo" (The twittering swallow hangs its nest from the beams).

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *Ladu swala*, the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe, there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English built: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down a shaft of an old well

through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys, and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire,—no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of the funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six feet more down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest, about the middle of May: which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep ditch; this nest is lined with fine grasses, and feathers which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long, in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibration of her wings, acting on the confined air, occasions a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds; and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks; and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing: first they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below; for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called perchers. In a day or two more they become flyers, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies: and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and

complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard for the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from her first, which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins, and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All summer long, the swallow is a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection: for from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under the hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins and other little birds; announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him; who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village; darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird will also sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nest. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water; but the swallow alone in general washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together: in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins also dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops: it is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seems much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on the wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before

and behind them, sweeping around and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet: when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey. . . .

A certain swallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden shears that were stuck up against the boards in an out-house, and therefore must have her nest spoiled whenever that implement was wanted; and what is stranger still, another bird of the same species built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy of the most elegant private museum in Great Britain. The owner, struck with the oddity of the sight, furnished the bringer with a large shell or conch, desiring him to fix it just where the owl hung: the person did as he was ordered, and the following year, a pair, probably the same pair, built their nest in the conch and laid their eggs.

THE HOUSE-CRICKET

Letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington: from 'The Natural History of Selborne'

While many other insects must be sought after in fields, and woods, and waters, the *Gryllus domesticus*, or house-cricket, resides altogether within our dwellings; intruding itself upon our notice whether we will or no. This species delights in new-built houses: being, like the spider, pleased with the moisture of the walls; and besides, the softness of the mortar enables them to burrow and mine between the joints of the bricks or stones, and to open communications from one room to another. They are particularly fond of kitchens and bakers' ovens, on account of their perpetual warmth.

Tender insects that live abroad either enjoy only the short period of one summer, or else doze away the cold, uncomfortable months in profound slumbers; but these, residing as it were in a torrid zone, are always alert and merry: a good Christmas fire is to them like the heats of the dog-days. Though they are frequently heard by day, yet is their natural time of motion only in the night. As soon as it grows dusk, the chirping increases,

and they come running forth, ranging from the size of a flea to that of their full stature. As one should suppose from the burning atmosphere which they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and show a great propensity for liquids; being found frequently drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, or the like. Whatever is moist they affect; and therefore often gnaw holes in wet woolen stockings and aprons that are hung to the fire. They are the housewife's barometer, foretelling her when it will rain; and they prognosticate sometimes, she thinks, good or ill luck, — the death of near relatives or the approach of an absent lover. By being the constant companions of her solitary hours, they naturally become the objects of her superstition. These crickets are not only very thirsty but very voracious, for they will eat the scummings of pots, and yeast, salt and crumbs of bread, and any kitchen offal or sweepings. In the summer we have observed them to fly out of the windows when it became dusk, and over the neighboring roofs. This feat of activity accounts for the sudden manner in which they often leave their haunts, as it does for the method by which they come to houses where they were not known before. It is remarkable that many sorts of insects seem never to use their wings but when they have a mind to shift their quarters and settle new colonies. When in the air they move *volatu undoso*, "in waves and curves," like woodpeckers; opening and shutting their wings at every stroke: and so are always rising or sinking.

When they increase to a great degree, as they did once in the house where I am now writing, they become noisome pests, flying into the candles and dashing into people's faces; but may be blasted and destroyed by gunpowder discharged into their crevices and crannies.

In families at such times, they are like Pharaoh's plague of frogs, — in their bedchambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading-troughs. Their shrilling noise is occasioned by a brisk attrition of their wings. Cats catch hearth crickets, and play with them as they do with mice, and then devour them. Crickets may be destroyed, like wasps, by phials half filled with beer, or any other liquid, and set in their haunts; for being always eager to drink, they will crowd in till the bottles are full.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE

(1821–1885)

RICHARD GRANT WHITE was an essayist who combined scholarship with a strong individuality and popular qualities of style,—the latter due in part to a varied activity as journalist and magazine writer. A keen-eyed observer of affairs, something of a satirist, and cultured especially in music, philology, and literature, his most lasting work is that which he did for Shakespeare study, as expositor and editor. He was a healthful influence in the United States in fostering Shakespeare study, and his authority was considerable. In his criticism, common-sense is a marked characteristic: he is most vigorous and enjoyable when letting in the daylight upon pedantry, or ridiculing the thin-spun theories of extremists. His gift of expression was decided; and his command of the critical apparatus ample.

R. G. WHITE

Richard Grant White was born in New York city, May 22d, 1821; and was graduated at the University of New York in 1839. He studied both medicine and law, chose the latter profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. But he soon turned to journalism and literature. From 1851 to 1858 he was associate editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and during the years 1860–61 had an editorial connection with the New York World. He wrote for the papers on many topics; and much of his work partook of the fleeting character of journalism. For several years (1863–67) his 'Yankee Letters' in the London Spectator were enjoyed as a lively chronicle of contemporary events. The book entitled 'England Without and Within' (1881) was regarded in that country as an estimate of unusual judgment and insight. His literary excursions also included a novel, 'The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys' (1884), an amusing but overdrawn study of Yankee character in a European environment. Mr. White's philological studies are best exemplified by the volume 'Words and Their Uses,'—one of the most readable discussions of the subject given forth by an American: it is at times dangerously dogmatic and

hasty in generalization, but as a whole both sound and stimulating. 'Studies in Shakespeare,' made up of papers collected by his wife after his death (1885), gives in an attractive way his views on the English master-poet. For twenty-five years Mr. White worked at Shakespearean criticism; and his final Riverside Edition of Shakespeare, which appeared in 1884, proved one of the most popular prepared by an American.

Mr. White was for many years the chief clerk of the United States Revenue Marine Bureau for the District of New York,—a post he resigned in 1878. His life was a busy one, calling on his time and strength in many ways. Looking at his work as a whole, and disregarding what was necessarily temporary in it, a residue of valuable and enjoyable literary work remains to give him his place among American essayists and scholars. He died on April 8th, 1885, at his birthplace, New York city.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CRAZE

From 'Studies in Shakespeare.' Copyright 1885, by Alexina B. White. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion,—the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in all the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us at this time to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits and in their literary habits as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work.

Both were thinkers of the highest order; both, what we somewhat loosely call philosophers: but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the thing before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet molding it as it was to his immediate need, —finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination: Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught,

and soared upon wings compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought, in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus,—that Shakespeare of Christianity,—to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who when he wrote his plays did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact, of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact, of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavory sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise,—grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and quibbler with words, often swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox, and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humor; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humor for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him, and at the teaching of past ages, with a single eye to his theories and his individual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures of the past and the present, merely the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs and joys and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world,—for both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term,—but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight: Bacon, utterly without the poetic even in a secondary degree, as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious

effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work and also the work of the other, is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity, and to shrink from accepting in the untaught son of the Stratford yeoman a miraculous miracle, — one that does not defy or suspend the laws of nature.

Many readers of these pages probably know that this notion that our Shakespeare — the Shakespeare of 'As You Like It' and 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' — was Francis Bacon masking in the guise of a player at the Globe Theatre, is not of very recent origin. It was first brought before the public by Miss Delia Bacon (who afterwards deployed her theory in a ponderous volume, with an introduction by Nathaniel Hawthorne — who did not advocate it) in an article in Putnam's Magazine for January 1856. Some time before that article was published, and shortly after the publication of 'Shakespeare's Scholar,' it was sent to me in proof by the late Mr. George P. Putnam, with a letter calling my attention to its importance, and a request that I would write an introduction to it. After reading it carefully and without prejudice (for I knew nothing of the theory or of its author, and as I have already said, I am perfectly indifferent as to the name and the personality of the writer of the plays, and had as lief it should have been Francis Bacon as William Shakespeare), I returned the article to Mr. Putnam, declining the proposed honor of introducing it to the public, and adding that as the writer was plainly neither a fool nor an ignoramus, she must be insane; not a maniac, but what boys call "loony." So it proved: she died a lunatic, and I believe in a lunatic asylum.

I record this incident for the first time on this occasion, not at all in the spirit of I-told-you-so, but merely as a fitting preliminary to the declaration that this Bacon-Shakespeare notion is an infatuation, — a literary bee in the bonnets of certain ladies of both sexes, which should make them the objects of tender care and sympathy. It will not be extinguished at once; on the contrary, it may become a mental epidemic. For there is no notion, no fancy or folly, which may not be developed into a "movement," or even into a "school," by iteration and agitation. I do not despair of seeing a Bacon-Shakespeare Society, with an array of vice-presidents of both sexes, that may make the New Shakespeare Society look to its laurels. None the less, however, is it a lunacy, which should be treated with all the skill and tenderness

which modern medical science and humanity have developed. Proper retreats should be provided, and ambulances kept ready, with horses harnessed; and when symptoms of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze manifest themselves, the patient should be immediately carried off to the asylum, furnished with pens, ink, and paper, a copy of Bacon's works, one of the Shakespeare plays, and one of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance (and that good lady is largely responsible for the development of this harmless mental disease, and other "fads" called Shakespearean); and the literary results, which would be copious, should be received for publication with deferential respect, and then — committed to the flames. In this way the innocent victims of the malady might be soothed and tranquillized, and the world protected against the debilitating influence of tomes of tedious twaddle.

As to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common-sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. Even the present not very serious, or I fear, sufficiently considerate, examination of it (to which I was not very ready, but much the contrary) provokes me to say almost with Henry Percy's words, that I could divide myself and go to buffets for being moved by such a dish of skimmed milk to so honorable an action. It is as certain that William Shakespeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name, as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the 'Novum Organum,' the 'Advancement of Learning,' and the 'Essays.' We *know* this as well as we know any fact in history. The notion that Bacon also wrote 'Titus Andronicus,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Hamlet,' 'King Lear,' and 'Othello,' is not worth five minutes' serious consideration by any reasonable creature.

BIG WORDS FOR SMALL THOUGHTS

From 'Words and Their Uses.' Copyright 1870, by Richard Grant White

SIMPLE and unpretending ignorance is always respectable, and sometimes charming; but there is little that more deserves contempt than the pretense of ignorance to knowledge. The curse and the peril of language in this day, and particularly in this country, is, that it is at the mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well according to their honest ignorance,

use it ill according to their affected knowledge; who being vulgar, would seem elegant; who being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire-crackers in an empty barrel.

How I detest the vain parade
Of big-mouthed words of large pretense!
And shall they thus thy soul degrade,
O tongue so dear to common-sense?
Shouldst thou accept the pompous laws
By which our blustering tyros prate,
Soon Shakespeare's songs and Bunyan's saws
Some tumid trickster must translate.

Our language, like our daily life,
Accords the homely and sublime,
And jars with phrases that are rife
With pedantry of every clime.
For eloquence it clangs like arms,
For love it touches tender chords;
But he to whom the world's heart warms
Must speak in wholesome, home-bred words.

To the reader who is familiar with Béranger's 'Derniers Chansons,' these lines will bring to mind two stanzas in the poet's 'Tambour Major,' in which he compares pretentious phrases to a big, bedizened drum-major, and simple language to the little gray-coated Napoleon at Austerlitz,—a comparison which has been brought to my mind very frequently during the writing of this book.

It will be well for us to examine some examples of this vice of language in its various kinds; and for them we must go to the newspaper press, which reflects so truly the surface of modern life, although its surface only.

There is, first, the style which has rightly come to be called "newspaper English"; and in which we are told, for instance, of an attack upon a fortified position on the Potomac, that "the thousand-toned artillery duel progresses magnificently at this hour, the howling shell bursting in wild profusion in camp and battery, and among the trembling pines." I quote this from the columns of a first-rate New York newspaper, because the real thing is so much more characteristic than any imitation could be,

and is quite as ridiculous. This style has been in use so long, and has, day after day, been impressed upon the minds of so many persons to whom newspapers are authority, as to language no less than as to facts, that it is actually coming into vogue in daily life with some of our people. Not long ago my attention was attracted by a building which I had not noticed before; and stepping up to a policeman who stood hard by, I asked him what it was. He promptly replied (I wrote down his answer within the minute), "That is an institootion inaugurated under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, for the reformation of them young females what has deviated from the paths of rectitood." It was in fact an asylum for women of the town; but my informant would surely have regarded such a description of it as inelegant, and perhaps as indelicate. True, there was a glaring incongruity between the pompousness of his phraseology and his use of those simple and common parts of speech, the pronouns; but I confess that in his dispensation of language, "them" and "what" were the only crumbs from which I received any comfort. But could I find fault with my civil and obliging informant, when I knew that every day he might read in the leading articles of our best newspapers such sentences, for instance, as the following?—

"There is, without doubt, some subtle essence permeating the elementary constitution of crime which so operates that men and women become its involuntary followers by sheer force of attraction, as it were."

I am sure, at least, that the policeman knew better what he meant when he spoke than the journalist did what he meant when he wrote. Policeman and journalist both wished not merely to tell what they knew and thought in the simplest, clearest way; they wished to say something elegant, and to use fine language: and both made themselves ridiculous. Neither this fault nor this complaint is new; but the censure seems not to have diminished the fault, either in frequency or in degree. Our every-day writing is infested with this silly bombast, this stilted nonsense. One journalist reflecting upon the increase of violence, and wishing to say that ruffians should not be allowed to go armed, writes, "We cannot, however, allow the opportunity to pass without expressing our surprise that the law should allow such abandoned and desperate characters to remain in possession of lethal weapons." *Lethal*

means deadly, neither more nor less; but it would be very tame and unsatisfying to use an expression so common and so easily understood. Another journalist, in the course of an article upon a murder, says of the murderer that «a policeman went to his residence, and there secured the clothes that he wore when he committed the murderous deed»; and that being found in a tub of water, «they were so smeared by blood as to incarnadine the water of the tub in which they were deposited.» To say that «the policeman went to the house or room of the murderer, and there found the clothes he wore when he did the murder, which were so bloody that they reddened the water into which they had been thrown,» would have been far too homely.

But not only are our journals and our speeches to Buncombe infested with this big-worded style,—the very preambles to our acts of legislature, and the official reports upon the dryest and most matter-of-fact subjects, are bloated with it. It appears in the full flower of absurdity in the following sentence, which I find in the report of a committee of the Legislature of New York on street railways. The committee wished to say that the public looked upon all plans for the running of fast trains at a height of fifteen or twenty feet as fraught with needless danger; and the committeeman who wrote for them made them say it in this amazing fashion:—

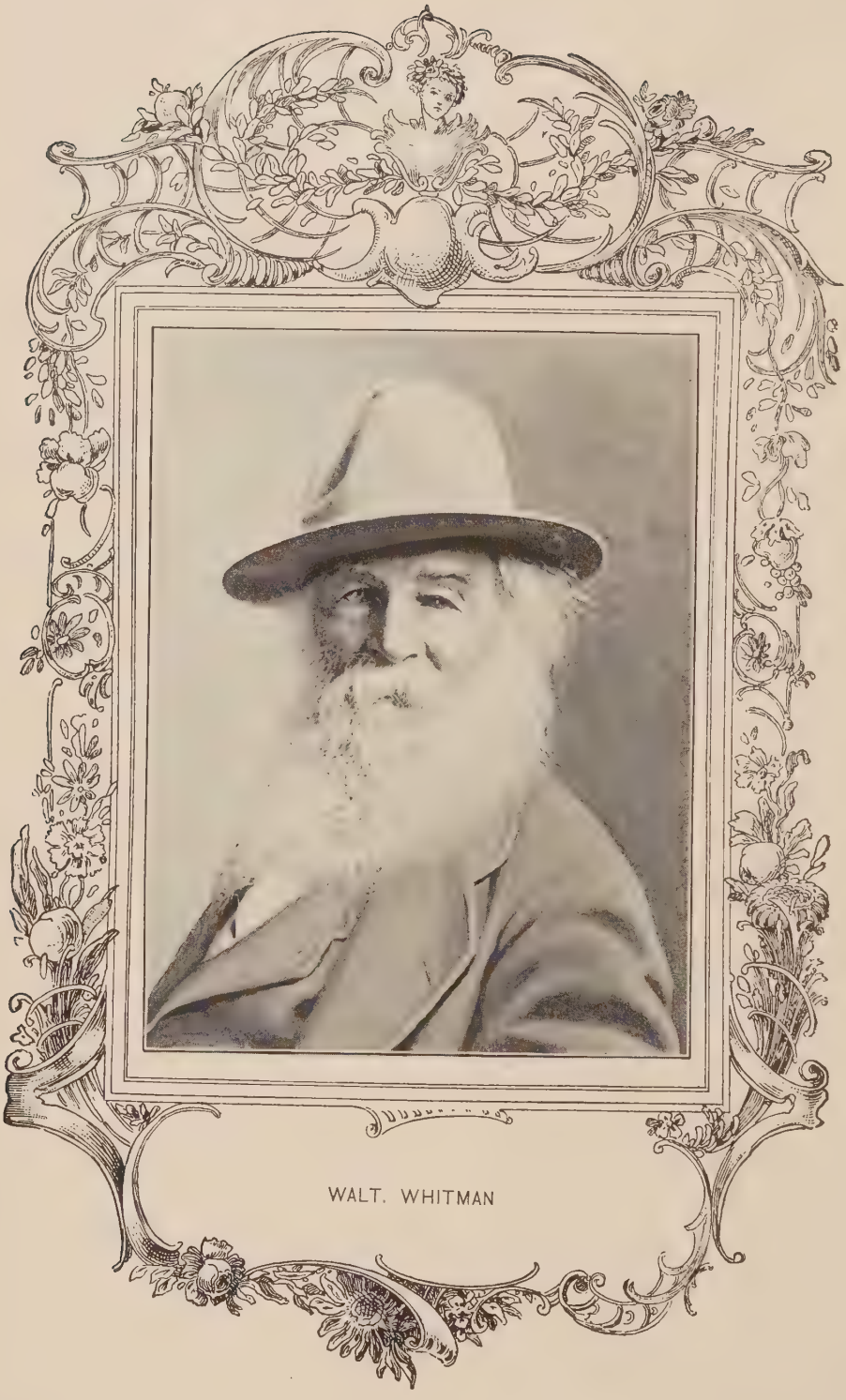
«It is not to be denied that any system which demands the propulsion of cars at a rapid rate, at an elevation of fifteen or twenty feet, is not entirely consistent, in public estimation, with the greatest attainable immunity from the dangers of transportation.»

Such a use of words as this, only indicates the lack as well of mental vigor as of good taste and education on the part of the user. «Oh,» said a charming, highly cultivated, and thorough-bred woman, speaking in my hearing of one of her own sex of inferior breeding and position, but who was making literary pretensions, and with some success as far as notoriety and money were concerned,—«Oh, save me from talking with that woman! If you ask her to come and see you, she never says she's sorry she can't come, but that she regrets that the multiplicity of her engagements precludes her from accepting your polite invitation.»

The foregoing instances are examples merely of a pretentious and ridiculous use of words which is now very common. They are not remarkable for incorrectness. But the freedom with which

persons who have neither the knowledge of language which comes of culture, nor that which springs spontaneously from an inborn perception and mastery, are allowed to address the public and to speak for it, produces a class of writers who fill, as it is unavoidable that they should fill, our newspapers and public documents with words which are ridiculous, not only from their pretentiousness, but from their preposterous unfitness for the uses to which they are put. These persons not only write abominably in point of style, but they do not say what they mean. When, for instance, a member of Congress is spoken of in a leading journal as "a sturdy republican of progressive integrity," no very great acquaintance with language is necessary to the discovery that the writer is ignorant of the meaning either of *progress* or of *integrity*. When in the same columns another man is described as being "endowed with an impassionable nature," people of common-sense and education see that here is a man not only writing for the public, but actually attempting to coin words, who, as far as his knowledge of language goes, needs the instruction to be had in a good common school. So again, when another journal of position, discoursing upon convent discipline, tells us that a young woman is not fitted for "the stern amenities of religious life," and we see it laid down in a report to an important public body that under certain circumstances, "the criminality of an act is heightened, and reflects a very turgid morality indeed," it is according to our knowledge whether we find in the phrases "stern amenities" and "turgid morality" occasion for study or food for laughter.

Writing like this is a fruit of a pitiful desire to seem elegant when one is not so, which troubles many people, and which manifests itself in the use of words as well as in the wearing of clothes, the buying of furniture, and the giving of entertainments; and which in language takes form in words which sound large, and seem to the person who uses them to give him the air of a cultivated man, because he does not know exactly what they mean. Such words sometimes become a fashion among such people, who are numerous enough to set and keep up a fashion; and they go on using them to each other, each afraid to admit to the other that he does not know what the new word means, and equally afraid to avoid its use, as a British snob is said never to admit that he is entirely unacquainted with a duke.



WALT. WHITMAN

WALT WHITMAN

(1819–1892)

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

«Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude;»—

hankering like the great elk in the forest in springtime; gross as unhoused Nature is gross; mystical as Boehme or Swedenborg; and so far as the concealments and disguises of the conventional man, and the usual adornments of polite verse, are concerned, as nude as Adam in Paradise. Indeed, it was the nudity of Walt Whitman's verse, both in respect to its subject-matter and his mode of treatment of it, that so astonished, when it did not repel, his readers. He boldly stripped away everything conventional and artificial from man,—clothes, customs, institutions, etc.,—and treated him as he is, primarily, in and of himself and in his relation to the universe; and with equal boldness he stripped away what were to him the artificial adjuncts of poetry,—rhyme, measure, and all the stock language and forms of the schools,—and planted himself upon a spontaneous rhythm of language and the inherently poetic in the common and universal.

The result is the most audacious and debatable contribution yet made to American literature, and one the merits of which will doubtless long divide the reading public. It gave a rude shock to most readers of current poetry; but it was probably a wholesome shock, like the rude douse of the sea to the victim of the warmed and perfumed bath. The suggestion of the sea is not inapt; because there is, so to speak, a briny, chafing, elemental, or cosmic quality about Whitman's work that brings up the comparison,—a something in it bitter and forbidding, that the reader must conquer and become familiar with before he can appreciate the tonic and stimulating quality which it really holds. To Whitman may be applied, more truly than to any other modern poet, Wordsworth's lines,—

> «You must love him ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.»

As the new generations are less timid and conforming than their fathers, and take more and more to the open air and its exhilarations, so they are coming more and more into relation with the spirit

of this poet of democracy. If Whitman means anything, he means the open air, and a life fuller and fuller of the sanity, the poise, and the health of nature; freer and freer of everything that hampers, enervates, enslaves, and makes morbid and sickly the body and the soul of man.

Whitman was the first American poet of any considerable renown born outside of New England, and the first to show a larger, freer, bolder spirit than that of the New England poets. He was a native of Long Island, where at West Hills he was born on the 31st of May, 1819, and where his youth was passed. On his mother's side he was Holland Dutch, on his father's English. There was a large family of boys and girls who grew to be men and women of a marked type, — large in stature, rather silent and slow in movement, and of great tenacity of purpose. All the children showed Dutch traits, which were especially marked in Walt, the eldest. Mr. William Sloan Kennedy, who has given a good deal of attention to the subject, attributes Whitman's stubbornness, his endurance, his practicality, his sanity, his excessive neatness and purity of person, and the preponderance in him of the simple and serious over the humorous and refined, largely to his Dutch ancestry. His phlegm, his absorption, his repose, and especially his peculiar pink-tinged skin, also suggested the countrymen of Rubens. The Quaker element also entered into his composition, through his maternal grandmother. Mr. Kennedy recognizes this in his silence, his sincerity and plainness, his self-respect and respect for every other human being, his free speech, his unconventionality, his placidity, his benevolence and friendship, and his deep religiousness. Whitman faithfully followed the inward light, the inward voice, and gave little or no heed to the dissenting or remonstrating voices of the world about him. The more determined the opposition, the more intently he seems to have listened to the inward promptings.

The events of his life were few and ordinary. While yet a child the family moved to Brooklyn, where the father worked at his trade of carpentering, and where young Whitman attended the common school till his thirteenth year. About this time he found employment in a printing-office and learned to set type, and formed there tastes and associations with printers and newspaper work that were strong with him ever after. At the age of seventeen he became a country school-teacher on Long Island, and began writing for newspapers and magazines. We next hear of him about 1838–40 as editor and publisher of a weekly newspaper at Huntington, Long Island. After this enterprise was abandoned, he found employment for five or six years mainly in printing-offices as compositor, with occasional contributions to the periodical literature of the day. He also wrote novels; only the title of one of them — 'Frank Evans,' a temperance tale — being

preserved. In 1846–7 he was editor of the Brooklyn Eagle newspaper. It was during this decade, or from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, that he seems to have entered so heartily and lovingly into the larger, open-air life of New York: familiarizing himself with all classes of workingmen and all trades and occupations; fraternizing with drivers, pilots, mechanics; going, as he says in his poems, with "powerful uneducated persons,"—letting his democratic proclivities have full swing, and absorbing much that came to the surface later in his 'Leaves of Grass.' He was especially fond of omnibus drivers, —a unique class of men who have now disappeared. It is reported of him that he once took the place of a disabled driver and drove for him all winter, that the man's family might not suffer while he was recovering in the hospital. During this period he occasionally appeared as a stump speaker at political mass-meetings in New York and on Long Island, and was much liked.

When about thirty years of age, he set out on an extended and very leisurely tour through the Middle, Western, and Southern States, again absorbing material for his future work, and fetching up finally in New Orleans, where he tarried a year or more, and where he found employment on the editorial staff of the Crescent newspaper. In 1850 we find him again in Brooklyn, where he started the Freeman, an organ of the Free-Soilers. But the paper was short-lived. Whitman had little business capacity, and was ill suited to any task that required punctuality, promptness, or strict business methods. He was a man, as he says in his 'Leaves,' "preoccupied of his own soul"; and money-getting and ordinary worldly success attracted him but little. From 1851 to 1854 he turned his hand to his father's trade of carpentering, building, and selling small houses to workingmen. It is said that he might have prospered in this business had he continued in it. But other schemes filled his head.

He was already big with the conception of 'Leaves of Grass,' for which consciously and unconsciously he had been many years getting ready. He often dropped his carpentering to write away at his 'Leaves.' Finally, after many rewritings, in the spring of 1855 he went to press with his book, setting up most of the type himself. It came out as a thin quarto of ninety-four pages, presenting a curious appearance to the eye and making a still more curious impression upon the reader's mind. It attracted little attention save ridicule, till Emerson wrote the author a letter containing a magnificent eulogium of the book, which Dana of the Tribune persuaded Whitman to publish,—to Emerson's subsequent annoyance, since the letter was made to cover a later edition of the 'Leaves' in which was much more objectionable matter than in the first. This letter brought the volume into notice, and helped to launch it and subsequent

enlarged editions of it upon its famous career, in both hemispheres. So utterly out of keeping with the current taste in poetry was Whitman's work, that the first impression of it was, and in many minds still is, to excite mirth and ridicule. This was partly because it took no heed of the conventionalities of poetry or of human life, and partly because of the naïve simplicity of the author's mind. In his poetry he seems as untouched by our modern sophistications, and the over-refinements of modern culture, as any of the Biblical writers.

In the second year of the Civil War, Whitman left Brooklyn and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals in Washington. To this occupation he gave much of his time and most of his substance till after the close of the war. It is claimed for him that he personally visited and ministered to over one hundred thousand sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. Out of this experience grew his 'Drum Taps,' a thin volume of poems published in 1866. It was subsequently incorporated with his 'Leaves.' These were not battle-pieces, or songs of triumph over a fallen foe,

> «But a little book containing night's darkness, and blood-dripping wounds,
> And psalms of the dead.»

During these hospital years Whitman supported himself mainly by writing letters to the New York Times. His 'Hospital Memoranda' include most of this material. He wrote copious letters to his mother at the same time, which were issued in book form during the fall of 1897 by his new Boston publishers, and named 'The Wound-Dresser.' From 1865 to 1873 Whitman occupied the desk of a government clerk in the Treasury Department. Previous to that time he had been dismissed from a position in the Interior Department, by its head, James Harlan, because he was the author of 'Leaves of Grass.'

His services in the army hospitals impaired his health, and early in 1873 he had a light stroke of paralysis. In the spring of that year he moved to Camden, New Jersey, where his brother, Colonel George Whitman, was living. Camden now became his permanent home. His health was much impaired, his means very limited, but his serenity and cheerfulness never deserted him. Many foreign travelers made pilgrimages to Camden to visit him. He was generally regarded by Europeans as the one distinctive American poet, the true outcome in literature of modern democracy. He died March 26th, 1892, and his body is buried in a Camden cemetery, in an imposing granite tomb of his own designing. Whitman never married. He was always poor, but he was a man much beloved by young and old of both sexes, while in a small band of men and women he inspired an enthusiasm and a depth of personal attachment rare in any age. In person he was a man of large and fine physical proportions, and

striking appearance. His tastes were simple, his wants few. He was a man singularly clean in both speech and person. He loved primitive things; and his strongest attachments were probably for simple, natural, uneducated, but powerful persons. The common, the universal, that which all may have on equal terms, was as the breath of his nostrils. In his 'Leaves' he identifies himself fully with these elements, declaring that—

«What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me.»

He aimed to put himself into a book, not after the manner of the gossiping essayist like Montaigne, but after the manner of poetic revelation; and sought to make his pages give an impression analogous to that made by the living, breathing man. The 'Leaves' are not beautiful like a statue, or any delicate and elaborate piece of carving; but beautiful, and ugly too if you like, as the living man or woman is beautiful or ugly. The appeal is less to our abstract æsthetic sense, and more to our concrete every-day sense of real things. This is not to say that our æsthetic perceptions are not stimulated; but only that they are appealed to in a different way, a less direct and premeditated way, than they are in the popular poetry. Without the emotion of the beautiful there can be no poetry; but beauty may be the chief aim and gathered like flowers into nosegays, as in most of the current poetry, or it may be subordinated and left as it were abroad in the air and landscape, as was Whitman's aim. His conviction was that beauty should follow the poet—never lead him.

Whitman aimed at a complete human synthesis, and left the reader to make of it what he could; and he is not at all disturbed if he finds the bad there as well as the good, as in life itself. A good deal of mental pressure must be brought to bear upon him before his full meaning and significance comes out.

Readers who idly dip into him for poetic tidbits or literary morceaux, or who open his 'Leaves' expecting to be regaled with flowers and perfumes, will surely be disappointed, if not shocked. His work does not belong to the class of literary luxuries or delicacies. It is primary and fundamental, and is only indirectly poetic; that is, it does not seek beauty so much as it seeks that which makes beauty. Its method is not exclusive, but inclusive. It is the work of a powerful spirit that seeks to grasp life and the universe as a whole, and to charge the conception with religious and poetic emotion; perhaps I should say religious emotion alone, as Whitman clearly identifies the two. Light readers only find now and then a trace of the poetic in his work: they fail to see the essentially poetic character of the whole; and they fail to see that there is a larger poetry than that of gems and flowers. The poetry of pretty words and fancies is one

thing; the poetry of vast conceptions and enthusiasm, and of religious and humanitarian emotion, is quite another.

Our pleasure in the rhymed, measured, highly wrought verse of the popular poets is doubtless more acute and instant than it is in the irregular dithyrambic periods of Whitman: the current poetry is more in keeping with the thousand and one artificial things with which the civilized man surrounds himself,—perfumes, colors, music; the distilled, the highly seasoned, the elaborately carved,—wine, sweetmeats, cosmetics, etc., etc. Whitman, in respect to his art and poetic quality, is more like simple natural products, or the every-day family staples meat, bread, milk, or the free unhoused elements frost, rain, spray. There is little in him that suggests the artificial in life, or that takes note of or is the outcome of the refinements of our civilization. Though a man of deep culture, yet culture cannot claim him as her own, and in many of her devotees repudiates him entirely. He let nature speak, but in a way that the uncultured man never could. In its tone and spirit his 'Leaves of Grass' is as primitive as the antique bards, while it yet implies and necessitates modern civilization.

It is urged that his work is formless, chaotic. On the other hand, it may be claimed that a work that makes a distinct and continuous impression, that gives a sense of unity, that holds steadily to an ideal, that is never in doubt about its own method and aims, and that really grips the reader's mind or thought, is not in any deep sense formless. 'Leaves of Grass' is obviously destitute of the arbitrary and artificial form of regular verse; it makes no account of the prosodical system: but its admirers claim for it the essential, innate form of all vital organic things. There are imitations of Whitman that are formless: one feels no will or purpose in them; they make no more impact upon the reader's mind than vapor upon his hand. A work is formless that has no motives, no ideas, no vertebra, no central purpose controlling and subordinating all the parts. In his plan, as I have said, Whitman aimed to outline a human life, his own life, here in democratic America in the middle of the nineteenth century; giving not merely its æsthetic and spiritual side, but its carnal and materialistic side as well, and imbuing the whole with poetic passion. In working out this purpose we are not to hold him to a mechanical definiteness and accuracy: he may build freely and range far and wide; a man is made up of many and contradictory elements, and his life is a compound of evil and of good. The forces that shape him are dynamic and not mechanic. If Whitman has confused his purpose, if all the parts of his work are not related more or less directly to this central plan, then is he in the true sense formless. The trouble with Whitman is, his method is that of

the poet and not that of the essayist or philosopher. He is not the least bit didactic; he never explains or apologizes. The reader must take him on the wing, or not at all. He does not state his argument so much as he speaks out of it and effuses its atmosphere.

Then he is avowedly the poet of vista: to open doors and windows, to let down bars rather than to put them up, to dissolve forms, to escape boundaries, to plant the reader on a hill rather than in a corner,—this fact is the explanation of the general character of his work in respect to form.

Readers who have a keen sense of what is called artistic form in poetry, meaning the sense of the deftly carved or shaped, are apt to be repelled by the absence of all verse architecture in the poems. A hostile critic might say they are not builded up, but heaped up. But this would give a wrong impression, inasmuch as a piece of true literature bears no necessary analogy to a house or the work of the cabinet-maker. It may find its type or suggestion in a tree, a river, or in any growing or expanding thing. Verse perfectly fluid, and without any palpable, resisting extrinsic form whatever, or anything to take his readers' attention away from himself and the content of his page, was Whitman's aim.

Opinion will doubtless long be divided about the value of his work. He said he was "willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste" of himself. That this taste is growing, that the new generations are coming more and more into his spirit and atmosphere, that the mountain is less and less forbidding, and looms up more and more as we get farther from it, is obvious enough. That he will ever be in any sense a popular poet is in the highest degree improbable: but that he will kindle enthusiasm in successive minds; that he will be an enormous feeder to the coming poetic genius of his country; that he will enlarge criticism, and make it easy for every succeeding poet to be himself and to be American; and finally that he will take his place among the few major poets of the race, I have not the least doubt.

John Burroughs

[The following selections are used by permission of the legal representatives of the estate of Walt Whitman.]

I HEARD YOU SOLEMN-SWEET PIPES OF THE ORGAN

I HEARD you solemn-sweet pipes of the organ as last Sunday morn I passed the church,
Winds of autumn, as I walked the woods at dusk I heard your long-stretched sighs up above so mournful,
I heard the perfect Italian tenor singing at the opera, I heard the soprano in the midst of the quartet singing;
Heart of my love! you too I heard murmuring low through one of the wrists around my head,
Heard the pulse of you when all was still ringing little bells last night under my ear.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

1

AFOOT and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,
I am filled with them, and I will fill them in return.)

2

You road I enter upon and look around, I believe you are not all that is here,
I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial,
The black with his woolly head, the felon, the diseased, the illiterate person, are not denied;
The birth, the hasting after the physician, the beggar's tramp, the drunkard's stagger, the laughing party of mechanics,
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple,
The early marketman, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the town, the return back from the town,
They pass, I also pass, anything passes, none can be interdicted,
None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me.

3

You air that serves me with breath to speak!
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings and give them shape!
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!
I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear to me.

You flagged walks of the cities! you strong curbs at the edges!
You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined sides! you distant ships!
You rows of houses! you window-pierced façades! you roofs!
You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!
You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!
You doors and ascending steps! you arches!
You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!
From all that has touched you I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and now would impart the same secretly to me,
From the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive surfaces, and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me.

4

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel, do you say to me *Do not leave me?*
Do you say *Venture not—if you leave me you are lost?*
Do you say *I am already prepared, I am well-beaten and undenied, adhere to me?*

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love you,
You express me better than I can express myself,
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air, and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

5

From this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.
I inhale great draughts of space, [mine.
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over to men and women, You have done such good to me I would do the same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,
I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

6

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze me,
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appeared it would not astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room.
(Such a deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race of men,
Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law and mocks all authority and all argument against it.)

Here is the test of wisdom,
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it,
Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content,
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellence of things;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul.

Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds and along the landscape and flowing currents.

Here is realization,
Here is a man tallied — he realizes here what he has in him,
The past, the future, majesty, love — if they are vacant of you, you are vacant of them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?

Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashioned, it is apropos;
Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers?
Do you know the talk of those turning eyeballs?

7

Here is the efflux of the soul,
The efflux of the soul comes from within through embowered gates ever provoking questions,
These yearnings why are they? these thoughts in the darkness why are they?
Why are there men and women that while they are nigh me the sunlight expands my blood?
Why when they leave me do my pennants of joy sink flat and lank?

Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?
(I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and always drop fruit as I pass;)
What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?
What with some driver as I ride on the seat by his side?
What with some fisherman drawing his seine by the shore as I walk by and pause?
What gives me to be free to a woman's and man's good-will? what gives me to be free to mine?

8

The efflux of the soul is happiness, here is happiness,
I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times,
Now it flows unto us, we are rightly charged.

Here rises the fluid and attaching character,
The fluid and attaching character is the freshness and sweetness of man and woman,
(The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter every day out of the roots of themselves, than it sprouts fresh and sweet continually out of itself.)
Toward the fluid and attaching character exudes the sweat of the love of young and old,
From it falls distilled the charm that mocks beauty and attainments,
Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache of contact.

9

Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!
Traveling with me you find what never tires.

The earth never tires,
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first, Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first,
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well enveloped,
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

Allons! we must not stop here,
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling we cannot remain here,
However sheltered this port and however calm these waters we must not anchor here,
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are permitted to receive it but a little while.

10

Allons! the inducements shall be greater,
We will sail pathless and wild seas,
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper speeds by under full sail.
Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;
Allons! from all formules!
From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests.

The stale cadaver blocks up the passage — the burial waits no longer.

Allons! yet take warning!
He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,
None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and health,
Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself,
Only those may come who come in sweet and determined bodies,
No diseased person, no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted here.
(I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
We convince by our presence.)

11

Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is called riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are called by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reached hands toward you.

12

Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to them!
They too are on the road — they are the swift and majestic men — they are the greatest women,

Enjoyers of calms of seas and storms of seas,
Sailors of many a ship, walkers of many a mile of land,
Habituès of many distant countries, habituès of far-distant dwellings,
Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, solitary toilers,
Pausers and contemplators of tufts, blossoms, shells of the shore,
Dancers at wedding-dances, kissers of brides, tender helpers of children, bearers of children,
Soldiers of revolts, standers by gaping graves, lowerers-down of coffins,
Journeyers over consecutive seasons, over the years, the curious years each emerging from that which preceded it,
Journeyers as with companions, namely their own diverse phases,
Forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days,
Journeyers gayly with their own youth, journeyers with their bearded and well-grained manhood,
Journeyers with their womanhood, ample, unsurpassed, content,
Journeyers with their own sublime old age of manhood or womanhood,
Old age, calm, expanded, broad with the haughty breadth of the universe,
Old age, flowing free with the delicious near-by freedom of death.

13

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,
To merge all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights they tend to,
Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,
To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,
To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long but it stretches and waits for you,
To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither,
To see no possession but you may possess it, enjoying all without labor or purchase, abstracting the feast yet not abstracting one particle of it,
To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich man's elegant villa, and the chaste blessings of the well-married couple, and the fruits of orchards and flowers of gardens,
To take to your use out of the compact cities as you pass through,
To carry buildings and streets with you afterward wherever you go,

To gather the minds of men out of their brains as you encounter them, to gather the love out of their hearts,
To take your lovers on the road with you, for all that you leave them behind you,
To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as roads for traveling souls.

All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great.

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!
You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though you built it, or though it has been built for you.

Out of the dark confinement! out from behind the screen!
It is useless to protest, I know all and expose it.

Behold through you as bad as the rest,
Through the laughter, dancing, dining, supping, of people,
Inside of dresses and ornaments, inside of those washed and trimmed faces,
Behold a secret silent loathing and despair.

No husband, no wife, no friend, trusted to hear the confession,
Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,
Formless and worldless through the streets of the cities, polite and bland in the parlors,
In the cars of railroads, in steamboats, in the public assembly,
Home to the houses of men and women, at the table, in the bedroom, everywhere,

Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbons and artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of itself,
Speaking of anything else but never of itself.

14

Allons! through struggles and wars!
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

Have the past struggles succeeded?
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?
Now understand me well — it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,
He going with me must go well armed,
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.

15

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe — I have tried it — my own feet have tried it well — be not detained!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopened!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearned!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law:
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS

THE last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the housetops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father drop together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined.
('Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOMED

1

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night — O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared — O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless — O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

3

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near the whitewashed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle; — and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.—

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peeped
from the ground, spotting the gray débris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the end-
less grass,
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in the
dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women
standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the
unbared heads,
With the waiting dépôt, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong
and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these
you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,—
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring;
For, fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O sane
and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walked,
As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all looked on),
As we wandered together the solemn night (for something, I know not what, kept me from sleep),
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,
As I watched where you passed and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you, sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you;
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul — this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading, bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird!
Sing from the swamps, the recesses; pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul — O wondrous singer!
You only I hear — yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the storms),
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities pent—lo, then and there, [rest,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee, I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night—

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

15

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night,

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with missiles I saw them,

And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them;
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,—
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not:
The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffered,
And the armies that remained suffered.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe.
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands — and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up!—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has nor pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

HUSHED BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY

(May 4th, 1865)

Hushed be the camps to-day,
And soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat;—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him — because you, dweller in camps,
know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing — as they close the doors of earth upon him — one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

«DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL»

DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou; all is a blank before us;
All waits undreamed-of in that region, that inaccessible land.

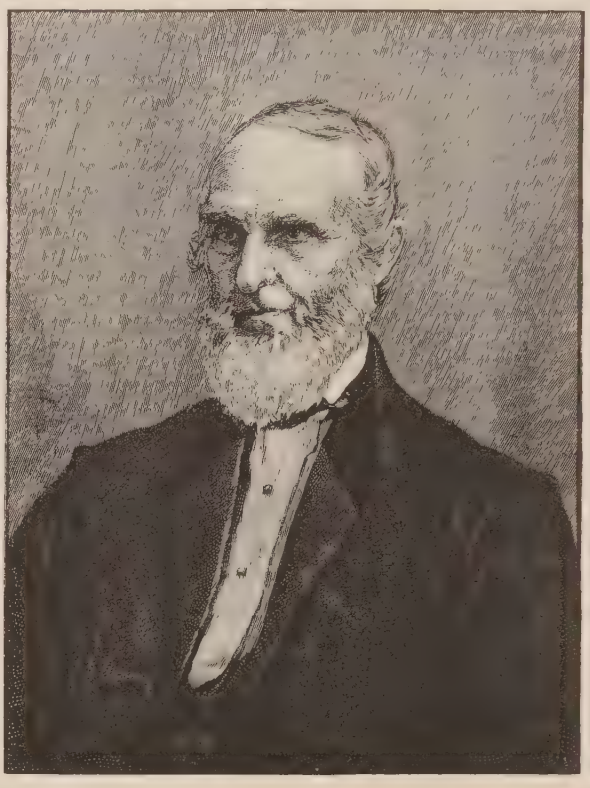
Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfill, O soul.

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

A NOISELESS patient spider
I marked, where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Marked how, to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807–1892)

BY GEORGE R. CARPENTER

FULL appreciation of Whittier's work depends to an unusual degree on an understanding of his life and character. The verse of his equally celebrated contemporary, Longfellow, for example, needs little explanation; Longfellow's career was that of the student, the traveler, the genial professor. His tastes, his sympathies, his ambitions, were not widely separated from those of men of letters throughout the world. With Whittier the case was entirely different. He was born of simple farming folk; his formal education was merely that of the district school and the country academy; the experience of travel was denied him. He sprang from the soil of New England, showing to the full the virtues and defects of his ancestry and environment; and his singular merit is that he represents, with extraordinary success, the most winning side of country life in his native district,—its faith, its theocratic conception of the State, its indignation at injustice, its stalwart upholding of the dignity of labor, its old content in simple joys and simple duties. Not only has Whittier expressed in his verse emotions peculiar in many ways to America, and common to a large body of Americans, but there is no other one of our poets, of the body of whose work this could be said. That he was able thus to hold fast to old ideals, and to depict with sympathy native life and country ways,—that he did not desert his homely subjects and homely style for the more European matter and diction of his contemporaries,—was due to circumstances that isolated him from city life and the foreign influences that are so plainly revealed in their work.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17th, 1807, in Haverhill, Massachusetts, of a family that had been permanently settled in that immediate vicinity since the early days of the seventeenth century. Until he was nearly twenty, he had no educational advantages besides those afforded by the ordinary district school. In 1827 and 1828, however, he attended the Haverhill Academy. For a year he was in the employ of a Boston printing-house, where he edited a Protectionist paper and a temperance journal. For another year he was the editor of the New England Weekly Review in Hartford, in

which he succeeded George D. Prentice. In 1833 he signed the National Anti-Slavery Declaration as one of the delegates from Massachusetts; in 1835 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; in 1837 he was for a few months in New York as one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and from 1837 to 1840 he was editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman, a Philadelphia abolitionist journal. With the exception of the absences occasioned by these duties, Whittier's long life was almost entirely spent in Essex County, Massachusetts; either in Haverhill, Amesbury, or Danvers. He died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 8th, 1892.

Thomas Whittier, the emigrant founder of the family, is said to have been a Huguenot. His immense energy and unflinching devotion to moral aims made him a typical Puritan: but he showed a vein of unusual toleration in religious matters, by taking the side of some persecuted members of the Society of Friends; and during his lifetime his son married a Quaker. The wife's influence prevailed; and henceforth, with few exceptions, the family followed her simple and noble faith. Whittier's own father was an active, taciturn man, the type of independent conservatism and of the virtuous and industrious freeman on whom the commonwealth rests. His mother was an equally fine type of the Quaker matron, whose religion found expression in an ideally beautiful character. His early life was that of the ordinary country lad,—full of effort and discipline, free from affectation,—a circumscribed life, in which the outer world of cities is unrealized, and the attention is rarely called beyond the limits of the township and the county. The Whittiers were small farmers; and their means and the Quaker creed alike discouraged special efforts for worldly education. The boy performed, year in, year out, his simple country tasks, acquiring the scant learning of the district school, and retaining it with a firmness of grasp that was stimulated by lack of wide opportunity. His native tongue he knew as only a country boy of his time could know it, drawing deep from the homely language of the people, which clung closer to the idioms of the great centuries than did the diction of the lettered world,—a language ennobled by the pioneer's close contact with life and nature, and chastened by the constant influence of the Bible. He was early a rhymester; and some lines sent to a local paper brought him to the attention of a larger circle of friends and led to wider opportunities. His facile, boyish verse dealt often with national history and public interests, and his trend of mind led him to journalism and politics. By 1832 he had won a name for himself in both fields, and seemed likely to represent his district in Congress.

Two influences intervened to prevent Whittier's being drawn into the vortex of the city and under the sway of its alien ideals, and

attached him permanently to the rural life of his boyhood. His delicate health made impossible for him the activity and anxiety of a journalist's career; and his spirit, which was that of the reformer, bound him to what then seemed the lost cause of the abolition movement. To support oneself in the field of letters was then scarcely possible; especially for an abolitionist, who was by no means a welcome contributor to any periodical which sought a wide and tolerant circulation. Debarred, therefore, from the professional pursuit of letters, journalism, and politics, Whittier resigned himself to the quiet life of the countryman. Until he was past middle age his copyrights were valueless: but he was for many years a paid contributor to the most important abolitionist journal, the Washington National Era, in which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared as a serial; his habits were frugal and his wants few. When the success of his political ideals was assured, when his voice was recognized throughout the North as that of the poet of freedom, and the popularity of his verse had put him beyond the reach of want, he still lived in the homely fashion of his ancestors, shunning the jostle and jar of cities and crowded resorts. An honored friend of the great and the learned, he consistently held himself aloof from all entanglements that would disturb the Quaker simplicity and Puritan strenuousness of his life, always in perfect sympathy with the old New England ideals and traditions.

Whittier's spirit was that of the reformer. As a boy he wrote that he would rather have "the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson, than the undying fame of a Byron." As editor for a time of an antislavery journal, and by his pamphlets and poems, he was one of the foremost in advancing the claims of his despised but rapidly growing party. In practical politics his services were equally strenuous and even more effective. He was the friend and adviser of statesmen; he was, on occasion, a shrewd lobbyist in the Massachusetts Legislature; and in his own district he was the recognized head of a party that held the balance of power, and was accustomed cannily to pledge the candidate whom it honored with its vote. But whatever were his secret services in the direction of public affairs, Whittier first won his reputation by a remarkable series of antislavery poems, which arrested attention and molded public opinion. Beyond any other American poet, he had the power of expressing, in a striking way, the latent thought of plain people. His 'Kansas Emigrants' became actually the song of those who

> "— crossed the prairie, as of old
> The Pilgrims crossed the sea."

"We wait beneath the furnace blast," were the words of every noble Northern heart during the years of the great trial; and other verses

of far inferior quality, now forgotten, were not without a strong influence on all ranks of society, from the President and his Cabinet to the lowest soldier and taxpayer. The best of these political tracts in verse had in them the genuine singing quality of Whittier's best work. They were all efficacious; but they were militant in quality, instruments in a transient struggle, the product of discord and sectional feeling, and hence hardly destined to live in the national memory. One ballad alone of this sort, 'Barbara Frietchie,' is thoroughly familiar to the younger generation, and will long survive as a tribute to Northern bravery and Southern chivalry.

Whittier's religious verse is much more national in character. Here the progress of the century has worked as plainly for the permanence of his fame as it has worked against that of his political verse. His political verse tended to perpetuate differences of opinion that were soon settled forever. His religious verse, on the other hand, steadily prefigured a unity of feeling to which gentle souls of all creeds aspire. For many decades all the Protestant sects in America have been moving slowly toward the Quaker standpoint,— tending to acknowledge that always, by the mouths of prophets, poets, priests, and philosophers, God hath revealed himself; and that the living spirit of God, acting upon the hearts of men, is the great guide in matters of conduct and belief. Whittier's Quaker tolerance, his life of moral earnestness, his leisure for meditation, his own gentle, unspotted character, and his simple way of taking the world,— all these made him a fitting spokesman in verse of the most liberal religious feeling of his day. The main motives of his creed are always the «eternal goodness» of God, and faith in immortality,— truths so deeply rooted historically in the conceptions of our race that denial of them has the air of painful novelty, as of some new city notion that troubles but for an instant the abiding peace of the ancestral and rural faith.

It is, however, by his verses on country life, rather than by his political or religious poetry, that Whittier will be remembered. It must be kept in mind that almost the whole of his long life was spent in a single county of a single State. This district that Whittier knew so well is richly dowered by nature; and except for the absence of mountains, is thoroughly typical of New England. It is well populated, and yet is free from large cities; it has a wild seacoast and sandy beaches, hills, dales, meadows, and forests, farming villages and fishing towns,— an epitome, so it chanced, of the diversified scenery and occupations of a whole group of States. Here Whittier — a bachelor and an invalid, not bound by the ties and the labors that commonly blind men to wider thoughts than society and fortune, following pursuits that gave ample leisure for meditation — lived, with Quaker and Puritan frugality, a life full of reminiscence of boyhood

days, and of sympathy with the country ways that had never ceased to be his. And this reminiscence and this sympathy became in his verse the voice of a whole multitude, East and West, that still toiled in the fields, or looked gladly back from city counting-houses to the orchards and brooks of their early years.

This body of country verse falls naturally into several distinct parts, the least important of which is that dealing with labor. Whittier had wrought with his own hands, and had known in his own soul the primal curse,—the unrelenting toil, the brutal weariness, the mere pittance of gain; and though he prized the feeling of self-reliance, the consciousness of physical strength and independence, that are in some degree the farmer's blessing, his poetry happily lacks the mistaken ardor of the professor's pastoral rhyme or the rant of the walking delegate's harangue. He turned more gladly to the gentler side of farm life,—the evening by the hearth, the old-fashioned frolics of the husking; more gladly yet, in song and ballad, to the quaint and stirring romance of New England's history. This, Longfellow also treated, but not quite in native fashion; laboring to give to familiar traditions the flavor of the Continental idyls he knew too well. Whittier was not forced to cram himself with strange, antiquarian learning. He wrote of his own townspeople of the earlier centuries,—the German cobbler, the mad Irishman who planted the sycamores, the shipwrecked sailor who dug the well; of the traditions of his country,—of the Salem witchcraft, the ride of Skipper Ireson, the haunted garrison of Cape Ann, the prophecy of Samuel Sewell, the swan-song of Parson Avery; of the persecuted progenitors of his own creed. Whatever be the deficiencies of these verses, they are not literary exercises, but spontaneous expressions of genuine feeling and interest. The days of the fine old ballads are over long ago, but these are of their very kin.

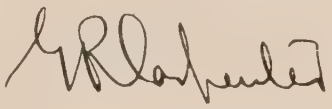
Three themes, favorites of Whittier's, deserve special mention: the joys of childhood in the country; the equality, before the power of love, of rich and poor, laborer and aristocrat; and the lost opportunities of country life, where the mistakes of youth are more irreparable than in a society less pliable. The first is most completely handled in the 'Barefoot Boy' and 'Snow-Bound'; the second in 'Amy Wentworth'; the third—less common, as if too intimate for public expression—in 'Maud Muller.' In the treatment in verse of such themes, so close to the hearts of the people, Whittier has not been equaled among us. Of the modern child in the modern city, with his gloves, his idleness, and his precocious knowledge of guile, Whittier could not have written. But with the country boy, his acquaintance was intimate; and as long as we exist whose unshod feet have trodden the lanes and byways, as long as there be those

that turn back the wheel of memory to the days of the pastures, the woods, and the hills, with a lingering touch of genuine sentiment for the curls of our first rosy-cheeked sweethearts, his verse will serve to awaken recollections that are of the very essence of poetry.

That love should mate where it will, the second of Whittier's favorite themes, is not often now a topic of narrative in the East, though in the West it reappears triumphantly in Mr. Hamlin Garland's charming and democratic stories. The doctrine — to wit, that all brave and honest hearts, of whatever sect or station, may fairly love and marry — is almost as classic as that of the Declaration of Independence; and is essentially American in principle and practice. In other fields of literature the theme is still common: in tragedy and comedy we note the many exceptions to the rule; in the novel we discuss the problem in all its bearings. In Whittier's verse alone is the doctrine stated with lyric feeling, in types to which the fresh breezes of the meadows or the sea give undying youth, so that the heart yields the assent that the judgment might withhold. The third theme, "It might have been," though less rarely touched on, even in Whittier's verse, is one peculiarly appropriate in a land where the opportunity for good fortune seems to come at least once to nearly all; and especially in the country, where lost opportunity is so well-nigh irretrievable. Many a broken man or weary woman, in grinding poverty or misery, has repeated as his own the "saddest words" of Whittier's now hackneyed couplet.

Whittier's fame has not proved world-wide. Even in other English-speaking lands his verse is little known, and beyond the limits of our language it has scarcely reached. The ways of other nations are not ours; our history, our traditions, are not theirs. Whittier's metre often halts; his rhymes sometimes grate on the punctilious ear, though he followed accurately the local speech of his district. His measures, often smooth, are almost always monotonous; and except in his rhymed couplets, he is at his best when he is nearest the old fours and threes of the psalm tunes. His verse deals only with simple things, uncomplicated and sincere emotions: the justice and mercy of God; the freedom of man; the nobility of independence; the beauty of love, before which all are equal; the dear memories of early life and early affection. But ours is a new, and to a large extent, a pastoral nation. The great majority of the native-born are still at the plowtail or fresh from it; and to all of us, what Whittier sings is dear. For he *sings*. The tune is simple; but the notes are fresh and clear, the melody has the thrill of the robin's and the wood-thrush's songs, the feeling is that of the genuine lyric that comes from the heart and therefore goes to it. We have not yet had world-poets in America, but Whittier's verse is that to which the American born and

bred responds most naturally. We must look elsewhere for learning, for philosophy, for exotic beauty. Whittier's was the voice that more than a generation ago proclaimed most clearly the duty of man, and that now calls us most sweetly to thoughts of olden days.



[All the following poems by Mr. Whittier have been copyrighted, and they are reprinted here by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:—
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,

With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang —
Over and over the Mænads sang: —
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him:
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide:
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain: —
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.

Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near—
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

TELLING THE BEES

HERE is the place: right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;

And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,—
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge: "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:—"Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.—

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold;

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—"It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP FROM the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished Rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick streets
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the Rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

IN SCHOOL DAYS

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing:
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,

But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below,
I dare not throne above:
I know not of his hate—I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame:
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;

Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!

Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

THE FAREWELL

Of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughters Sold into Southern Bondage

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air; —
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters, —
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,

Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them,—
There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone;
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,
From the cool spring where they drank,
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there,—
Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone;
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone,— sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruisèd reed He spareth,—
Oh, may He to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

BARCLAY OF URY

UP THE streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud,
"Barclay! ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly,

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud, "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lützen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marveled much that henchman bold
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head
And a look of pity:
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend:
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury:

"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in his name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer:
While for them he suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me;

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial:
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter:

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow:
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow!

CENTENNIAL HYMN

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee;
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee; but withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,—
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

WINTER IN-DOORS

From 'Snow-Bound'

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed

One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth;
With simple wishes (not the weak
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
    Of merry voices high and clear;
    And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
    Passed with the cider mug their jokes
    From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks wrestling rolled:
Then toiled again the cavalcade
    O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
    And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells sound;
And following where the teamsters led,
The wise old doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say—
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all—
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score:
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid;
And poetry—or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding-bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and lovelorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

CHILD-SONGS

STILL linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born!

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ Child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters:
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;

No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all!

THE YANKEE GIRL

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door,—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter,—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them,—
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long;
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,

With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls:
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"—
Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.—
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena!—"Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall:
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?—
"Alas! alas! I know not: friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting— Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise:
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead:
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied:
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena!—"Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind:
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive:
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool gray shadows fall:
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled;
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours:
Upward, through its smoke and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

THE SEER

I HEAR the far-off voyager's horn,
I see the Yankee's trail;
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whittling round St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded wain;
He's leaving on the pictured rocks
His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The axe-stroke in the dell,

The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit's chapel bell.

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
The war-chiefs with their painted bows,
And crest of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,
I see the peddler's show,—
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves that soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its music and its mind.

And, westering still, the star which leads
The New World in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray.

BURNS

(On Receiving a Sprig of Heather in Blossom)

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover:
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of, live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning,—

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read 'The Twa Dogs'' story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs! — The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing;
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining:
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song!—I own my debt
Uncanceled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render,—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So 'Bonnie Doon' but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!

THE SUMMONS

MY EAR is full of summer sounds,
Of summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
And in the noontime shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lances of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears—
A deeper sound that drowns them all:
A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears,
The Macedonian cry to Paul.

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
I know the word and countersign:
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard Time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,
And has no answer but God-speed!

THE LAST EVE OF SUMMER

(Written when the Poet was Nearly 83)

Summer's last sun nigh unto setting shines
Through yon columnar pines,
And on the deepening shadows of the lawn
Its golden lines are drawn.

Dreaming of long-gone summer days like this,
Feeling the wind's soft kiss,
Grateful and glad that failing ear and sight
Have still their old delight,

I sit alone, and watch the warm, sweet day
Lapse tenderly away;
And wistful, with a feeling of forecast,
I ask, "Is this the last?

"Will nevermore for me the seasons run
Their round, and will the sun
Of ardent summers yet to come forget
For me to rise and set?"

Thou shouldst be here, or I should be with thee
Wherever thou mayst be,
Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of speech
Each answering unto each.

For this still hour, this sense of mystery far
Beyond the evening star,
No words outworn suffice on lip or scroll:
The soul would fain with soul

Wait, while these few swift-passing days fulfill
The wise-disposing Will,
And, in the evening as at morning, trust
The All-Merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels,
Immortal life reveals;
And human love, its prophecy and sign,
Interprets love divine.

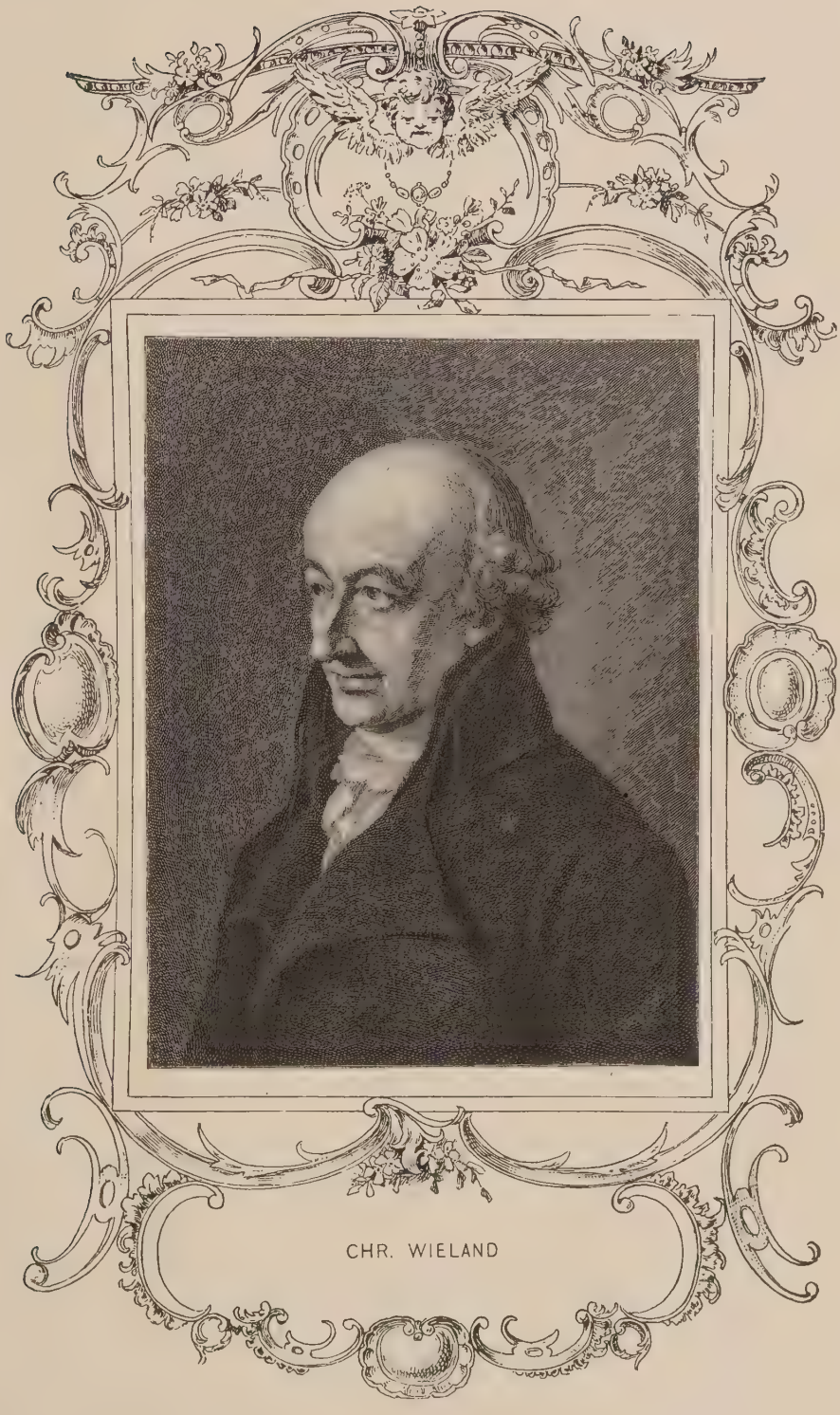
Come then, in thought, if that alone may be,
O friend! and bring with thee
Thy calm assurance of transcendent spheres,
And the eternal years!

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND

(1733–1813)

WRITERS of a certain class exercise a fruitful influence in their day, and form an important part in the contemporary literary development, yet with the lapse of time lose much of their claim on our interest. This is true of Wieland, whose services to the German language and literature were decided. Both in prose and verse he helped to make the tongue an artistic instrument of expression, lending it grace, definiteness, elegance: he gave it a sort of French refinement. He was largely active in reviving both classical and mediæval studies; he introduced Shakespeare to his countrymen, and by his keen, sane criticism did much for German culture. Wieland was a humanist at a time when taste and scholarship were sorely needed in the fatherland. He was a writer of lively wit and fancy, sometimes running into frivolity and sensuality. He initiated the historical culture-novel and psychological romance. He produced an epic, 'Oberon,' which had an immense vogue in his own and other languages, though now it commands little more than a formal regard. An English critic, writing at the beginning of the present century, could remark soberly with 'Oberon' in mind, that "the fame of Wieland is as wide-spread as that of Horace." That such praise now seems excessive, must not blind us to the poet's merits and genuine contributions to the literature of his country. Fashions in literature succeed each other almost as rapidly as fashions in dress.

Christopher Martin Wieland, by ancestry, education, and early habit, had a bias towards philosophical and religious thought, though the writings of his maturity were of a very different kind. He was the son of a country clergyman, and was born in the Suabian village of Oberholzheim, on September 5th, 1733. He was carefully instructed under his father's direction, and showed literary precocity. When fourteen he went to school at Klosterbergen, near Magdeburg, where his exceptional abilities attracted attention. Next we find him living with a relative in Erfurt, and reading for the University. The family home was moved to Biberach during this preparation; and it was there he met and fell in love with Sophie Gutermann, afterwards the wife of De Laroche, who was the factotum of Count Stadion, in whose home Wieland was a constant visitor in after years. The intimacy became in time a platonic friendship, but made its deep impress upon Wieland's ripening powers. The idea of his first poem, 'The Nature



CHR. WIELAND

of Things,' written and published several years later, came to him while he was walking with Sophie.

He went to Tübingen in 1750, nominally to study law, but gave his main attention to philology, philosophy, and literature. Wieland was one of the army of young men in all lands who begin with the law, and are irresistibly deflected by their taste toward letters. Bodmer, the Swiss poet, was then a sort of Rhadamanthus in German literary affairs, and to him Wieland, fired by ambition, sent his unfinished manuscript epic 'Hermann'; the result was an invitation to visit Bodmer at Zürich, and the young aspirant spent a number of months with the veteran, a cordial friendship being established between them. Wieland derived much benefit from this association; but left his friend and patron in 1754, other influences being at work in him. He lived for some time in Zürich and Bern, supporting himself by tutoring. At the University his writings, such as the 'Moral Letters' and 'Moral Tales,' had been of a philosophico-ethical and mystical nature, and under the Swiss influence they continued to be so for several years. His 'Letters from the Dead to Living Friends,' and other works of this period, are full of spiritual aspiration; and his tone in rebuking worldly pleasures is austere.

But this was not to be Wieland's typical work. The impulse is explained by heredity and environment. He went to Biberach in 1760 as Director of Chancery; and as he began to mix in polite society, and especially to frequent Count Stadion's house, he developed into a man of the world, and his writings reflected his experience. Wit, fancy, satire, and worldly wisdom took the place of pious mystic imaginings. The romance 'Don Sylvio von Rosalva' (1764), the culpably free 'Comic Tales' (1766), the romance 'Agathon' (1766–67),— described as the first modern romance of culture, and certainly one of his most characteristic and able productions,— exhibit this change of heart; and in the 'Musarion' the next year (1768) a middle ground is reached,— the author advocating the rational cultivation of the sensual and spiritual sides of man, avoiding alike the extremes of the ascetic and the worldling. His study of Shakespeare began at Biberach; and between 1762 and 1766 he published twenty-two prose translations of the plays, thus making the English poet an open book for Germans.

After a three-years' stay in Erfurt as professor of philosophy, Wieland began in 1772 what was to be a life residence in Weimar. An interesting feature of this life is his connection with Goethe. Soon after Wieland's arrival in the city, he listened in an evening company to the remarkable improvised verses of a young man unknown to him, and exclaimed, "That must be either the Devil — or Goethe!" It proved to be the latter. A warm friendship grew up between the two, in spite of the fact that Goethe had before attacked

Wieland's writings, and in 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland' represented the other as an object of sport in hell. His literary activity in Weimar was prolific and many-sided; and here his most famous single work, the 'Oberon,' was done. He edited the German Mercury, many of his writings first appearing in that paper; he began a periodical called the Attic Museum; wrote some of his best things in the comic and satiric veins, among them 'The Inhabitants of Booby-land' (Die Abderiten: 1774), 'New Dialogues of the Gods' (1791), and 'The Secret History of the Philosopher Peregrinus Proteus' (1791); and translated Horace, Lucian, and Cicero, his last labor being expended on the Letters of the last-named classic.

His masterpiece, 'Oberon,' was brought out in 1780, and received with a favor rarely extended to any literary work. It is a romantic epic, interweaving the love story of the mediæval knight Huon with an amatory episode in the story of the fairy king and queen, Oberon and Titania. The poem is written in a skillfully handled stanzaic form, and in the original possesses vigor, melody, lively invention, picturesque description, and narrative movement,—qualities some of which are lost in the English rendering. Its manner and matter now seem a trifle antiquated. Wieland purchased in 1797 an estate named Osmannstädt near Weimar, and lived there until 1801; when, his wife dying, he returned to Weimar, and remained until his own death on January 20th, 1813. Personally he is drawn as sensitive and vain, but of pure private life, and of generous impulses. His character may be studied in his 'Selected Letters' (1815–16) and the biographies of Gruber, Loebell, Ofterdingen, and Pröhle. A most voluminous writer, his collected works number thirty-six in the edition of 1851–6.

Wieland was not a creative genius, nor a great reformatory force in literature. He never, in his most representative works, soared very high nor probed very deep. But he was a gifted writer in varied fields, whose influence was salutary, and who will always have a secure place in that particular corner of the Pantheon devoted to authors just below stellar rank.

MANAGING HUSBANDS

From the Fourth 'Dialogue,' Volume xxvii., Collected Works

JUNO — O my dear Livia, I am the unhappiest woman in the world!

Livia — Never had I expected to hear such a word from the lips of the queen of gods and men!

Juno — How, Livia? Do you too hold the common error that happiness is the inseparable property of high station? — when we

should deem ourselves lucky could we exchange our position, with all its prerogatives, for that of the modest joy of a poor shepherdess who is reconciled to her lot!

Livia — Since I was first among the mortals, I do not remember ever to have been so dissatisfied with my lot as to wish to exchange it for a humbler one.

Juno — Then you must have a tenderer, or at least a more courteous and agreeable, husband than I have.

Livia — I should be making ridiculous pretensions did I not count myself happy. In the three-and-fifty years of our union, Augustus has never given me a single cause to doubt that I hold the first place in his heart.

Juno — I can't by any means make the same boast with respect to my husband, Livia. Who doesn't know, since that gossipy old Homer let out all our marriage secrets so shamefully, with how little consideration and delicacy I have been treated by Jupiter; how rudely he addresses me in the presence of the other gods; what sort of names I must put up with from him; and how he appears to take an actual pleasure in reminding me on every occasion of misdeeds concerning which he ought to feel the greatest shame, if he were still capable of blushing!

. . . . . .

Livia — One cannot deny that men — with some few exceptions, perhaps — are in comparison with us a rough, untender, horrid sort of being. Without some tact, it is very difficult even for a goddess to have as much power over the most ordinary rude mortal as a wife must have over her husband in order to be tolerably contented.

Juno — If this be the case, Livia, I should like very much to know how you managed to have such firm control of a husband like Augustus, who was so jealous of his privileges, so mistrustful and cautious, and withal so hot and hasty in his passions.

Livia — Nothing can be simpler at bottom. I made him believe, so long as he lived, that I had no other will than his; and yet I managed to bring about just the contrary: he thought he ruled me, and I ruled him. In all matters concerning which I was indifferent, and that he laid stress upon, I did exactly according to his taste and whim: I was always just as he wished and believed the wife of Augustus should be. My obligingness in such things was boundless. So far from bothering him with jealousy, I appeared not to have the slightest suspicion of his love affairs, . . . and by virtue of a sympathy of which he

had not the least doubt, brought it about that the ladies who had the most charm for him were always the very ones whom I preferred, and with whom I was on the best footing. Through this utter indifference as to his little secrets, I gained the advantage that he had no others from me; and while I left him in the delusion that he deceived me on this point, I could be all the surer that he deceived me in no others, and in everything touching his rule, his family, and his political relations did naught without my counsel, and made no decision I had not led him to; but in such manner that he ever believed he was following his own head, when really he was the tool of mine. By this craft (to give it its proper name) I profited, in that he was as little jealous of my intelligence as I was of his love escapades; and when I had won this, all was won. . . .

Juno — You are a woman after my own heart, Julia Augusta! We must get better acquainted with one another. But I doubt if, with the Titanic blood that runs in my veins, I should ever be pliant enough to make use of the hint you have given me.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Richard Burton.

THE DEITIES DEPOSED

The Sixth of 'The Dialogues of the Gods,' Volume xxvii. of 'Collected Works'

[The gods, while banqueting in Olympus, are startled by the tidings brought by Mercury, that they have been deposed as deities by the Romans. They talk it over in council, and Jupiter points out that their case admits of consolation.

Characters — Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Minerva, Venus, Bacchus, Vesta, Ceres, Victoria, Quirinus, Serapis, Momus, and Mercury.

Jupiter and Juno, with the other dwellers in Olympus, sit in an open hall of the Olympus Palace, at divers great tables. Ganymede and Antinous serve nectar to the gods, Hebe to the goddesses. The Muses make table music, the Graces and the Hours dance pantomimic dances, and Jocus arouses the blessed gods to loud laughter from time to time by his caricatures and buffooneries. When the merriment is at its height, Mercury, in hot haste, comes flying in.]

JUPITER — You are late, my child, as you see. What news do you bring us from below there?

Venus [*to Bacchus*] — He appears to bring something unpleasant. How disturbed he looks!

Mercury — The latest news I bring is not very much calculated to increase the jollity which I see reigning here.

Jupiter — At all events, your manner isn't, Mercury. What can have happened so bad as to have disturbed the gods in their joy?

Quirinus — Has an earthquake overthrown the Capitol?

Mercury — That would be a small matter.

Ceres — Has a more violent eruption of Ætna devastated my beautiful Sicily?

Bacchus — Or an untimely frost nipped the vineyards of the Campagna?

Mercury — Trifles, trifles!

Jupiter — Now out with your grievous story, then!

Mercury — It is nothing more than — [*He pauses.*]

Jupiter — Don't make me impatient, Hermes! What is nothing more than — ?

Mercury — Nothing, Jupiter, except that, upon a motion made by the Emperor in his own person in the Senate, you have been formally deposed by a decided majority.

[*The gods all arise from the tables in great agitation.*]

Jupiter [*who alone remains seated, laughing*] — Nothing but that? I have foreseen it for a long while.

All the Gods [*together*] — Jupiter deposed! Is it possible? Jupiter!

Juno — You talk nonsense, Mercury. Æsculapius, feel of his pulse!

The Gods — Jupiter deposed!

Mercury — Just as I say: formally, and with solemnity, declared by a great majority of votes to be a man of straw — What do I say? A man of straw is something. Less than a man of straw, a mere nothing; robbed of your temple, your priests, your dignities as the highest protector of the Roman realm!

Hercules — It's a mad piece of news, Mercury; but as true as I am Hercules [*he swings his club*], they shan't have done it to me in vain!

Jupiter — Be quiet, Hercules! So, then, has Jupiter Optimus Maximus, Capitolinus, Feretrius, Stator, Lapis, etc., played out his part?

Mercury — Your statue is overthrown, and they are in the very act of destroying your temple. The same tragedy is being played in all the provinces and corners of the Roman kingdom.

Everywhere hosts of goat-bearded brutes rush about with torches, battering-rams, hammers, hatchets, and axes, and in a fanatic rage lay waste the honored objects of the ancient faith of the folk.

Serapis — Alas, what will happen to my stately temple at Alexandria and my splendid colossal statue! If the Theban desert belches forth only half of its holy hermit wood-devils, everything's up.

Momus — Oh, you don't need to worry, Serapis. Who would undertake to lay hands on your image, when at Alexandria it is an understood thing that at the least despite offered it by an impious hand, heaven and earth would fall in fragments, and all nature sink back into old chaos?

Quirinus — But one can't always depend upon stories of that kind, my good Serapis. It might happen with you as it did with the massive golden statue of the goddess Anaitis at Zela, concerning which it was believed that the first person who seized on it would be stricken to the ground by a thunderbolt.

Serapis — And what happened to this statue?

Quirinus — When the triumvir Antony defeated the Phœnicians at Zela, the city together with the temple of Anaitis was plundered, and nobody could say where the massive golden goddess had got to. It chanced that some years after, Augustus was passing the night at Bononia with a veteran of Antony's. The Emperor was sumptuously entertained; and as the talk at table fell on the battle of Zela and the plundering of the temple of Anaitis, he asked his host as an eye-witness, whether it was true that the first who laid a hand on her had been suddenly stricken dead to the earth. "You see that foolhardy one before you," replied the veteran; "and you are in fact eating off the leg of the goddess. I had the fortune to conquer her first. Anaitis is a very good sort of person, and I acknowledge gratefully that I owe to her all my wealth."

Serapis — You give me poor consolation, Quirinus. If things are going in the world as Mercury declares, I can promise my colossus at Alexandria no better fate. It is simply shocking that Jupiter can regard such outrageous things so coolly!

Jupiter — You will do well, Serapis, if you can manage to do the same. You have enjoyed long enough the honor of being reverenced from East to West,— you, a mere god from the Pontus; and you certainly can't desire that it should fare better

with your temples than with mine, or that your colossus should last longer than the godlike master-work of Phidias. If we all topple over, you would not wish to be the only one who remains upright?

Momus — Ho, ho, Jupiter, where have you left your renowned thunderbolt, that you take your downfall so mildly?

Jupiter — If I were not what I am, I would answer you with one of them for this silly question, you noodle!

Quirinus [*to Mercury*] — You must tell me once more, Mercury, if I am to believe you. My flamen superseded? my temple closed? my feast no longer celebrated? and the enervated, slavish, heartless Quirites have sunk to this degree of unthankfulness towards their founder?

Mercury — I should be deceiving you if I gave you any other information.

Victoria — I don't need to ask what is happening to my altar and my statue in the Julian Curia. It is so long now since the Romans have learned the art of conquest, that I find nothing more natural than that they cannot any longer endure the presence of my picture. At every glance which they throw upon it, it must be to them a reproach for their shameful degeneration. With the Romans, whose name has become a byword among the barbarians which only blood can wash away, Victoria has nothing more to do.

Vesta — Under these circumstances they will certainly not allow the holy fire in my temple to burn any longer! Heavens, what will be the fate of my poor virgins!

Mercury — Oh, not a hair of their heads will be touched, honored Vesta! They will be allowed to die of hunger in perfect peace.

Quirinus — How times change! Once it was a shocking misfortune for the whole Roman world, if the holy fire on the altar of Vesta went out —

Mercury — And now there would be more to-do made if the profane fire in some Roman cook-shop went out than if the vestals had allowed theirs to be extinguished twice a week.

Quirinus — But who, then, in the future shall be the patron of war at Rome in my place?

Mercury — St. Peter with his double key has assumed to himself this duty.

Quirinus — St. Peter with his double key? Who is he?

Mercury — I don't know myself exactly; ask Apollo,— perhaps he can give you more points about it.

Apollo — He's a man, Quirinus, who, in his successors, shall rule half the world eight hundred years on end, although he himself was only a poor fisherman.

Quirinus — What? The world will let itself be ruled by fishermen?

Apollo — By a certain kind of fishermen, at least: fishers of men, who, in a very cunning kind of fish-net called decretals, shall little by little catch all the nations and princes of Europe. Their commands shall be esteemed as oracles of the gods, and a piece of sheepskin or paper sealed with St. Peter's fisherman's ring will have the power to seat and unseat kings.

Quirinus — This St. Peter of the double key must be a mighty magician!

Apollo — No less than that! As you ought to have known long ago, all the strange and wonderful things in the world occur quite naturally in this way. The avalanche which shakes down a whole village was at first a little snowball, and the flood that shatters a great ship is at its source a purling mountain spring. Why should not the successors of the Galilean fishermen in a few centuries be able to become lords of Rome, and arrange a new religion, of which they constitute themselves high priests, and with the aid of brand-new ethics and politics, which they know how to build upon it, finally be masters for a while of half the world? Didn't you yourself herd the flocks of the King of Alba, before you made yourself the head of all the bandits in Latium, and patched together the little robbers' nest that finally became the capital city and queen of the world? St. Peter, to be sure, in his life cut no great figure; but he shall see the time when kaisers shall hold the stirrups of his successors, and queens shall humbly kiss their feet.

Quirinus — What doesn't one go through, when one is immortal!

Apollo — It needs a good deal of time, perhaps, and not a little craft also, in order to bring fishermen so far; but then the fish will be stupid enough who let themselves be caught by them.

Quirinus — In the mean time, here we are all together deposed, aren't we?

Mercury — That's the way things stand.

Various Gods—Better not be immortal than experience such things!

Jupiter—My dear sons, uncles, nephews, one and all! I see that you take this little revolution, which I have quietly seen coming for a long while, in a more tragic way than the affair is worth. Take your seats, if you will, and let us speak calmly and undisturbed of these things, over a glass of nectar. Everything in nature has its time. Everything changes; and so it is with the notions of men. They are always changing with their circumstances; and when we remember what a difference fifty years make between grandson and grandfather, it will not appear strange to us that the world seems to acquire within a thousand years or so, imperceptibly, an entirely new aspect. For at bottom it is only appearance: it remains, under whatever other masks and names, always the same comedy. The silly people down there have occupied themselves long enough with superstitions about us; and if some among you fancied they were advantaged by it, I must tell them that they were wrong. Mankind ought not to be envied if they finally become wiser. By heavens, it is none too soon!

But that is not to be thought about for the time being. Indeed, they always flatter themselves that the last foolishness of which they get knowledge will be the last which they shall commit. The hope of better times is their eternal chimera, by which they will ever keep on deceiving themselves again and yet again; because they will never realize that not the time, but their own inborn wretched foolishness, is the reason why it will never be better with them. For it is indeed their lot to get pure enjoyment out of nothing good; and only to exchange one folly with which they have finally become weary, as children with a worn-out doll, for another with which for the most part they fare worse than they did with the former one. This time it actually seemed as if they were winners by the exchange, but I knew about it too well not to foresee that they wouldn't get help in this way; for indeed if Wisdom herself should come down to them in person, and wish to dwell visibly among them, they would not stop bedecking her with feathers and furbelows, with baubles and bells, until they had made a fool out of her.

Believe me, gods, the triumphal song which they at this moment are raising on account of the famous victory they have won over our defenseless statues, is for posterity a raven-cry

foreboding ill fortune. They think to better themselves, but they may go further and fare worse. They are weary of us, they wish to have nothing more to do with us; but so much the worse for them! We don't need them. If their priests declare us to be impure and evil spirits, and assure the simple-minded folk that our dwelling is an eternally flaming pool of sulphur, what harm does that do to you or me? What matters it to us what ideas only half-developed earth-creatures have of us, or in what relation they stand to us, or whether they smoke us with a loathsome mixture of sacrificial stink and incense, or with brimstone of hell? Neither the one nor the other rises up to us. They don't know us, you say, now that they wish to withdraw themselves from our government. Did they know us any better when they served us? What the poor people call their religion is only their affair after all, not ours. They alone have to lose or win by it, when they direct their manner of life wisely or the reverse. And their descendants too, when they once feel the results of the unwise decrees of their Valentinians, their Gratiani, and their Theodosii, will find cause enough to rue the rash measures which have heaped together upon their dizzy heads a flood of new and unendurable evils, whereof the world, so long as it was subject to the old belief or superstition, had no conception.

It would be another thing if they actually bettered themselves by this new arrangement. Who among us could or would take it evil of them? But it is just the contrary! They are like a man who in order to drive away a small trouble with which he might be able to live as long as Tithonus, endures ten others which are ten times worse. Thus, for example, they raise a great outcry against our priests, because they fed the people, that is everywhere superstitious and will ever so remain, with delusions from which the State derives just as much profit as do they themselves. Will their priests improve matters? At this moment they are founding a superstition which will avail no one but themselves, and instead of strengthening the political situation, will cast into confusion and destroy all human and civil relations; a superstition which will lie like lead in their brains, shut out every sane conception of natural and moral things, and under the color of a chimerical perfection, will poison in the bud the humanity in each and every man. When one has said the worst that can be said with truth concerning the superstition which up till now has befooled the world, one must at least concede that

it was far more humane, blameless, and beneficent, than the new faith which one has put in its stead. Our priests were always more harmless people than these to whom they must now yield. Those enjoyed their station and their revenues in peace, were on good terms with every one, and attacked no man's belief; but these are arrogant and impatient, persecute each other with the fiercest anger on account of a mere insignificant play on words, decide by a majority of votes what one must think of unthinkable things, how one must speak of unspeakable things, and reckon all who think and speak otherwise as enemies of God and man. For the priests of the gods to come into collision with the civic power or otherwise disturb the peace of the State, before they were interfered with by these raging iconoclasts, has scarcely been heard of in a thousand years; the new priesthood, on the contrary, since its party has been popular, has not ceased to throw the world into confusion. So far their pontiffs work in secret; but in a short time they will seize on the sceptres of kings, set themselves up as viceroys of God, and under this title assume a hitherto unheard-of power over heaven and earth.

If it be true that our priests were (as was right) no very zealous patrons of philosophy, yet at least they were not its declared enemies; for they feared nothing from it, under the protection of the law. Least of all did they conceive of drawing the thoughts and ideas of men under their jurisdiction, or wish to hinder their currency in society. Those others, on the contrary,—who so long as they were the weaker party, made so much of having reason on their side, and in any attack from us always placed it to the fore,—since now it would only be a hindrance to them in their wider operations, say good-by to it, and will not rest until they make it all dark around them, until they take away from the people all means of enlightenment, and have condemned the free use of natural judgment as the first of all sins. Formerly, when they themselves still depended upon alms, the well-being and comfortable manner of life of our priests was an abomination to them; now that they fare with full sails, the moderate incomes of our temples, which they have made themselves masters of, are much too small to satisfy the needs of their pride and their vanity. Already now their pontiffs at Rome—through the liberality of rich and foolish matrons whose dreamy sentimentality they know very well how to use, through the most shameless legacy-hunting, and a thousand

other tricks of this kind — put themselves in a position to surpass the first persons in the State in pomp, expenditure, and voluptuousness. But all these springs, although grown to streams through ever new tributaries, will not satisfy these insatiable ones: they will find a thousand ways never heard of before to levy upon the simpleness of men untutored and beguiled; even the sins of the world will they transform through their magic art to golden fountains; and to make them yield the more, they will think up a monstrous multitude of new sins, of which the Theophrastuses and the Epictetuses had never a suspicion.

Wherefore do I say all this? What does it matter to us what these people do, or don't do, and how well or ill they shall administer their new government over the sick souls of men nerveless and stunted through lust and slavery? Even the deceivers are themselves deceived: they too know not what they do; but we who see clear in all this — it befits us to treat them with forbearance as sick and insane, and in the future to show them as much kindness as their own unreason will give us opportunity. Poor unfortunates! Whom do they harm but themselves, when they of their own free will rob themselves of the beneficent influence whereby Athens has become the school of wisdom and of art, and Rome the law-bearer and regent of the earth? through which influence both cities reach a grade of culture to which not even the better descendants of these barbarians, who now have it in mind to divide among themselves the lands and riches of these effeminate Greeks and Romans, will ever be able to raise themselves again. For what shall be the fate of men from whom the Muses and Graces, philosophy, and all the beauty-breeding arts of life and of a finer enjoyment of life, together with the gods their begetters and guardians, have withdrawn themselves? I foresee at a glance all the evil that will come flooding in in the place of the good; all the unformed, the warped, the monstrous, and the misshapen, that these fanatic destroyers of beauty will pile up on the ashes and fragments of the works of genius — and I sicken at the loathsome sight. Away with it! For so sure as I am Jupiter Olympius it shall not be so forever, although centuries shall pass by before mankind reaches the deepest depths of its downfall, and still more centuries before, with our help, it shall again rear itself above the mire. The time shall come when they shall seek us again, call upon us for aid once more, and confess that without us they

have no power; the time shall come, when, with unwearying labor, they shall once more draw out of the dirt, or dig up from its deep bed of mold and rubbish, every shattered or disfigured relic of the works which under our influence sprang from the soul and the hands of our darlings of art; and shall weary themselves in vain by an affected enthusiasm, to imitate those wonders of true inspiration and the very afflatus of divine power.

Apollo — Surely shall it come, Jupiter, that time! I see it as if it stood before me in the full splendor of the present. Again shall they set up our images, gaze upon them astonished, with a thrill of feeling and of reverent admiration, take them as models for their idols, which in those barbaric hands had become ugly, and — oh what a triumph! their pontiffs shall be proud to build for us, under another name, the most splendid temple!

Jupiter [*with a great beaker full of nectar in his hand*] — Here's to the future! [*To Minerva.*] My daughter, here's to the time when you shall see all Europe changed into a new Athens, filled with academies and lyceums, and shall hear the voices of Philosophy from the midst of the German forest sound forth perchance freer and clearer than aforetime from the halls of Athens and Alexandria.

Minerva [*shaking her head a little*] — I am glad, Father Jupiter, to see you in such good courage at this present juncture; but you must pardon me if I believe as little in a new Athens as I do in a new Olympus.

Quirinus [*to Mercury*] — That Peter with the double key, who is to be my successor — I can't get him out of my head, Mercury. How is it with this key? Is it actual or figurative, a natural or a magic key? Where did he get it, and what will he open with it?

Mercury — All that I can tell you about it, Quirinus, is, that with this key he unlocks for whom he will the gates of heaven or of hell.

Quirinus — He may unlock hell for whom he will, for all me; but heaven! — that's another story.

Mercury — In fact, they have arranged to people heaven with such a great multitude of gods of their own coinage that there won't be any room left for us old ones.

Jupiter — Let me look out for that, Hermes! Our temples and landed properties on earth they could very easily get away from us, but we have been established in Olympus too long to

be supplanted. For the rest, as a proof of our perfect impartiality, we will grant to the new Romans, in spite of their insolence, the right of apotheosis under the same conditions as before. According to what I hear, most of their candidates who lay claim to this promotion are not persons of the best society. We will, therefore, with St. Peter's permission, before we let anybody in, undertake to give him a little examination. If it turns out that in respect of his other qualifications and services he can uphold his place among us, no objection shall be made to him on account of the golden circle around his head; and Momus himself shall not reproach him with the miracles which one works with his bones or his outfit of clothes.

Juno — You can do as you like about the men-persons, but I shall have the ladies forbidden.

Venus — They say there are some very pretty ones among them.

Jupiter — We will talk about that when the case comes up. And now — not a word more of disagreeables! A fresh beaker, Antinoüs.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'
by Richard Burton

WILHELMINE VON BAYREUTH

(1709–1758)

THE memoirs of Wilhelmine of Bayreuth are possessed of a twofold interest: not only do they throw light upon a strange period of Prussian history; they reveal the character of one of the most remarkable women of the eighteenth century,—a woman of modern intellect, whose warm humanity could not be disguised or suppressed by the artificiality and pettiness of court life. Her autobiography is less like truth than fiction, in its detailed account of this environment, so outlandish and inhuman is its central overshadowing figure,—her father, Frederick William I. of Prussia. The acts of this half-insane sovereign and of his weak wife, and the effect which they produced upon the sensitive natures of Wilhelmine and her brother Frederick, are here told with a vividness which only the actual sufferer could infuse into the narrative.

Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine, the eldest daughter of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and of Sophie Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England, was born in Berlin on the 3d of July, 1709. Three years later a brother was born, Frederick the crown prince, known in history as Frederick the Great. Between Wilhelmine and this brother there existed the strongest affection; founded upon mutual sympathy of character, upon community of tastes, and cemented by the suffering inflicted upon them both by a most unnatural father, who was incapable of appreciating the fine quality of their temperaments. Wilhelmine's autobiography is woven about this brother and herself, as the only two in a numerous family possessing the primal elements of a family bond,—affection and understanding. Her love for him was the light of her life. His for her seems to have been no less real, if more variable. They grew up as they could, sharing a frightful paternal tyranny from which they were never free. Their inexplicable father did everything but murder them outright; their weak mother, in whom ambition was the ruling passion, made their lives a burden to them by her plans for their marriages. The autobiography is one long record of the sufferings of the royal family through the conduct of its heads.

It was through her mother's plans for a double marriage, however, that Wilhelmine's severest trials were brought about. From the childhood of herself and her brother, schemes had been set afoot for their marriages with their royal English cousins, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Amelia. Both marriages were destined never to

take place; but for years the queen mother carried on plots and intrigues in the interest of this her pet ambition. These were frustrated, however, by the house of Hapsburg, which feared the strength such a close alliance with England would impart to Prussia. Wilhelmine has left a most striking record of this long-drawn-out time of trouble and of persecution.

She herself was to make a happy marriage, though by it she forever alienated her mother. She became the wife of the Margrave of Bayreuth: a union which had been urged upon her as a political necessity, but which proved to be fortunate; for her husband was a man of pleasing character, who at once won her love and esteem. After her marriage she was comparatively happy; as happy as a person of her high endowments and strong character could be in a petty German court,—a hot-bed of jealousies and intrigues. At Bayreuth, however, she formed a circle of men and women of culture and intellectual aspirations. Like her brother she was abreast of the most advanced thought of the time, a disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire, hospitable to the new forces in religious and social life. She was not destined, however, to wield her beneficial influence long. Her many hardships, her many illnesses induced by these hardships, had weakened a naturally strong constitution. She died on the 15th of October, 1758, aged only forty-nine years. The shadow of her death stretched across the remaining years of her brother Frederick's life.

Her autobiography is one of the most remarkable records of its kind. It is a succession of pictures from which the colors have not faded. A wonderful common-sense inspires it from the beginning to the end, tempered moreover with strong human passions and prejudices. By reason of the life which is in it, it is of more value than many histories, and is valuable most of all as a revelation of character.

VISIT OF PETER THE GREAT TO FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST

I HAVE, in the preceding year, forgotten to mention the arrival in Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. This episode is curious enough to be worthy of a place in my memoirs. This sovereign, who was very fond of traveling, was on his way from Holland, and was obliged to make a stay in the province of Cleves. As he disliked both society and formalities, he begged the King to let him occupy a villa on the outskirts of Berlin which belonged to the Queen. This villa was a pretty little building, and had been beautifully arranged by the Queen.

It contained a gallery decorated with china; all the rooms had most beautiful looking-glasses. The house was really a little gem, and fully deserved its name, "Monbijou." The garden was lovely; and its beauty was enhanced by its being close to the river.

To prevent any damage,—as these Russian gentlemen are noted for not being particular or over-careful,—the Queen had the whole house cleared out, and removed everything that might get broken. A few days afterward the Emperor and Empress and their suite arrived by water at Monbijou.

The King and Queen received them on the banks of the river. The King gave the Czarina his hand to help her to land. As soon as the Emperor had landed, he shook hands with the King and said, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you." He then approached the Queen, wishing to embrace her, which she however declined. The Czarina then kissed my mother's hand repeatedly; afterwards presenting to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, who accompanied them, and four hundred so-called ladies. These were, for the most part, German maids,—ladies'-maids and cooks, who fulfilled the duties of ladies-in-waiting. The Queen did not feel inclined to bow to these; and indeed she treated the Czarina and the princesses of the blood with great coldness and haughtiness, and the King had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to be civil to them. I saw this curious court the next day, when the Czar and Czarina came to visit the Queen. She received them in the state rooms of the castle, met them at the entrance of these rooms, and led the Empress to her audience chamber.

The King and the Emperor followed behind. As soon as the Emperor saw me, he recognized me,—having seen me five years ago,—took me up in his arms and kissed me all over my face. I boxed his ears, and made frantic efforts to get away from him, saying he had insulted me. This delighted him, and made him laugh heartily. They had told me beforehand what I was to say to him, so I spoke to him of his fleet and his victories. He was so pleased that he said he would willingly sacrifice one of his provinces to have such a child as I was. The Czarina too made much of me. The Queen and the Czarina sat on arm-chairs under a canopy, and I stood near my mother, the princesses of the blood standing opposite.

The Czarina was small, broad, and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity of appearance. You had only to look at her to

detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with some dirty-looking silver embroidery; the bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen orders; and round the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule. The orders too made a great noise, knocking against each other.

The Czar, on the other hand, was tall and well grown, with a handsome face; but his expression was coarse, and impressed one with fear. He wore a simple sailor's dress. His wife, who spoke German very badly, called her court jester to her aid, and spoke Russian with her. This poor creature was a Princess Gallizin, who had been obliged to undertake this sorry office to save her life; as she had been mixed up in a conspiracy against the Czar, and had twice been flogged with the knout!

At last we sat down to dinner, the Czar sitting near the Queen. It is well known that this sovereign had been poisoned when a young man; and that his nerves had never recovered from it, so that he was constantly seized with convulsions over which he had no control. He was suddenly seized with one of these attacks whilst he was dining, and frightened the Queen so much that she several times tried to get up and leave the table. After a while the Czar grew calmer, and begged the Queen to have no fear, as he would not hurt her. Then taking her hand in his, he pressed it so tightly that she screamed for mercy; at which he laughed, saying that she had much more delicate bones than his Catherine. A ball had been arranged after dinner; but he stole quietly away, and returned on foot to Monbijou.

The following day he visited all the sights of Berlin, amongst others the very curious collection of coins and antiques. Among these last named was a statue representing a heathen god. It was anything but attractive, but was the most valuable in the collection. The Czar admired it very much, and insisted on the Czarina kissing it. On her refusing, he said to her in bad German that she should lose her head if she did not at once obey him. Terrified at the Czar's anger, she immediately complied with his orders without the least hesitation. The Czar asked the King to give him this and other statues, a request which he could not refuse. The same thing happened about a cupboard inlaid

with amber. It was the only one of its kind, and had cost King Frederick I. an enormous sum; and the consternation was general on its having to be sent to Petersburg.

This barbarous court happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monbijou, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed, so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house.

PICTURES OF COURT LIFE

A new epoch began with the year 1729. M. de Lamotte, an officer in the Hanoverian service, and a near relation of Von Sastot, one of my mother's chamberlains, came to Berlin. He suddenly arrived at Sastot's, quite secretly, one day. "I am the bearer of a most important confidential message," he said. "You must hide me somewhere in your house, that my arrival may remain unknown, and you must manage that one of my letters reaches the King." Sastot promised him all he asked, and then inquired if his business were good or evil. "It will be good if people can hold their tongues, but if they gossip it will be evil. However, as I know you are discreet, and as I require your help in obtaining an interview with the Queen, I must confide all to you. The Prince of Wales intends being here in three weeks at the latest. He means to escape secretly from Hanover, brave his father's anger, and marry the princess. He has intrusted me with the whole affair; and has sent me here to find out if his arrival would be agreeable to the King and Queen, and if they are still anxious for this marriage. If she is capable of keeping a secret, and has no suspicious people about her, will you undertake to speak to the Queen on the subject? Yet before doing so, and in order to run no risk, you had better first consult with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, of whose discretion I am sure. She will be your guide."

That very same evening Sastot appeared as usual in the apartments of the Queen, who was not holding receptions. He called Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld on one side, and told her all that had passed between him and Lamotte: and added that he had not been able to speak unreservedly with him about the affair, as he was afraid of telling this good news to the Queen; because he knew quite well that she would at once confide it all to that

wretched Ramen, who would immediately communicate it to Seckendorf and his creatures.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was much perturbed; but after having well considered the question, decided that Sastot should speak with the Queen. The joy this news caused her is easily to be imagined. She at once communicated them to Countess Finkenstein, and my lady-in-waiting, who both implored her to keep them secret. I was just then very ill. I had had a bad fainting-fit, followed by violent fever, which confined me to my bed. The Queen desired Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to prepare me by degrees for this happy event, of which she then wished to speak to me herself.

The next morning Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld came to drink her tea by my bedside. "I cannot think what has come to Sastot," she said: "he dances about, sings, and is full of nonsense; and says it is all because he is so delighted at some good news he has heard, which he will however tell nobody."

"Perhaps he has taken too much," I said, "and this makes him so merry."

"Oh no," she replied: "he declares the good news concerns you!"

"Good God!" I cried: "what good news can I expect in the position in which I am placed, and how can Sastot have anything to do with it?"

"But," continued Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "supposing he had received the news direct from the Prince of Wales himself?"

"Well, would that be such great happiness?"

"Your Royal Highness is very sinful," she replied; "and you will be punished for it, if you so despise a prince who risks everything for your sake. What do you want? Do you wish to fade and pine away, or do you wish to marry that delightful Prince of Weissenfels?"

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld would have endured anything that this marriage might be accomplished: it was the only point on which we differed, and we had often had arguments on the subject. I now laughed at her speech, without taking much heed of it. I thought that the Prince of Wales had most probably given an assurance similar to that which my brother had given the Queen of England, and that this had caused Sastot's high spirits. When the Queen herself came to me with this pleasant piece of news, however, I felt in a very different mood. I

remained dumb, and could not utter a word. My mother thought it the result of my satisfaction at the news. "I shall at length see you happy and my wishes realized at the same time;—how much joy at once!" I kissed her hands, which I covered with tears. "You are crying," she exclaimed: "what is the matter?" I would not disturb her happiness, so I answered, "The thought of leaving you distresses me more than all the crowns of the world could delight me." The Queen was only the more tender towards me in consequence, and then left me. I loved this dear mother truly, and had only spoken the truth to her. She left me in a terrible state of mind. I was cruelly torn between my affection for her and my repugnance to the Prince of Wales; but I determined to leave all to Providence, who would direct my ways.

That same evening the Queen held a reception. As bad luck would have it, the English envoy came to it, and began at once to tell her all the news he had received from his court. The conversation grew livelier and livelier; and without reflecting on the consequences, the Queen confided to him the whole of the Prince of Wales's project. M. de Bourguait, with intense surprise, asked her if it were all true. "Certainly," she replied; "and to show you how true it is, he has sent Lamotte here, who has already informed the King of everything."

"Oh, why does your Majesty tell me this? I am wretched, for I must prevent it." Greatly frightened, my mother asked him why he must do so. "Because I am my sovereign's envoy; because my office requires of me that I should inform him of so important a matter. I shall send off a messenger to England this very evening. Would to God I had known nothing of all this!" The Queen's prayers and entreaties were all of no avail; for he left her, to dispatch the messenger. My mother's consternation was indescribable! She was in utter despair. Countess Finkenstein came the next morning and told me all that had happened. The only means we had in our power of preventing greater misfortune was to endeavor to keep it all from the King. At the end of a week the King came to Berlin to receive the Prince of Wales. He had had a secret interview with Lamotte, after which the long ardently desired arrival of the Prince was daily expected. But this joy was doomed to be turned to sorrow. A courier brought the news that at the express command of his father, the Prince of Wales had suddenly left Hanover for

England. This news fell on the King and Queen like a thunderbolt.

But it is time that I should now unravel this mystery. The English nation were most anxious for the Prince of Wales's presence in England, and had incessantly begged the King to grant it. The King, on the other hand, did not feel at all inclined to do so; as he feared he might suffer in personal consideration, and that the Prince's arrival in England would raise an opposition against him which might lead to disturbances. In order to have some plausible reason against his presence in England, the King had himself written to the Prince, suggesting his going to Berlin and marrying me. This step he intended to use afterwards to bring about a rupture with the Prince, by which means he could keep him several years longer at Hanover. The Prince, who ardently desired the alliance with me, was only too delighted to obey his father's wishes. The sudden arrival of Bourguait's messenger spoilt everything. This messenger was sent to the Secretary of State. Nothing remained to the King, who was anxious that no suspicion should be aroused in England, but to desire the Prince to return. Poor Lamotte became the innocent victim of all this. He had to spend two years in the fortress of Hameln, and was obliged to leave the Hanoverian service. He afterwards entered the Prussian army, where he still commands a regiment.

My father was greatly incensed at again finding himself duped by England. He returned to Potsdam soon after this affair was settled, and we shortly followed him.

Immediately after our arrival my father had a violent attack of gout, which troubled him for some time. This illness, added to his displeasure at his disappointed hopes, made his temper unbearable. I was called nothing else by him but the "English *canaille*," and he ill-treated me and my brother in a shocking manner. We were not allowed to leave him for one single moment during the whole day. We took all our meals near his bedside; and to torment us still more, he let us have only those things to eat for which we had an absolute dislike. But good or bad, we were obliged to swallow them down, and run the risk of being ill for the rest of the day. Not a single day passed without some unfortunate occurrence, and we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some unhappy being who was being tormented. The King was of too impatient a nature to remain long in bed, so he sat in an arm-chair in which he had himself wheeled about

the castle. He held a crutch in each hand to support himself, and we followed this triumphal car like wretched prisoners expecting their sentence.

On one occasion, when his temper was more than usually bad, he told the Queen that he had received letters from Anspach, in which the margrave announced his arrival at Berlin for the beginning of May. He was coming there for the purpose of marrying my sister; and one of his ministers would arrive previously with the betrothal ring. My father asked my sister whether she were pleased at this prospect, and how she would arrange her household. Now my sister had always made a point of telling him whatever came into her head, even the greatest home-truths, and he had never taken her outspokenness amiss. On this occasion, therefore, relying on former experience, she answered him as follows: "When I have a house of my own I shall take care to have a well-appointed dinner-table,—better than yours is; and if I have any children of my own I shall not plague them as you do yours, and force them to eat things they thoroughly dislike!"

"What is amiss with my dinner-table?" the King inquired, getting very red in the face.

"You ask what is the matter with it," my sister replied: "there is not enough on it for us to eat, and what there is is cabbage and carrots, which we detest."

Her first answer had already angered my father, but now he gave vent to his fury. But instead of punishing my sister he poured it all on my mother, my brother, and myself. To begin with, he threw his plate at my brother's head, who would have been struck had he not got out of the way; a second one he threw at me, which I also happily escaped; then torrents of abuse followed these first signs of hostility. He reproached the Queen with having brought up her children so badly. "You will curse your mother," he said to my brother, "for having made you such a good-for-nothing creature. A man was once condemned to death in Carthage for various crimes," he continued, "and as he was being led to the place of execution, he asked to be allowed to speak to his mother. Whilst pretending to whisper to her, he bit a piece out of her ear; saying at the same time, 'I treat you like this, that you may serve as an example to all mothers that do not bring up their children virtuously.' You can do the same," my father continued, still addressing himself to my

brother; and with this remark he let himself be wheeled away in his chair. As my brother and I passed near him to leave the room, he hit out at us with his crutch. Happily we escaped the blow, for it would certainly have struck us down; and we at last escaped without harm from the room. I had been so upset by this scene that I trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down to avoid fainting. My mother, who came after us, comforted us as best she could, and endeavored to persuade us to return to the King. We were, however, not the least inclined to do this: the scene with the plates and the crutch had frightened us too much. At length we were obliged to do so, and we found the King conversing quietly with his officers.

I felt quite ill nevertheless, and fainted away in the Queen's room. My mother's maid exclaimed, on seeing me, "Good gracious, your Royal Highness, what is the matter? you look dreadful!" I looked in the glass, and saw that my face and neck were covered with red spots. I told her I had been very much agitated, and that this was the result. I fainted again several times. The red spots disappeared as soon as I was in the cold air, appearing again in the heat of the room. I was obliged to keep about as best I could, as I was unable to get to bed. That night I was attacked by violent fever, which left me so weak next morning that I was obliged to ask my mother to excuse me from coming to her. She sent me word that dead or alive I must go to her. I then sent word that I had a rash which made it impossible. She however repeated her command, and I was carried into her room, where I went from one fainting-fit into another. In this condition I was dragged to the King. My sister, seeing that I was ready to give up the ghost, said to the King, "I beseech you, dear father, let my sister return to her room: she has fever, and cannot even stand." The King asked me if this were true. "You look very ill," he said, "but I will cure you;" and he forced me to drink a whole goblet full of very strong old Rhine wine. My rash had gone in, and I was fighting with death. I had no sooner drunk the wine than I began to be delirious, and begged my mother to have me taken to my room. This she granted on condition that I would leave it again in the evening.

I laid myself down without taking off my head-dress; but no sooner was I in bed than the violence of the fever deprived me of my reason. The doctor who was called in pronounced me

to be suffering from an inflammatory fever, and gave me three remedies not at all suitable to my present illness. From time to time I recovered consciousness, and then I prayed that God would take me to himself. Amidst bitter tears I said to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "The many sufferings I have been through have made me indifferent to this world, and now Providence will grant me the highest bliss. I am the cause of all my mother's and brother's sorrows: my death will put an end to these. If I die, promise me to say two things in my name to the King: first that I beg he will restore me his affections, and secondly, implore him to be kinder towards my mother and my brother." I lay for thirty-six hours between life and death, and at last small-pox declared itself.

The King had never once inquired after me since the commencement of my illness. As soon, however, as he heard the nature of my complaint, he sent his court surgeon to find out if I really had small-pox. This rude personage said many unkind things to me in the King's name, besides being most repulsive in his own behavior. At any other time this would have provoked my anger, but I was now far too ill to notice his insolence. Upon the doctor's confirming the statement that I had the small-pox, I was put into quarantine. All communication with my rooms was cut off, and nobody about the King and Queen was allowed to come near me. I felt that I was being treated like a plague-stricken creature. My governess and my maid were the only attendants I had. Though I lay in an icy cold room, deserted by the whole world, I had the comfort of my brother's visits. He had had the small-pox, and came daily to spend with me what spare time he had. The Queen sent incessantly to inquire after me, but was not allowed to see me. For nine days I was as ill as I could be. All the symptoms seemed to point towards a fatal termination, and those who saw me thought I should be marked for life. I escaped death, however, and not a trace remained of this fearful malady.

Meanwhile M. von Bremer, who had been sent by the Margrave of Anspach, arrived at Berlin. My sister's betrothal by proxy then took place, the ceremony being of the simplest description. The King had got rid of his gout and of his bad temper, preserving the latter towards me alone. That charming Holzendorf never entered my room without bringing me some disagreeable message from him. This bad man was in the very

highest favor, and everybody bowed before him. He used his advantages, however, to do as much harm as he could, particularly to the Queen, my brother, and myself. He was Seckendorf's creature; and that says volumes.

My father was now kinder towards my brother, but merely because he thought it politic to be so; and because Grumkow, into whose hands he had completely fallen, advised him to be so. Count Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein were in Grumkow's way, and prevented his carrying out his plans. They were therefore to be got rid of, under the pretext that my brother no longer required governors. He persuaded the King to agree to their discharge, and succeeded. The two governors were dismissed in an honorable manner, both of them receiving a good pension for their services. They were replaced by two officers who had not the slightest power over my brother. The one was Colonel Rochow, the other M. von Kaiserling. The former, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs, was no genius; and the other, while exceedingly clever, had no religion of any kind. He had read a great deal, and boasted of being somewhat of a poet. It will be easily understood that my brother infinitely preferred Kaiserling to Rochow. The former's love of science and learning made him a very agreeable companion. They had not long been together before the conversation turned on religious subjects. Kaiserling raised doubts in my brother's mind. These doubts were, as I shall hereafter show, indelibly strengthened by another person.

My brother came to me every day, and we occupied ourselves in reading and writing. I remember well how we read Scarron's comic novel, and made satires from it applicable to the King's *entourage*. We called Grumkow, La Rancune; the Margrave of Schwedt, who had reappeared with his pretensions, Saldague; Seckendorf, La Rapinière. We did not even spare the King; but I must not say which part we assigned to him. We showed our performance to the Queen, who was greatly amused at it. I fear we deserved a severe reprimand. Children ought never to lose sight of the respect and honor they owe their parents. I have reproached myself a thousand times since, for acting so much against this precept. Our youth, and the approval our efforts at authorship met with, must to some extent be our excuse.

Madame de Bouvillon was not forgotten in our satirical novel: we gave her name to the Queen's mistress of the robes, whom

we thought she resembled. We often joked in her presence about it, so that she became curious to know who this Madame de Bouvillon was. I told her that the Queen of Spain's "Camerera Majors" were called so, and they all had to be of this family. Six weeks after this, at one of the Queen's receptions, the conversation turned on the Spanish court; and my mother's mistress of robes thought she could not do better to show the world how much she knew about it than by saying that all "Camerera Majors" were of the family of Bouvillon. Everybody laughed, and she found out that she had been taken in. After inquiring further, and being made acquainted with the story of the heroine to whom I had given the rank of "Camerera Major," she perceived at once that I had made fun of her, and was so extremely angry that I had the greatest trouble in appeasing her. I was very fond of her, and knew her worth; and what I had done was done to amuse the Queen. Since then I have left off turning people into ridicule: it is wiser to find fault with one's self. How easily the faults of others are perceived by us! whilst to our own we are blind. But I must return to my story.

As the Margrave of Anspach was expected in a week, and as neither he nor my sister had had the small-pox, I was sent away from Potsdam. Before my departure I went to see the King, but my mother would not allow me to remain long with him. He was generally so unkind to me that, as I had not yet quite recovered my strength, the Queen was afraid the agitation would be bad for me. . . .

My sister's wedding took place amidst great pomp and rejoicing. She took her departure with her husband a fortnight afterwards, and I was then set at liberty.

We did not remain long in Berlin, but joined the King at Wusterhausen, where the quarrels began afresh. Not a day passed without some scene or other. The King's anger against my brother and myself reached such a pitch that, with the exception of the hours for our meals, we were banished both from his presence and the Queen's. He scarcely allowed us the necessaries of life, and we were tormented with hunger from morning till night. Our only food was coffee and milk; and during dinner and supper time we were honored with epithets anything but pleasing. Of an afternoon we went secretly to see the Queen; and whilst we were with her she always had her spies watching to inform her in good time of the King's approach.

One day whilst we were with her, she had not, through some carelessness or other, had early enough notice of my father's return. There was only one door to the room in which we were, so that we had to make up our minds at once what to do. My brother hid himself in a cupboard, and I slipped under my mother's bed. We had scarcely had time to do so before the King entered the room. He was unfortunately very tired, sat down, and went to sleep for two hours. I was in a most uncomfortable position, and nearly smothered hiding under that low bed. I peeped out from time to time to discover if the King was still asleep. Anybody who had witnessed this occurrence must have laughed.

At last the King woke up, and left the room; we crept from our hiding-places, and implored the Queen never to expose us to a similar "comedy" again. I often begged the Queen to allow me to write to the King, asking him the reason of his anger against me, and begging his forgiveness. She would not let me do so, however. She said it would be of no use: "Your father would only grant you his favor on condition that you married either the Margrave of Schwedt or the Duke of Weissenfels." I quite saw the force of these arguments, and had to submit.

A few peaceful days followed these storms, but alas, only to make way for still worse. The King went to Libnow, where he met the King of Poland and his son. In spite of all the difficulties that had been placed in his way, my father still hoped to arrange a marriage between me and the King of Poland. The Crown Prince of Poland persistently turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of both sovereigns, and was not to be induced to sign the marriage contract. My father, finding himself forced to give up this plan, deemed it right at once to solemnly betroth me, during the King of Poland's visit, to the Duke of Weissenfels. On his return to Wusterhausen, my father passed through the small town of Dam, which belonged to this prince, and stopped there a few days. During his absence we had remained at Wusterhausen, and consequently enjoyed some peace and quiet: but this all came to an end as soon as the King returned. He never saw my brother without threatening him with his stick; and this latter often said to me that he would respectfully bear all ill treatment save blows, but that if it came to these he would run away.

MARY E. WILKINS

(1855?–)

Some of the most artistic and pleasing fiction by the younger school of American writers has been that dealing with the rural types of New England. Half a century ago, Sylvester Judd in his 'Margaret' revealed the possibilities of this field. With increasing skill and carefulness of observation it has been cultivated since by capable native authors. A pioneer like Mrs. Stowe has been followed in later days by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Slosson, Miss Jewett, and Miss Wilkins; and the depiction of New England character has been fruitful for literature.

Mary E. Wilkins

Mary E. Wilkins, of the younger school, has been markedly popular and successful. She began in the 1880's to publish unpretentious magazine stories, not striking enough to make a sensation, and hence not attracting general attention until gathered into book form. But they revealed an intimate knowledge of the poetry, humor, and pathos of the life of plain country folk, a deep though not obtrusive sympathy with their every-day lot. The plot with Miss Wilkins is little; the analysis of character, the picture of a bit of human nature, much,—everything, indeed. She has come naturally into a first-hand acquaintance with the people and scenes she elects to represent. Born in the little Massachusetts village of Randolph, Miss Wilkins was educated at that typical New England institution, Mt. Holyoke Seminary. For a time she lived at Brattleboro, Vermont; but in 1883 returned to her native town, which has since been her headquarters. Thus she has been able to study long and closely the New England men and women—the latter in especial—who throng her pages. Old maids in the pale virginal round of their days; children with their homely little doings and very actual pleasures and heart-aches; day laborers with their touches of uncouth chivalry; almshouse inmates sunning themselves in memories of bygone better times; weather-worn farmers and their work-worn wives; girls love-smitten, whose drama is none the less dramatic because expressed in

dubious grammar,—such are the folk of her creation. The idyls and tragedies of the rustic community—a world in little—are writ large in her sketches; the New England traits are caught unerringly.

In spite of the strong work she has recently done in full-length fiction, Miss Wilkins's art and talent are at the happiest in some of the short tales to be found in such collections as 'A Humble Romance,' 'A New England Nun,' and 'Young Lucretia.' The first volume—'The Adventure of Ann,' in 1886—was an earnest of much short-story fiction which has been recognized both in the United States and England as distinguished and interesting work. In 1893 the play 'Giles Corey, Yeoman,' a graphic portrayal of colonial times, indicated a desire to present life more romantically and objectively; and the novels 'Jane Field' (1893), 'Pembroke' (1894), 'Madelon' (1895), and 'Jerome: A Poor Man' (1897) bore further attestation to this change in method. There is in these stories more interest of incident, and a definite attempt to paint more broadly, presenting life in its more spectacular aspects. Plain country people are still her subject-matter. The construction of this later fiction has grown steadily firmer; and it may be that eventually Miss Wilkins's most powerful writing will be cast in this mold,—though this is hardly the case at present.

Mary E. Wilkins, then, may be described as a realist increasingly leaning towards romanticism. She has declared her two favorite heroes to be Jean Valjean in 'Les Misérables,' and Thackeray's Colonel Newcome; her favorite novel and play to be Hugo's story named above, and Shakespeare's 'King Lear.' The choice is significant as indicating one who would appear to sympathize with the romantic treatment and view of life. Miss Wilkins's most mature work shows this tendency plainly; and indeed, in the best and most typical of her earlier short tales, their charm comes from something more than faithfulness in transcription. They have a delicate ideality, an imaginative suggestiveness, and a selective presentation of the inner life of thought and feeling, which is to most human beings the realest and most important part of existence. And these qualities in the author remove her entirely from the category of those whose sole stock-in-trade is a hard, narrow, vulgar insistence on so-called fact.

THE REVOLT OF «MOTHER»

From 'A New England Nun, and Other Stories.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

«FATHER!»

«What is it?»

«What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?»

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

«Father!»

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

«Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know.»

«I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs,» the old man said then. He ran his words together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

But the woman understood: it was her most native tongue. «I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field,» said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth: but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse and started forth from the barn.

«*Father!*» said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn! You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, jouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after him; then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out-buildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"What are they digging for, mother?" said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for — a cellar for a new barn."

"O mother, he ain't goin' to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in a smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

"Sammy, did you know father was going to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy!"

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair. "Yes, I s'pose I did," he said reluctantly.

"How long have you known it?" asked his mother.

"'Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"Didn't think 'twould do no good."

"I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl in her sweet, slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of a gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl-papers.

She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered muscles.

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is he goin' to buy more cows?" said she. The boy did not reply: he was tying his shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf, and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in the hips, that made his loose home-made jacket tilt up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there.. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many this mornin'."

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water; the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's going to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You 'a'n't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You 'a'n't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out; an' then you'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care: I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here, after all. The roof don't leak — 'a'n't never but once — that's one thing. Father's kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlor."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I 'a'n't complained either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better,—a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing-bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter, who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked; her soft, milk-white hands showed whiter than her delicate work.

"We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long," said Mrs. Penn. "Talk about not havin' things! it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove-pipe out there."

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince-pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie

between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul,—the digging of the cellar of the new barn where Adoniram, forty years ago, had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly; then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking soft sly lopes out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.

"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," said he. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl-papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

When Nanny was gone Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to see you jest a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to helped me. You hadn't ought to let him go to school so early."

"I want to see you jest a minute."

"I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother."

"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was

that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, father," said she: "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"I want to know what you're buildin' that new barn for, father?"

"I 'a'n't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell ye, I 'a'n't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

"I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here,"—Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman,—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have sence I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I 'a'n't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room here, father: you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls. We 'a'n't had no new paper on it for ten year, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but ninepence a roll. You see this room, father: it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband 'a'n't got half the means you have, but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card table. An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between.

"There, father," said she,—"there's all the room I've had to sleep in, forty year. All my children were born there,—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'. I was sick with a fever there."

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into the small, ill-lighted pantry. "Here," said she, "is all the buttery I've got,—every place I've got for my dishes, to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk-pans in. Father, I've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give me more to do in it."

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father," said she, "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers, that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in, all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one than Nanny, an' that's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so good as your horse's stall; it ain't so warm and tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," said she, "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you wouldn't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty year now, an' you've been makin' more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I 'a'n't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I 'a'n't complained; I've got along forty year, an' I s'pose I should forty more, if it wa'n't for that: if we don't have another house, Nanny she can't live with us after she's married. She'll have to go somewheres else to live away from us; an' it don't seem as if I could have it so, noways, father. She wa'n't ever strong. She's got considerable color,

but there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so, noways, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning, her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos: but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram arose clumsily.

"Father, 'a'n't you got nothin' to say?" said Mrs. Penn.

"I've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?"

"I 'a'n't got nothin' to say."

Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts: she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needlework. She had taken down her curl-papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," said she.

"What say?"

"I've been thinking — I don't see how we're goin' to have any — wedding in this room. I'd be ashamed to have his folks come, if we didn't have anybody else."

"Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongin's."

"We might have the wedding in the new barn," said Nanny with gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin'," said she.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dump-cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman charioteer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.

It seemed to her all through the spring months that she heard nothing but the halloos, and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt-bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her; although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said confidentially to Sammy one day.

Sammy only grunted, after an odd fashion for a boy: he had learned it from his father.

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post-office," said he, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"

"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off, there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.

"I dun' know but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin'; but the ten-acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse round here to suit me, nohow; an' I've got to have another for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."

"I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn calmly.

She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes, on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving-water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "*If* them cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn," said he; "an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there."

"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door-step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.

She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding-day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

"Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?" she asked.

"A little."

Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guide-posts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.

"S'posin' I *had* wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry,—"s'posin' I had wrote, an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I didn't, an' father's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a providence." Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.

"Nothin'."

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed — "stop!"

The men stopped and looked; Sammy upreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.

"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn: put it in the old one."

"Why, he said to put it in here," returned one of the haymakers wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.

"Don't you put the hay in the new barn: there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.

Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said wonderingly.

"It's all right," replied her mother.

Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.

"I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father's gone," said his mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread-an'-milk an' pie I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

"What you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pie.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up-stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."

"O mother, what for?" gasped Nanny.

"You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother, which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all their little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years; and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up-stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.

At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn, all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over; women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handled the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' it's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course, if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled: he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country, 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose.

The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty year. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways; an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down? How is Mis' Hersey?"

"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.

He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators; but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Towards sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed,

and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. "What on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.

"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed,—there's the wash-basin,—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother!"

Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table.

Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.

And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door; and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah went out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved: he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll — put up the — partitions, an' — everything you — want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on 't as all this comes to."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

(1806–1867)

WILLIS was an American who in tentative literary days, when the native author had to appeal mostly to British readers, lent dignity and attraction to the profession of literature in his land. A man of social gifts and graces, important as editor and critic, a graceful, pleasing writer of both prose and verse, he was in his time a power in the native development of letters. One feels now, in reading his works, that in his rôle of man of the world he sacrificed still higher possibilities of accomplishment.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

Nathaniel Parker Willis was a Maine boy; born in Portland, also Longfellow's birthplace, January 20th, 1806. He was the son of an editor who founded the Boston Recorder, and the Youth's Companion of the same city; and studied at the Boston Latin School, and at Phillips Academy (Andover) preparatory to Yale, where he was graduated in 1827. Willis gave evidence of marked literary gift in college, winning the $50 prize offered for the best poem. Some of his most popular Biblical pieces were composed while he was a student. A brilliant future was predicted for the handsome, winning young collegian. He contributed verse to his father's newspaper, the Boston Recorder, edited two annuals for S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), and by 1829 had founded and begun to edit the American Monthly, afterwards the New York Mirror, which in association with George P. Morris he also edited. These were the first of many newspaper and editorial connections, among which may be noted his editorship of the New York Home Journal, a position held until his death.

Willis's life was a busy and varied one: he made numerous European trips, moved in polite circles, and saw the people worth seeing. Many of his pleasant travel books and tourist chronicles sprang from these experiences. The majority of them partake somewhat of the character of high-class journalism. In the case of those which describe, with Willis's characteristic sprightly, picturesque touch, his

meetings with persons of interest in the foreign world of thought, letters, and society, the writer performs a real service; for these pen portraits of celebrities now bygone are both enjoyable and valuable to the social historian. Other writings — like the very charming 'Letters From Under a Bridge,' describing his summer home Glenmary, at Owego, N. Y. — mingle humor, wisdom, and literary grace, and reveal the deeper, more subjective side of the man: they have high value as felicitous essay-writing. The following additional prose books may be mentioned: 'Pencillings by the Way,' 'Inklings of Adventure' (1836), 'Loiterings of Travel' (1840), 'People I Have Met' (1850), 'Hurry-graphs' (1851), 'A Health Trip to the Tropics' (1854), 'Famous Persons and Places' (1854), 'The Convalescent, His Rambles and Adventures' (1859).

As a poet, Willis makes the impression of a skilled verse-maker, who wrote agreeable poetry, and now and then did a thing showing him capable of finer work than the body of his production contains. His poem to the departing Seniors at Yale had a command of technique, a seriousness and ideality, remarkable for so young a writer. In his subsequent career he paid the inevitable penalty of a worldly life: he failed of his potential highest. But a few of his lyrics, herewith printed, have a grace, a purity of sentiment, and effectiveness of diction, which keep them deservedly in the American anthology of song. Willis's talent too for the narrative and dramatic was decided: his range was wider than the lyric. In the sacred poems there is an eloquence of expression, an imaginative sweep, that have given this work of an immature hand popularity in the poet's own day and since. Willis in his youth was reared in a most religious atmosphere, and his poems reflect the influence. They are sincere utterances, flushed with youth, and not seldom beautiful. Whether as poet or essayist, Willis had popular qualities that brought him ample recognition, and that, judged more critically at this present time, are seen to possess some of the main requisites of good literature. There was a good deal below his literary dandyism.

In 1853, Willis purchased the estate of Idlewild, near Newburg on the Hudson, and here he lived during his final years, dying there in 1867, — his death, by a coincidence, falling upon his birthday, January 20th.

WHEN TOM MOORE SANG

From 'Pencillings by the Way'

"MR. MOORE!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshiping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite; and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward); and to every one he said something which from any one else would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced; the Russian handed down "miladi"; and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is paneled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he sits tall; and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears. . . .

Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language; and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word "gentlemanly" describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key; but if I may so phrase it, it is fused with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his sobriquet of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gayety; which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencilings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enameled on his cheek, —the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the upper lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates,—everything but feels. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worldling.

This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for with her vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee: and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This

introduced music very naturally; and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equaled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon; and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered, by chance, to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat round the piano; and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When First I Met Thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

DAVID AND ABSALOM

THE pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air; as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him; and the jeweled hilt,

Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.—
A slow step startled him! He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered,—and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,—
Like a rich harpstring,—yearning to caress thee;
And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung:
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

DEDICATION HYMN

THE perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood—
The sea—the sky—and "all was good";
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands—
A humbler temple, made with hands.

ANDRÉ'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now:
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live—
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

THE BELFRY PIGEON

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;

There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred;
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmèd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread like thee the crowded street:
But unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar;
Or at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop forgetful to thy nest.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

THE shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air:

And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true;
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

DAWN

«*That* line I learned not in the old sad song.» — CHARLES LAMB.

THROW up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,

Like the small tribute of humility.
I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air; and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive, who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.
Oh! could we wake from sorrow; were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn;
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers,—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

ASPIRATION

Extract from a poem delivered at the departure of the Senior Class of Yale College, in 1827

We shall go forth together. There will come
Alike the day of trial unto all,
And the rude world will buffet us alike.
Temptation hath a music for all ears;
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent:
But when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The flow
Of lifetime is a graduated scale;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
A standard measuring its worth for heaven.
The pathway to the grave may be the same;
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low
With his bowed head shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and Death
With his cold hand shall make no difference;
And there will be no precedence of power,

In waking at the coming trump of God:
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters: but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! «for in the grave there is no work,
And no device.» Press on, while yet ye may!

THE ELMS OF NEW HAVEN

Extracts from a poem delivered before the Linonian Society of Yale College

The leaves we knew
Are gone these many summers, and the winds
Have scattered them all roughly through the world;
But still, in calm and venerable strength,

The old stems lift their burthens up to heaven,
And the young leaves, to the same pleasant tune,
Drink in the light, and strengthen, and grow fair.
The shadows have the same cool, emerald air;
And prodigal as ever is the breeze,
Distributing the verdure's temperate balm.
The trees are sweet to us. The outcry strong
Of the long-wandering and returning heart,
Is for the thing least changed. A stone unturned
Is sweeter than a strange or altered face;
A tree that flings its shadow as of yore
Will make the blood stir sometimes, when the words
Of a long-looked-for lip fall icy cold.
Ye who in this Academy of shade
Dreamt out the scholar's dream, and then away
On troubled seas went voyaging with Care,
But hail to-day the well-remembered haven,—
Ye who at memory's trumpet-call have stayed
The struggling foot of life, the warring hand,
And, weary of the strife, come back to see
The green tent where your harness was put on,—
Say, when you trod the shadowy street this morn,
Leapt not your heart up to the glorious trees?
Say, was it only to *my* sleep they came—
The angels, who to these remembered trees
Brought me back, ever? I have come, in dream,
From many a far land, many a brighter sky,
And trod these dappled shadows till the morn.
From every Gothic isle my heart fled home;
From every groinèd roof, and pointed arch,
To find its type in emerald beauty here.
The moon we worshiped through this trembling veil,
In other heavens seemed garish and unclad.
The stars that burned to us through whispering leaves,
Stood cold and silently in other skies.
Stiller seemed alway here the holy dawn
Hushed by the breathless silence of the trees:
And who that ever, on a Sabbath morn,
Sent through this leafy roof a prayer to heaven,
And when the sweet bells burst upon the air,
Saw the leaves quiver, and the flecks of light
Leap like caressing angels to the feet
Of the church-going multitude, but felt
That here God's day was holier — that the trees,

Pierced by these shining spires, and echoing ever
"To prayer!" "To prayer!" were but the lofty roof
Of an unhewn cathedral, in whose choirs
Breezes and storm-winds, and the many birds
Joined in the varied anthem; and that so,
Resting their breasts upon these bending limbs,
Closer and readier to our need they lay,—
The spirits who keep watch 'twixt us and heaven.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF THE CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS AT YALE COLLEGE

YE'VE gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there,
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all:
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
Oh, had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, that flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On, now,—his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said;
On to his burial, comrades, on,
With the noblest of the dead!

Slow, for it presses heavily,—
It is a man ye bear!
Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades! we have laid
His dark locks on his brow;
Like life—save deeper light and shade:
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly; for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull,—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done,
Your feet are on his sod,
Death's chain is on your champion,—
He waiteth here his God.
Ay, turn and weep: 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here,
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry;
Your vine is a nest for flies;
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady;
His foot's an invisible thing;
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

ALEXANDER WILSON

(1766–1813)

BY SPENCER TROTTER

Love of nature is a deep-planted human instinct that finds expression in the literature of every people. It is the same vital interest that runs alike through the lines of the poet's verse and the glowing prose narrative of the naturalist. The poet and the naturalist are often united in the same individual; and it takes only some circumstance of environment to throw the balance in favor of one or the other of these faculties.

Alexander Wilson

Alexander Wilson, the Paisley Weaver, was a poet, who through force of circumstances became the "Father of American Ornithology." He was only "one of the minor stars in the heaven of Scotland's Makers." Not to be named with Ramsay, or Burns, or Nicoll, he yet holds a place with Tannahill and Nicholson, William Tennant, and other of the lesser poets.

Wilson was born of honest though lowly parents, on the 6th of July, 1766, in the town of Paisley, Scotland. During his childhood his father thought to fit him for a learned profession; and accordingly he was placed with a Mr. Barlas, a student of divinity, whose influence undoubtedly developed in the lad a love for things literary. His mother's death, his father's second marriage and increasing family, prevented the furtherance of his studies; and by his own request he was, at the age of thirteen, bound as a weaver apprentice to William Duncan of Paisley. Later we find him a journeyman weaver, but all the while brooding over his inability to lead a life of study. He indulged his fancy in frequent rambles through the woodlands, and along the banks of the Calder, in the delights of which his poetic nature found a solace. Many poems and fugitive verses written about this time are full of the rustic scenes and the life of the simple folk among whom he dwelt. For a time he worked at the loom again with a Mr. Brodie,

a man of some attainment in learning, whose friendly influence confirmed Wilson's love for study. During these years he wandered over the country, gun in hand, and acquired that habit of accurate observation which went far toward his future career as the Pioneer Ornithologist of America.

Discouraged with his failure to succeed at home, the poet-weaver embarked for the New World, and arrived at New Castle, Delaware, in July 1794. The vicissitudes of the new life threw Wilson into various occupations,— peddler, copper-plate printer, and schoolmaster. It was while teaching at Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, that he formed the lifelong friendship with William Bartram the botanist, whose beautiful garden home stood near by on the western bank of the Schuylkill. The love of birds, which had always been a source of delight to Wilson, was fostered by this friendship; and the naturalist side of his nature was awakened.

Through the advice and encouragement of his friend Lawson the engraver, he learned to draw, though past his fortieth year; and the making of an American Ornithology became the passion of his life. The shadow of melancholy that so persistently followed him was largely dispelled by his enthusiasm in the pursuit of this new study. Across the mountains; navigating the Ohio in a small boat; wandering alone through the wilderness of forest and swamp; sleeping under the stars or in the rude cabin of the settler,— the first American ornithologist sought, studied, and drew the birds of the Western World. Some of his letters descriptive of the wild frontier read like a romance. Many a hitherto unknown bird was described and portrayed through his indefatigable zeal. Before the completion of his last volume Wilson fell ill, as a result of exposure in the pursuit of some rare bird, and died at Philadelphia, August 23d, 1813. His remains lie in the church-yard of Gloria Dei,— Old Swede's Church,— Philadelphia. His work is his monument.

Wilson's life and writings will always appeal to the general reader. Even to the ornithologist, the personality of the man and the vitality of his work are the chief charms. The poem on the 'Fish-Hawk' is full of the strong, fresh breeze and local color of the beaches, and that on 'The Bluebird'— "Wilson's Bluebird"— breathes of the free, open air of the country-side.

THE BLUEBIRD

From 'American Ornithology'

THE usual spring and summer song of the bluebird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings; and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the robin-redbreast of Britain; and had he the brown-olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarreling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country; and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready-fitted and rent-free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall (that is, in the month of October) his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow, many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us, but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the bluebird; and so universally is he esteemed that I have often regretted that no pastoral Muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and to endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin-redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader I hope will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:
Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair;
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure:
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from the webs, where they riot and welter:
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is — in summer a shelter.

The plowman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet, simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow, —
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow;
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, — serene, dewy, warm, —
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given, —

Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be:
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

The bluebird, in summer and fall, is fond of frequenting open pasture-fields; and there, perching on the stalks of the great mullein, to look out for passing insects. A whole family of them are often seen thus situated, as if receiving lessons of dexterity from their more expert parents, who can espy a beetle crawling among the grass at a considerable distance; and after feeding on it, instantly resume their former position. But whoever informed Dr. Latham that "This bird is never seen on trees, though it makes its nest in the holes of them," might as well have said that the Americans are never seen in the streets, though they build their houses by the sides of them. For what is there in the construction of the feet and claws of this bird to prevent it from perching? Or what sight more common to an inhabitant of this country than the bluebird perched on the top of a peach or apple tree; or among the branches of those reverend broad-armed chestnut trees, that stand alone in the middle of our fields, bleached by the rains and blasts of ages?

THE WILD PIGEON

From 'American Ornithology'

This remarkable bird merits a distinguished place in the annals of our feathered tribes,—a claim to which I shall endeavor to do justice; and though it would be impossible, in the bounds allotted to this account, to relate all I have seen and heard of this species, yet no circumstance shall be omitted with which I am acquainted (however extraordinary some of these may appear) that may tend to illustrate its history.

The wild pigeon of the United States inhabits a wide and extensive region of North America on this side of the Great Stony Mountains; beyond which, to the westward, I have not heard of their being seen. According to Mr. Hutchins, they abound in the country round Hudson's Bay, where they usually remain as late as December; feeding, when the ground is covered with snow, on the buds of juniper. They spread over the whole of Canada; were seen by Captain Lewis and his party near the

Great Falls of the Missouri, upwards of 2,500 miles from its mouth, reckoning the meanderings of the river; were also met with in the interior of Louisiana by Colonel Pike; and extended their range as far south as the Gulf of Mexico; occasionally visiting or breeding in almost every quarter of the United States.

But the most remarkable characteristic of these birds is their associating together — both in their migrations, and also during the period of incubation — in such prodigious numbers as almost to surpass belief; and which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribes on the face of the earth, with which naturalists are acquainted.

These migrations appear to be undertaken rather in quest of food than merely to avoid the cold of the climate: since we find them lingering in the northern regions, around Hudson's Bay, so late as December; and since their appearance is so casual and irregular, sometimes not visiting certain districts for several years in any considerable numbers, while at other times they are innumerable. I have witnessed these migrations in the Genesee country, often in Pennsylvania, and also in various parts of Virginia, with amazement; but all that I had then seen of them were mere straggling parties when compared with the congregated millions which I have since beheld in our western forests, — in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and the Indiana Territory. These fertile and extensive regions abound with the nutritious beech-nut, which constitutes the chief food of the wild pigeon. In seasons when these nuts are abundant, corresponding multitudes of pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometimes happens that having consumed the whole produce of the beech-trees in an extensive district, they discover another, at the distance perhaps of sixty or eighty miles; to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day or in the evening to their place of general rendezvous, — or as it is usually called, the roosting-place. These roosting-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe.

The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out, where for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance.

When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distances visit them in the night, with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks, and load their horses with them. By the Indians, a pigeon roost or breeding-place is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that season; and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion. The breeding-place differs from the former in its greater extent. In the western countries above mentioned, these are generally in beech woods, and often extend in nearly a straight line across the country for a great way. Not far from Shelbyville in the State of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction, was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent! In this tract, almost every tree was furnished with nests, wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the 25th of May.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils,—many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families,—and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab-pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber: for now the axemen were at work, cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner

that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees, upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing *one* young only; a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves; while the clothes of those engaged in traversing the woods were completely covered with the excrements of the pigeons.

These circumstances were related to me by many of the most respectable part of the community in that quarter; and were confirmed, in part, by what I myself witnessed. I passed for several miles through this same breeding-place, where every tree was spotted with nests, the remains of those above described. In many instances, I counted upwards of ninety nests on a single tree; but the pigeons had abandoned this place for another, sixty or eighty miles off towards Green River, where they were said at that time to be equally numerous. From the great numbers that were constantly passing overhead to or from that quarter, I had no doubt of the truth of this statement. The mast had been chiefly consumed in Kentucky; and the pigeons, every morning a little before sunrise, set out for the Indiana Territory, the nearest part of which was about sixty miles distant. Many of these returned before ten o'clock; and the great body generally appeared, on their return, a little after noon.

I had left the public road to visit the remains of the breeding-place near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with my gun on my way to Frankfort, when about one o'clock, the pigeons, which I had observed flying the greater part of the morning northerly, began to return in such immense numbers as I never before had witnessed. Coming to an opening by the side of a creek called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity at a height beyond gunshot, in several strata deep; and so close together that could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye

could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seeming everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half-past one. I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity; and anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Kentucky River, at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them in large bodies, that continued to pass for six or eight minutes, and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same southeast direction till after six in the evening. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved, would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place; which, by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles. It was said to be in Green County, and that the young began to fly about the middle of March. On the 17th of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green River, I crossed this same breeding-place; where the nests, for more than three miles, spotted every tree: the leaves not being yet out, I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. A few bodies of pigeons lingered yet in different parts of the woods, the roaring of whose wings was heard in various quarters around me.

All accounts agree in stating that each nest contains only one young squab. These are so extremely fat that the Indians, and many of the whites, are accustomed to melt down the fat for domestic purposes, as a substitute for butter and lard. At the time they leave the nest they are nearly as heavy as the old ones; but become much leaner after they are turned out to shift for themselves.

It is universally asserted in the western countries that the pigeons, though they have only one young at a time, breed thrice, and sometimes four times, in the same season: the circumstances already mentioned render this highly probable. It is also worthy of observation that this takes place during that period when acorns, beech-nuts, etc., are scattered about in the greatest abundance, and mellowed by the frost. But they are not confined to these alone: buckwheat, hempseed, Indian corn, holly-berries,

hackberries, huckleberries, and many others, furnish them with abundance at almost all seasons. The acorns of the live-oak are also eagerly sought after by these birds; and rice has been frequently found in individuals killed many hundred miles to the northward of the nearest rice plantation. The vast quantity of mast which these multitudes consume is a serious loss to the bears, pigs, squirrels, and other dependents on the fruits of the forest. I have taken, from the crop of a single wild pigeon, a good handful of the kernels of beech-nuts, intermixed with acorns and chestnuts.

To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the numbers of that above mentioned, as seen in passing between Frankfort and the Indiana Territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth (and I believe it to have been much more), and that it moved at the rate of one mile in a minute,—four hours, the time it continued passing, would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three pigeons, the square yards in the whole space, multiplied by three, would give 2,230,272,000 pigeons!—an almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual amount. Computing each of these to consume half a pint of mast daily, the whole quantity at this rate would equal 17,424,000 bushels per day! Heaven has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight, and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth; otherwise they must have perished in the districts where they resided, or devoured up the whole productions of agriculture, as well as those of the forests.

A few observations on the mode of flight of these birds must not be omitted: The appearance of large detached bodies of them in air, and the various evolutions they display, are strikingly picturesque and interesting. In descending the Ohio by myself in the month of February, I often rested on my oars to contemplate their aerial manœuvres. A column eight or ten miles in length would appear from Kentucky, high in air, steering across to Indiana. The leaders of this great body would sometimes gradually vary their course, until it formed a large bend of more than a mile in diameter, those behind tracing the exact route of their predecessors. This would continue sometimes long after both extremities were beyond the reach of sight;

so that the whole, with its glittery undulations, marked a space on the face of the heavens resembling the windings of a vast and majestic river. When this bend became very great, the birds, as if sensible of the unnecessary circuitous course they were taking, suddenly changed their direction; so that what was in column before became an immense front, straightening all its indentures until it swept the heavens in one vast and infinitely extended line. Other lesser bodies also united with each other as they happened to approach, with such ease and elegance of evolution, forming new figures, and varying these as they united or separated, that I was never tired of contemplating them. Sometimes a hawk would make a sweep on a particular part of the column, from a great height, when almost as quick as lightning that part shot downwards out of the common track; but soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before. This inflection was continued by those behind, who on arriving at this point dived down almost perpendicularly to a great depth, and rising, followed the exact path of those that went before. As these vast bodies passed over the river near me, the surface of the water, which was before smooth as glass, appeared marked with innumerable dimples, occasioned by the dropping of their dung, resembling the commencement of a shower of large drops of rain or hail.

Happening to go ashore one charming afternoon to purchase some milk at a house that stood near the river, and while talking with the people within doors, I was suddenly struck with astonishment at a loud rushing roar, succeeded by instant darkness; which on the first moment I took for a tornado, about to overwhelm the house and everything around in destruction. The people, observing my surprise, coolly said, "It is only the pigeons;" and on running out, I beheld a flock thirty or forty yards in width sweeping along very low, between the house and the mountain or height that formed the second bank of the river. These continued passing for more than a quarter of an hour, and at length varied their bearing so as to pass over the mountain, behind which they disappeared before the rear came up.

In the Atlantic States, though they never appear in such unparalleled multitudes, they are sometimes very numerous; and great havoc is then made amongst them with the gun, the clap-net, and various other implements of destruction. As soon as it is ascertained in a town that the pigeons are flying numerously

in the neighborhood, the gunners rise *en masse;* the clap-nets are spread out on suitable situations, commonly on an open height in an old buckwheat field; four or five live pigeons, with their eyelids sewed up, are fastened on a movable stick; a small hut of branches is fitted up for the fowler, at the distance of forty or fifty yards; by the pulling of a string, the stick on which the pigeons rest is alternately elevated and depressed, which produces a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting; this being perceived by the passing flocks, they descend with great rapidity, and finding corn, buckwheat, etc., strewed about, begin to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the net. In this manner ten, twenty, and even thirty dozen have been caught at one sweep. Meantime the air is darkened with large bodies of them, moving in various directions; the woods also swarm with them in search of acorns; and the thundering of musketry is perpetual on all sides from morning to night. Wagon-loads of them are poured into market, where they sell from fifty to twenty-five, and even twelve cents, per dozen; and pigeons become the order of the day at dinner, breakfast, and supper, until the very name becomes sickening. When they have been kept alive, and fed for some time on corn and buckwheat, their flesh acquires great superiority; but in their common state they are dry and blackish, and far inferior to the full-grown young ones or squabs.

The nest of the wild pigeon is formed of a few dry slender twigs carelessly put together, and with so little concavity that the young one, when half grown, can easily be seen from below. The eggs are pure white. Great numbers of hawks, and sometimes the bald eagle himself, hover about those breeding-places, and seize the old or the young from the nest amidst the rising multitudes, and with the most daring effrontery. The young, when beginning to fly, confine themselves to the under part of the tall woods, where there is no brush, and where nuts and acorns are abundant, searching among the leaves for mast; and appear like a prodigious torrent rolling along through the woods, every one striving to be in the front. Vast numbers of them are shot while in this situation. A person told me that he once rode furiously into one of these rolling multitudes, and picked up thirteen pigeons which had been trampled to death by his horse's feet. In a few minutes they will beat the whole nuts from a tree with their wings, while all is a scramble both above and

below for the same. They have the same cooing notes common to domestic pigeons, but much less of their gesticulations. In some flocks you will find nothing but young ones, which are easily distinguishable by their motley dress. In others they will be mostly females; and again great multitudes of males with few or no females. I cannot account for this in any other way than that, during the time of incubation, the males are exclusively engaged in procuring food, both for themselves and their mates; and the young, being unable yet to undertake these extensive excursions, associate together accordingly. But even in winter I know of several species of birds who separate in this manner; particularly the red-winged starling, among whom thousands of old males may be found, with few or no young or females along with them.

Stragglers from these immense armies settle in almost every part of the country, particularly among the beech woods, and in the pine and hemlock woods of the eastern and northern parts of the continent. Mr. Pennant informs us that they breed near Moose Fort at Hudson's Bay, in N. lat. 51°; and I myself have seen the remains of a large breeding-place as far south as the country of the Chactaws, in lat. 32°. In the former of these places they are said to remain until December: from which circumstance it is evident that they are not regular in their migrations, like many other species, but rove about, as scarcity of food urges them. Every spring, however, as well as fall, more or less of them are seen in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; but it is only once in several years that they appear in such formidable bodies; and this commonly when the snows are heavy to the north, the winter here more than usually mild, and acorns, etc., abundant.

The passenger pigeon is sixteen inches long, and twenty-four inches in extent; bill, black; nostril, covered by a high rounding protuberance; eye, brilliant fiery orange; orbit, or space surrounding it, purplish flesh-colored skin; head, upper part of the neck, and chin, a fine slate-blue, lightest on the chin; throat, breast, and sides, as far as the thighs, a reddish hazel; lower part of the neck, and sides of the same, resplendent changeable gold, green, and purplish crimson,—the latter most predominant; the ground color slate; the plumage of this part is of a peculiar structure, ragged at the ends; belly and vent, white; lower part

of the breast, fading into a pale vinaceous red; thighs, the same; legs and feet, lake, seamed with white; back, rump, and tail coverts, dark slate, spotted on the shoulders with a few scattered marks of black; the scapulars, tinged with brown; greater coverts, light slate; primaries and secondaries, dull black, the former tipped and edged with brownish white; tail, long, and greatly cuneiform, all the feathers tapering towards the point, the two middle ones plain deep black, the other five on each side hoary white, lightest near the tips, deepening into bluish near the bases, where each is crossed on the inner vane with a broad spot of black, and nearer the root with another of ferruginous; primaries, edged with white; bastard wing, black.

The female is about half an inch shorter, and an inch less in extent; breast, cinereous brown; upper part of the neck, inclining to ash; the spot of changeable gold, green, and carmine, much less, and not so brilliant; tail coverts, brownish slate; naked orbits, slate-colored; in all other respects like the male in color, but less vivid, and more tinged with brown; the eye not so brilliant an orange. In both, the tail has only twelve feathers.

THE FISH-HAWK, OR OSPREY

The regular arrival of this noted bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen. With the following lines, illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history:—

> Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
> Bends to our northern clime his bright career,
> And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
> The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
> When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
> And day and night the equal hours divide:
> True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
> The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
> With broad unmoving wing, and circling slow,
> Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
> Sweeps down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
> And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well-known signals of his rough employ;
And as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:—

The Fisherman's Hymn

The osprey sails above the Sound,
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
The herring-shoals swarm thick around,
The nets are launched, the boats are plying.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,—
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She brings us fish — she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty;
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheep's-head and drum, and old-wives dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,—
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish she sails the sea,
And plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While slow the bending net we sweep,—
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

JOHN WILSON

(1785–1854)

JOHN WILSON was one of those men whose attractive and striking personality makes it difficult to disassociate them from their work. Of marked individuality and leonine presence, he was a large figure in the social and intellectual circles of Edinburgh, a power in the life as well as literature of his period. His faults were those of a big-souled man, who gave himself prodigally and covered too wide an area. As one of his editors, Mr. John Skelton, remarks, "he needed concentration. Had the tree been thoroughly pruned, the fruit would have been larger and richer." His merits, weighed now in the more impartial scales of a later day, are felt to be distinct. To express Christopher North in metaphor, one would call him a literary "Jupiter tonans." He possessed a sort of dynamic energy, and breathed out a wholesome atmosphere, as of the sea or hills. This influence was noticeable whether in the intercourse of society, the class-room lecture, or the breezy deliverances of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' as they appeared in Blackwood. The sheer animal spirits of those famous papers would alone carry them into favor; and they possess besides, abundance of wit and humor, of felicitous description and keen characterization, of wisdom and poetry. They constitute a solid monument to their writer, independent, in the main lines, of much that is local and temporary in the construction.

JOHN WILSON

John Wilson was the son of a rich manufacturer in Paisley, Scotland, where John was born May 18th, 1785. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, winning the Newdigate Prize for poetry there. His degree was secured in 1807. He bought soon thereafter an estate on Lake Windermere in the Westmoreland country, so rich in literary associations; and for some years was an intimate of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. It was in this

environment that his poem 'The Isle of Palms' was published, in 1812. He removed to Edinburgh in 1815, and was admitted to the bar. The next year appeared the dramatic poem 'The City of the Plague.' Blackwood's Magazine was founded in 1812, and Wilson became at once a valued contributor. The fact that he was elected in 1820 Professor of Morals at the university — defeating Sir William Hamilton, who was also a candidate — testifies to the high rating of him as man and scholar. From this throne Professor Wilson spoke or used his pen for many years.

A number of tales and sketches are aside from what brought him his more permanent reputation. Such are — 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life' (1822), 'The Trials of Margaret Lindsay' (1823), 'The Foresters' (1825), and the 'Essay on the Genius of Burns' (1841). More characteristic and hence more lasting are the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' contributed to the magazine from 1822 to 1835; the later series 'Dies Boreales, or Christopher Under Canvas' (1849–1852) not equaling the earlier in spontaneity or charm. It is not hard to understand the immediate popularity of the 'Noctes,' when at Ambrose's Edinburgh tavern, Mr. Tickler, the Ettrick Shepherd, Christopher North, and other rare good spirits drank their toddy into the wee small hours, and exchanged all manner of talk upon all manner of things. The three main personages are limned with a clear eye and much unction; and one of them at least, the Shepherd, is a true masterpiece in comedy creation. Wilson is open to the charge of being diffuse, and occasionally coarse, in the conductment of these sprightly dialogues; but these are but flies in the ointment.

In 1851 Professor Wilson resigned his seat in the university, and died three years afterward, April 3d, 1854. Professor Ferrier, his son-in-law, has edited his works in twelve volumes; and a 'Life' has been written by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. For purposes of convenience, the general reader is directed to 'The Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ'; an edition selected and arranged by Mr. John Skelton, presenting the 'Noctes' in a much condensed form, whereby that which is slighter, local, and least happy, is eliminated.

IN WHICH THE SHEPHERD AND TICKLER TAKE TO THE WATER

From 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'

Scene: Two Bathing-machines in the Sea at Portobello. Present: Shepherd, Tickler.

SHEPHERD — Halloo, Mr. Tickler, are you no ready yet, man? I've been a mother-naked man, in my machine here, for mair than ten minutes. Hae your pantaloons got entangled amang your heels, or are you saying your prayers afore you plunge?

Tickler — Both. These patent long drawers, too, are a confounded nuisance — and this patent short undershirt. There is no getting out of them without greater agility than is generally possessed by a man at my time of life.

Shepherd — Confound a' pawtents. As for mysel, I never wear drawers, but hae my breeks lined wi' flannen a' the year through; and as for thae wee short corded undershirts, that clasp you like ivy, I never hae had ane o' them on sin' last July, when I was forced to cut it aff my back and breast wi' a pair o' sheep-shears, after havin' tried in vain to get out o't every morning for twa months. But are ye no ready, sir? A man on the scaffold wadna be allowed sae lang time for preparation. The minister or the hangman wad be juggin' him to fling the handkerchief.

Tickler — Hanging, I hold, is a mere flea-bite —

Shepherd — What! tae dookin'? — Here goes.

[*The Shepherd plunges into the sea.*]

Tickler — What the devil has become of James? He is nowhere to be seen. That is but a gull — that only a seal — and that a mere pellock. James, James, James!

Shepherd [*emerging*] — Wha's that roarin'? Stop a wee till I get the saut water out o' my een, and my mouth, and my nose, and wring my hair a bit. Noo, where are you, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler — I think I shall put on my clothes again, James. The air is chill; and I see from your face that the water is as cold as ice.

Shepherd — Oh, man! but you're a desperate cooart. Think shame o' yoursel, stannin' naked there at the mouth o' the

machine, wi' the haill crew o' yon brig sailin' up the Firth lookin' at ye, ane after anither, frae cyuck to captain, through the telescope.

Tickler — James, on the sincerity of a shepherd and the faith of a Christian, lay your hand on your heart, and tell me, was not the shock tremendous? I thought you never would have reappeared.

Shepherd — The shock was naethin', nae mair than what a body feels when waukenin' suddenly durin' a sermon, or fa'in' ower a staircase in a dream. But I am aff to Inchkeith.

Tickler — Whizz.

[*Flings a somerset into the sea.*]

Shepherd — Ane — twa — three — four — five — sax — seven — aught — But there's nae need o' coontin', for nae pearl diver in the Straits o' Madagascar, or aff the coast o' Coromandel, can haud in his breath like Tickler. Weel, that's surprisin'. Yon chaise has gane about half a mile o' gate towards Portybelly sin' he gaed fizzin' out ower the lugs like a verra rocket. Safe us! what's this gruppin' me by the legs? A sherk — a sherk — a sherk!

Tickler [*yellowing to the surface*] — Blabla — blabla — bla —

Shepherd — He's keept soomin' aneath the water till he's sick; but every man for himsel', and God for us a' — I'm aff.

[*Shepherd stretches away to sea in the direction of Inchkeith, Tickler in pursuit.*]

Tickler — Every sinew, my dear James, like so much whipcord. I swim like a salmon.

Shepherd — O sir! that Lord Byron had but been alive the noo, what a sweepstakes!

Tickler — A Liverpool gentleman has undertaken, James, to swim four-and-twenty miles at a stretch. What are the odds?

Shepherd — Three to one on Saturn and Neptune. He'll get numm.

Tickler — James, I had no idea you were so rough on the back. You are a perfect otter.

Shepherd — Nae personality, Mr. Tickler, out at sea. I'll compare carcases wi' you ony day o' the year. Yet you're a gran' soomer — out o' the water at every stroke, neck, breast, shouthers, and half-way doun the back — after the fashion o' the great

American serpent. As for me, my style o' soomin's less showy — laigh and lown — less hurry, but mair speed. Come sir, I'll dive you for a jug o' toddy.

[*Tickler and Shepherd melt away like foam-bells in the sunshine.*]

Shepherd — Mr. Tickler!

Tickler — James!

Shepherd — It's a drawn bate — sae we'll baith pay. O sir! isna Embro' a glorious city? Sae clear the air! Yonner you see a man and a woman stannin' on the tap o' Arthur's Seat! I had nae notion there were sae mony steeples, and spires, and columns, and pillars, and obelisks, and domes in Embro'! And at this distance the ee canna distinguish atween them that belangs to kirks, and them that belangs to naval monuments, and them that belangs to ile-gas companies, and them that's only chimney-heids in the auld toun, and the taps o' groves, or single trees, sic as poplars; and aboon a' and ahint a', craigs and saft-broo'd hills sprinkled wi' sheep, lichts and shadows, and the blue vapory glimmer o' a mid-summer day — het, het, het, wi' the barometer at ninety: but here, to us twa, bob-bobbin' amang the fresh, cool, murmurin', and faemy wee waves, temperate as the air within the mermaid's palace. Anither dive!

Tickler — James, here goes the Fly-Wheel.

Shepherd — That beats a'! He gangs round in the water like a jack roastin' beef. I'm thinkin' he canna stop himsel'. Safe us! he's fun' out the perpetual motion.

Tickler — What fish, James, would you incline to be, if put into scales?

Shepherd — A dolphin — for they hae the speed o' lichtnin'. They'll dart past and roun' about a ship in full sail before the wind, just as if she was at anchor. Then the dolphin is a fish o' peace — he saved the life o' a poet of auld, Arion, wi' his harp — and oh! they say the cretur's beautifu' in death: Byron, ye ken, comparin' his hues to those o' the sun settin' ahint the Grecian Isles. I sud like to be a dolphin.

Tickler — I should choose to sport shark for a season. In speed he is a match for the dolphin; and then, James, think what luxury to swallow a well-fed chaplain, or a delicate midshipman, or a young negro girl, occasionally —

Shepherd — And feenally to be grupped wi' a hyuck in a cocked hat and feather, — at which the shark rises as a trout

does at a flee,—hauled on board, and hacked to pieces wi' cutlasses and pikes by the jolly crew, or left alive on the deck, gutted as clean as a dice-box, and without an inch o' bowels.

Tickler—Men die at shore, James, of natural deaths as bad as that—

Shepherd—Let me see—I sud hae nae great objections to be a whale in the Polar Seas. Gran' fun to fling a boatfu' o' harpooners into the air; or wi' ae thud o' your tail, to drive in the stern-posts o' a Greenlandman.

Tickler—Grander fun still, James, to feel the inextricable harpoon in your blubber, and to go snoving away beneath an ice-floe with four mile of line connecting you with your distant enemies.

Shepherd—But then whales marry but ae wife, and are passionately attached to their offspring. There, they and I are congenial speerits. Nae fish that swims enjoys so large a share of domestic happiness.

Tickler—A whale, James, is not a fish.

Shepherd—Isna he? Let him alane for that. He's ca'd a fish in the Bible, and that's better authority than Buffon. Oh that I were a whale!

Tickler—What think you of a summer of the American sea-serpent?

Shepherd—What! To be constantly cruised upon by the haill American navy, military and mercantile? No to be able to show your back aboon water without being libeled by the Yankees in a' the newspapers, and pursued even by pleasure parties, playin' the hurdy-gurdy and smokin' cigars! Besides, although I hae nae objection to a certain degree o' singularity, I sudna just like to be so very singular as the American sea-serpent, who is the only ane o' his specie noo extant; and whether he dees in his bed, or is slain by Jonathan, must incur the pain and the opprobrium o' defunckin' an auld bachelor. What's the matter wi' you, Mr. Tickler?

[*Dives.*]

Tickler—The calf of my right leg is rather harder than is altogether pleasant,—a pretty business if it prove the cramp; and the cramp it is, sure enough.—Hallo—James—James—James—hallo—I'm seized with the cramp!—James—the sinews of the

calf of my right leg are gathered up into a knot about the bulk and consistency of a sledge-hammer —

Shepherd — Nae tricks upon travelers. You've nae cramp. Gin you hae, streek out your richt hind leg, like a horse geein a funk, — and then ower on the back o' ye, and keep floatin' for a space, and your calf'll be as saft's a cushion. Lord safe us! what's this? Deevil tak me if he's no droonin'. Mr. Tickler, are you droonin'? There he's doun ance, and up again — twice, and up again; but it's time to tak haud o' him by the hair o' the head, or he'll be doun amang the limpets!

[*Shepherd seizes Tickler by the locks.*]

Tickler — Oho — oho — oho — ho — ho — ho — hra — hra — hrach — hrach.

Shepherd — What language is that? Finnish? Noo, sir, dinna rug me doun to the bottom alang wi' you in the dead-thraws.

Tickler — Heaven reward you, James: the pain is gone — but keep near me.

Shepherd — Whammle yoursel' ower on your back, sir. That 'ill do. Hoo are you now, sir? Yonner's the James Watt steamboat, Captain Bain, within half a league. Lean on my airm, sir, till he comes alangside, and it 'll be a real happiness to the captain to save your life. But what 'ill a' the leddies do whan they're hoistin' us aboard? They maun just use their fans.

Tickler — My dear Shepherd, I am again floating like a turtle, — but keep within hail, James. Are you to windward or leeward?

Shepherd — Right astarn. Did you ever see, sir, in a' your born days, sic a sky? Ane can scarcely say he sees 't, for it's maist invisible in its blue beautifu' tenuity, as the waters o' a well! It's just like the ee o' a lassie I kent lang ago: the langer you gazed intil 't, the deep, deep, deeper it grew — the cawmer and the mair cawm — composed o' a smile, as an amethyst is composed o' licht — and seeming something impalpable to the touch, till you ventured, wi' fear, joy, and tremmlin', to kiss it — just ae hesitatin', pantin', reverential kiss — and then, to be sure, your verra sowl kent it to be a bonny blue ee, covered wi' a lid o' dark fringes, and drappin' aiblins a bit frichtened tear to the lip o' love.

Tickler — What is your specific gravity, James? You float like a sedge.

Shepherd — Say rather a nautilus, or a mew. I'm native to the yelement.

Tickler — Where learned you the natatory art, my dear Shepherd?

Shepherd — Do you mean soomin'? In St. Mary's Loch. For a haill simmer I kept plouterin' alang the shore, and pittin' ae fit to the grun', knockin' the skin aff my knees, and makin' nae progress, till ae day, the gravel haein' been loosened by a flood, I plowpt in ower head and ears, and in my confusion turnin' my face to the wrang airt, I swom across the loch at the widest at ae stretch; and ever after that could hae soomed ony man in the forest for a wager, except Mr. David Ballantyne, that noo leeves ower-by yonner, near the Hermitage Castle.

Tickler — Now, James, you are, to use the language of Spenser, the Shepherd of the Sea.

Shepherd — Oh that I had been a sailor! To hae circumnavigated the warld! To hae pitched our tents, or built our bowers, on the shores o' bays sae glitterin' wi' league-lang wreaths o' shells, that the billows blushed crimson as they murmured! To hae seen our flags burnin' meteor-like, high up amang the primeval woods, while birds bright as ony buntin' sat trimmin' their plummage amang the cordage, sae tame in that island, where ship had haply never touched afore, nor ever might touch again,— lying in a latitude by itsel', and far out o' the breath o' the tredd-wunds! Or to hae landed wi' a' the crew, marines and a', excep' a guard on shipboard to keep aff the crowd o' canoes, on some warlike isle, tossin' wi' the plumes on chieftains' heads, and soun'-soun'-soundin' wi' gongs! What's a man-o'-war's barge, Mr. Tickler, beautifu' sicht though it be, to the hundred-oared canoe o' some savage island-king! The king himsel' lying in state — no dead, but leevin', every inch o' him — on a platform, aboon a' his warriors standin' wi' war-clubs, and stane hatchets, and fish-bane spears, and twisted mats, and tattooed faces, and ornaments in their noses, and painted een, and feathers on their heads a yard heigh, a' silent, or burstin' out o' a sudden intil shootin' sangs o' welcome or defiance, in a language made up o' a few lang strang words — maistly gutturals — and gran' for the naked priests to yell intil the ears o' their victims, when about to cut their throats on the altar-stane that idolatry had incrusted with blood,

shed by stormy moonlicht to glut the maw of their sanguinary god. Or say rather — oh, rather say that the white-winged Wonder that has brought the strangers frae afar, frae lands beyond the setting sun, has been hailed with hymns and dances o' peace — and that a' the daughters o' the isle, wi' the daughter o' the king at their head, come a' gracefully windin' alang in a figure that, wi' a thousan' changes, is aye but ae single dance, wi' unsandaled feet true to their ain wild singin', wi' wings fancifully fastened to their shouthers, and, beautifu' creturs! a' naked to the waist — But where the Deevil's Mr. Tickler? Has he sunk durin' my soliloquy? or swum to shore? Mr. Tickler — Mr. Tickler! — I wush I had a pistol to fire into the air, that he might be brought to. — Yonner he is, playin' at porpuss. Let me try if I can reach him in twenty strokes; it's no aboon hunder yards. Five yards a stroke — no bad soomin' in dead water. — There, I've done it in nineteen. Let me on my back for a rest.

Tickler — I am not sure that this confounded cramp —

Shepherd — The cramp's just like the hiccup, sir — never think o't, and it's gane. I've seen a white lace veil, sic as Queen Mary's drawn in, lyin' afloat, without stirrin' aboon her snawy broo, saftenin' the ee-licht — and it's yon braided clouds that remind me o't, motionless, as if they had lain ther a' their lives; yet wae's me! perhaps in ae single hour to melt away for ever!

Tickler — James, were a mermaid to see and hear you moralizing so, afloat on your back, her heart were lost.

Shepherd — I'm nae favorite noo, I suspeck, amang the mermaids.

Tickler — Why not, James? You look more irresistible than you imagine. Never saw I your face and figure to more advantage when lying on the braes o' Yarrow, with your eyes closed in the sunshine, and the shadows of poetical dreams chasing each other along cheek and brow. You would make a beautiful corpse, James.

Shepherd — Think shame o' yoursel', Mr. Tickler, for daurin' to use that word, and the sinnies o' the cauf o' your richt leg yet knotted wi' the cramp. Think shame o' yoursel'! That word's no canny.

Tickler — But what ails the mermaids with the Shepherd?

Shepherd — I was ance lyin' half asleep in a sea-shore cave o' the Isle o' Skye, wearied out by the verra beauty o' the moonlicht that had keepit lyin' for hours in ae lang line o' harmless

fire, stretchin' leagues and leagues to the rim o' the ocean. Nae sound, but a bit faint, dim plash — plash — plash o' the tide — whether ebbin' or flawin' I ken not — no against, but upon the weedy sides o' the cave —

Tickler —

> "As when some shepherd of the Hebride Isles,
> Placed far amid the melancholy main — "

Shepherd — That soun's like Thamson in his 'Castle o' Indolence.' A' the haill warld was forgotten — and my ain name — and what I was — and where I had come frae — and why I was lyin' there — nor was I onything but a Leeyin' Dream.

Tickler — Are you to windward or leeward, James?

Shepherd — Something — like a caulder breath o' moonlicht — fell on my face and breast, and seemed to touch all my body and my limbs. But it canna be mere moonlicht, thocht I, for at the time there was the whisperin' — or say rather the waverin' — o' the voice, no alang the green cave wa's, but close intil my ear, and then within my verra breast; sae, at first — for the soun' was saft and sweet, and wi' a touch o' plaintive wildness in 't no unlike the strain o' an Æolian harp — I was rather surprised than feared, and maist thocht that it was but the wark o' my ain fancy, afore she yielded to the dwawm o' that solitary sleep.

Tickler — James, I hear the steamer.

Shepherd — I opened my een, that had only been half steekit — and may we never reach the shore again, if there was not I, sir, in the embrace o' a mermaid!

Tickler — James — remember we are well out to Inchkeith. If you please, no —

Shepherd — I would scorn to be drooned with a lee in my mouth, sir. It is quite true that the hair o' the cretur is green — and it's as slimy as it's green — slimy and sliddery as the seaweed that cheats your unsteady footing on the rocks. Then what een! oh, what een! Like the boiled een o' a cod's head and shouthers! And yet expression in them — an expression o' love and fondness, that would hae garred an Eskimaw scunner.

Tickler — James, you are surely romancing.

Shepherd — O dear, dear me! — hech, sirs! hech, sirs! — the fishiness o' that kiss! I had hung up my claes to dry on a peak o' the cliff — for it was ane o' thae lang midsummer nichts,

when the sea-air itself fans ye wi' as warm a sugh as that frae a leddy's fan when you're sittin' side by side wi' her in an arbor—

Tickler—O James, you fox—

Shepherd—Sae that I was as naked as either you or me, Mr. Tickler, at this blessed moment; and when I felt mysel' enveloped in the hauns, paws, fins, scales, tail, and maw o' the mermaid o' a monster, I grued till the verra roof o' the cave let doun drap, drap, drap upon us—me and the mermaid—and I gied mysel' up for lost.

Tickler—Worse than Venus and Adonis, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd—I began mutterin' the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the hundred and nineteenth Psalm—but a' wudna do. The mermaid held the grup; and while I was splutterin' out her kisses, and convulsed waur than I ever was under the warst nichtmare that ever sat on my stamach, wi' ae desperate wallop we baith gaed tapsalteerie—frae ae sliddery ledge to anither—till, wi' accelerated velocity, like twa stanes, increasin' accordin' to the squares o' the distances, we played plunge like porpusses into the sea, a thousan' fadom deep—and hoo I gat rid o' the briny Beastliness nae man kens till this day: for there was I sittin' in the cave, chitterin' like a drookit cock, and nae mermaid to be seen or heard; although, wad ye believe me, the cave had the smell o' crabs, and labsters, and oysters, and skate, and fish in general, aneuch to turn the stamach o' a whale or a sea-lion.

Tickler—Ship ahoy! Let us change our position, James. Shall we board the steamer?

Shepherd—Only look at the waves,—hoo they gang welterin' frae her prow and sides, and widen in her wake for miles aff! Gin we venture ony nearer, we'll never wear breeks mair. Mercy on us! she's bearin' doun upon us. Let us soom fast, and passing across her bows, we shall bear up to windward out o' a' the commotion.—Captain Bain! Captain Bain! it's me and Mr. Tickler, takin' a soom for an appeteet!—stop the ingine till we get past the bowsprit!

Tickler—Heavens, James, what a bevy of ladies on deck! Let us dive.

Shepherd—You may dive—for you swim improperly high; but as for me, I seem in the water to be a mere Head, like a cherub on a church. A boat, captain—a boat!

Tickler—James, you aren't mad, sure? Who ever boarded a steamer in our plight? There will be fainting from stem to stern, in cabin and steerage.

Shepherd—I ken that leddy in the straw-bannet and green veil and ruby sarsnet, wi' the glass at her ee. Ye ho—Miss—

Tickler—James, remember how exceedingly delicate a thing is a young lady's reputation. See, she turns away in confusion.

Shepherd—Captain, I say, what news frae London?

Captain Bain [*through a speaking-trumpet*]—Lord Wellington's amendment on the bonding clause in the Corn Bill again carried against Ministers by 133 to 122. Sixty-six shillings!

Tickler—What says your friend M'Culloch to that, captain?

Shepherd—Wha cares a bodle about corn bills in our situation? What's the captain routin' about noo o' his speakin'-trumpet? But he may just as weel haud his tongue, for I never understand ae word out o' the mouth o' a trumpet.

Tickler—He says the general opinion in London is that the Administration will stand—that Canning and Brougham—

Shepherd—Canning and Brougham, indeed! Do you think, sir, if Canning and Brougham had been soomin' in the sea, and that Canning had ta'en the cramp in the cauf o' his richt leg,—as you either did, or said you did, a short while sin' syne,—that Brougham wad hae safed him as I safed you? Faith, no he indeed! Hairy wad hae thocht naething o' watchin' till George showed the croon o' his head aboon water, and then hittin' him on the temples.

Tickler—No, no, James. They would mutually risk lives for each other's sake. But no politics at present: we're getting into the swell, and will have our work to do to beat back into smooth water. James, that was a facer.

Shepherd—Dog on it, ane wad need to be a sea-maw, or kitty-wake, or stormy petrel, or some ither ane o' Bewick's birds—

Tickler—Keep your mouth shut, James, till we're out of the swell.

Shepherd—Em-hem-umph—humph—whoo—whoo—whurr—whurr—herrachvacherach!

Tickler—Whsy—whsy—whsy—whugh—whugh—shugh—shugh—prugh—ptsugh—prgugh!

Shepherd—It's lang sin' I've drank sae muckle saut water at ae sittin'—at ae soomin', I mean—as I hae dune, sir, sin'

that steamboat gaed by. She does indeed kick up a deevil o' a rumpus.

Tickler — Whoo — whoo — whoof — whroo — whroo — whroof — proof — ptroof — sprtf!

Shepherd — Ae thing I maun tell you, sir, and that's, gin you tak the cramp the noo, you maunna expeck ony assistance frae me — no, gin you were my ain faither. This bates a' the swalls! Confoun' the James Watt, quoth I.

Tickler — Nay, nay, James. She is worthy of her name — and a better seaman than Captain Bain never boxed the compass. He never comes below except at meal-times, and a pleasanter person cannot be at the foot of the table. All night long he is on deck looking out for squalls.

Shepherd — I declare to you, sir, that just noo in the trough o' the sea, I didna see the top o' the steamer's chimley. See, Mr. Tickler — see, Mr. Tickler — only look here — only look here — HERE'S BRONTE! — MR. NORTH'S GREAT NEWFUNLAN' BRONTE!

Tickler — Capital — capital. He has been paying his father a visit at the gallant Admiral's, and come across our steps on the sands.

Shepherd — Puir fallow — gran' fallow — did ye think we was droonin'?

Bronte — Bow — bow — bow — bow, wow, wow — bow, wow, wow.

Tickler — His oratory is like that of Bristol Hunt *versus* Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

Shepherd — Sir, you're tired, sir. You had better tak haud o' his tail.

Tickler — No bad idea, James. But let me just put one arm round his neck. There we go. Bronte, my boy, you swim strong as a rhinoceros!

Bronte — Bow, wow, wow — bow, wow, wow.

Tickler — Why, I think, James, he speaks uncommonly well. Few of our Scotch members speak better. He might lead the Opposition.

Shepherd — What for will ye aye be introducin' politics, sir? But really, I hae fund his tail very useful in that swall; and let's leave him to himsel' noo, for twa men on ae dowg's a sair doun-draucht.

Tickler — With what a bold, kind eye the noble animal keeps swimming between us, like a Christian!

Shepherd—I hae never been able to persuade my heart and my understandin' that dowgs haena immortal sowls. See how he steers himsel',—first a wee towarts me, and then a wee towarts you, wi' his tail like a rudder. His sowl *maun* be immortal.

Tickler—I am sure, James, that if it be, I shall be extremely happy to meet Bronte in any future society.

Shepherd—The minister wad ca' that no orthodox. But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin' insecks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin' and shuttin' their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity. The universe is aiblins wide aneuch.

Tickler—Eyes right! James, a boatful of ladies—with umbrellas and parasols extended to catch the breeze. Let us lie on our oars, and they will never observe us.

Bronte—Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

[*Female alarms heard from the pleasure-boat. A gentleman in the stern rises with an oar, and stands in a threatening attitude.*]

Tickler—Ease off to the east, James—Bronte, hush!

Shepherd—I howp they've nae fooling-pieces, for they may tak us for gulls, and pepper us wi' swan-shot or slugs. I'll dive at the flash. Yon's no a gun that chiel has in his haun?

Tickler—He lets fall his oar into the water, and the "boatie rows—the boatie rows." Hark, a song!

[*Song from the retiring boat.*]

Shepherd—A very gude sang, and very well sung—jolly companions every one.

Tickler—The fair authors of the 'Odd Volume'!

Shepherd—What's their names?

Tickler—They choose to be anonymous, James; and that being the case, no gentleman is entitled to withdraw the veil.

Shepherd—They're sweet singers, howsomever; and the words o' their sang are capital. Baith 'Odd Volumes' are maist ingenious, well written, and amusing.

Tickler—The public thinks so; and they sell like wildfire.

Shepherd—I'm beginning to get maist desparat thursty and hungry baith. What a denner wull we make! How mony miles do you think we hae swom?

Tickler — Three — in or over. Let me sound. Why, James, my toe scrapes the sand. "By the nail, six!"

Shepherd — I'm glad o' t. It 'ill be a bonny bizziness, gif ony ne'er-do-weels hae ran aff wi' our claes out o' the machines. But gif they hae, Bronte 'ill sune grup them — wunna ye, Bronte?

Bronte — Bow, wow, wow — bow, wow, wow.

Shepherd — Now, Tickler, that our feet touch the grun', I'll rin you a race to the machines for anither jug.

Tickler — Done — but let us have a fair start. Once, twice, thrice!

[*Tickler and the Shepherd start, with Bronte in the van, amid loud acclamations from the shore.* — *Scene closes.*]

WOODROW WILSON

(1856–)

AMONG the younger American writers on historical and political subjects, Woodrow Wilson is conspicuous for his literary touch, suggestive thought, and thorough knowledge. His studies of contemporary politics and institutions have won wide attention for their thoughtful and searching analysis, presented in a style of exceptional attraction, and inspired by a sincere desire to interpret and promote the good in American methods. His more general essays upon topics historical or literary have, by their decided charm, made Professor Wilson known to a far larger audience than a professional teacher or writer upon such themes usually reaches.

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson is one of the brilliant scholars whose training has been broad and sufficient. He is a Southerner; was born in Staunton, Virginia, on October 28th, 1856, and educated first at Davidson College, North Carolina, and then at Princeton, whence he was graduated in 1879. He studied law at the University of Virginia; practiced it in Atlanta, Georgia; then went to Johns Hopkins University to study history and political economy, holding a fellowship there. He has occupied the chair of History at Bryn Mawr and Wesleyan University successively, and since 1890 that of Jurisprudence at Princeton. He received in 1887 the appointment of lecturer upon that subject at Johns Hopkins University. His publications began in 1885 with 'Congressional Government,' his doctor's thesis at Johns Hopkins; a study in American politics, which, while criticized by some parliamentarians, attracted attention at home and abroad for its brilliancy of presentation and freshness and independence of view. In 1889 appeared 'The State,' an able text-book on comparative institutional history and administration. For the series called 'Epochs of American History' he wrote a book on 'Division and Reunion' (1893), in which the disintegrating influences of the Civil War and the subsequent process of recovery are traced. From 1893 also dates 'An Old

Master, and Other Political Essays,' containing a delightful appreciation of Adam Smith, and further papers developing the author's views upon political principles and forms. The volume 'Mere Literature' (1896) displayed his ability as an essayist in the wider sense, upon themes calling for a synthetic literary handling. An admirable sketch of George Washington, clearly and sympathetically delineating his characteristics on the social and domestic side, appeared in 1897.

In the present tendency to adopt the scientific method in writing on politics and history, and to deify the accumulation and parade of material, scholars of Professor Wilson's type are needed and welcome. He not only insists in his writings upon the necessity and value of the literary method in such studies (see the excerpt below), but in his own person illustrates his meaning. He is a student who makes past and present vivid by his interpretation of the raw stuff of facts and records.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

From 'Mere Literature, and Other Essays.' Copyright 1896, by Woodrow Wilson. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

"GIVE us the facts, and nothing but the facts," is the sharp injunction of our age to its historians. Upon the face of it, an eminently reasonable requirement. To tell the truth simply, openly, without reservation, is the unimpeachable first principle of all right dealing; and historians have no license to be quit of it. Unquestionably they must tell us the truth, or else get themselves enrolled among a very undesirable class of persons, not often frankly named in polite society. But the thing is by no means so easy as it looks. The truth of history is a very complex and very occult matter. It consists of things which are invisible as well as of things which are visible. It is full of secret motives, and of a chance interplay of trivial and yet determining circumstances; it is shot through with transient passions, and broken athwart here and there by what seem cruel accidents; it cannot all be reduced to statistics or newspaper items or official recorded statements. And so it turns out, when the actual test of experiment is made, that the historian must have something more than a good conscience, must be something more than a good man. He must have an eye to see the truth: and nothing but a very catholic imagination will serve to illuminate

his matter for him; nothing less than keen and steady insight will make even illumination yield him the truth of what he looks upon. Even when he has seen the truth, only half his work is done, and that not the more difficult half. He must then make others see it just as he does: only when he has done that has he told the truth. What an art of penetrative phrase and just selection must he have to take others into the light in which he stands! Their dullness, their ignorance, their prepossessions, are to be overcome and driven in, like a routed troop, upon the truth. The thing is infinitely difficult. The skill and strategy of it cannot be taught. And so historians take another way, which is easier: they tell part of the truth,—the part most to their taste, or most suitable to their talents,—and obtain readers to their liking among those of similar tastes and talents to their own.

We have our individual preferences in history, as in every other sort of literature. And there are histories to every taste: histories full of the piquant details of personal biography, histories that blaze with the splendors of courts and resound with drum and trumpet, and histories that run upon the humbler but greater levels of the life of the people; colorless histories, so passionless and so lacking in distinctive mark or motive that they might have been set up out of a dictionary without the intervention of an author, and partisan histories, so warped and violent in every judgment that no reader not of the historian's own party can stomach them; histories of economic development, and histories that speak only of politics; those that tell nothing but what it is pleasant and interesting to know, and those that tell nothing at all that one cares to remember. One must be of a new and unheard-of taste not to be suited among them all.

The trouble is, after all, that men do not invariably find the truth to their taste, and will often deny it when they hear it; and the historian has to do much more than keep his own eyes clear,—he has also to catch and hold the eye of his reader. 'Tis a nice art, as much intellectual as moral. How shall he take the palate of his reader at unawares, and get the unpalatable facts down his throat along with the palatable? Is there no way in which all the truth may be made to hold together in a narrative so strongly knit and so harmoniously colored that no reader will have either the wish or the skill to tear its patterns asunder, and men will take it all, unmarred and as it stands, rather than miss the zest of it?

It is evident the thing cannot be done by the "dispassionate" annalist. The old chroniclers, whom we relish, were not dispassionate. We love some of them for their sweet quaintness, some for their childlike credulity, some for their delicious inconsequentiality. But our modern chroniclers are not so. They are, above all things else, knowing, thoroughly informed, subtly sophisticated. They would not for the world contribute any spice of their own to the narrative; and they are much too watchful, circumspect, and dutiful in their care to keep their method pure and untouched by any thought of theirs, to let us catch so much as a glimpse of the chronicler underneath the chronicle. Their purpose is to give simply the facts, eschewing art, and substituting a sort of monumental index and table of the world's events.

The trouble is that men refuse to be made any wiser by such means. Though they will readily enough let their eyes linger upon a monument of art, they will heedlessly pass by a mere monument of industry. It suggests nothing to them. The materials may be suitable enough, but the handling of them leaves them dead and commonplace. An interesting circumstance thus comes to light. It is nothing less than this,—that the facts do not of themselves constitute the truth. The truth is abstract, not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things mean. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest interpretations. The chronological arrangement of events, for example, may or may not be the arrangement which most surely brings the truth of the narrative to light; and the best arrangement is always that which displays, not the facts themselves, but the subtle and else invisible forces that lurk in the events and in the minds of men,—forces for which events serve only as lasting and dramatic words of utterance. Take an instance. How are you to enable men to know the truth with regard to a period of revolution? Will you give them simply a calm statement of recorded events, simply a quiet, unaccentuated narrative of what actually happened, written in a monotone, and verified by quotations from authentic documents of the time? You may save yourself the trouble. As well make a pencil sketch in outline of a raging conflagration; write upon one portion of it "flame," upon another "smoke"; here "town hall, where the fire started," and there "spot where fireman was killed." It is a chart, not a picture. Even if you made a veritable picture of it, you could give only part of the truth so long

as you confined yourself to black and white. Where would be all the wild and terrible colors of the scene: the red and tawny flame; the masses of smoke, carrying the dull glare of the fire to the very skies, like a great signal banner thrown to the winds; the hot and frightened faces of the crowd; the crimsoned gables down the street, with the faint light of a lamp here and there gleaming white from some hastily opened casement? Without the colors your picture is not true. No inventory of items will ever represent the truth: the fuller and more minute you make your inventory, the more will the truth be obscured. The little details will take up as much space in the statement as the great totals into which they are summed up; and the proportions being false, the whole is false. Truth, fortunately, takes its own revenge. No one is deceived. The reader of the chronicle lays it aside. It lacks verisimilitude. He cannot realize how any of the things spoken of can have happened. He goes elsewhere to find, if he may, a real picture of the time, and perhaps finds one that is wholly fictitious. No wonder the grave and monk-like chronicler sighs. He of course wrote to be read, and not merely for the manual exercise of it; and when he sees readers turn away, his heart misgives him for his fellow-men. Is it as it always was, that they do not wish to know the truth? Alas! good eremite, men do not seek the truth as they should; but do you know what the truth is? It is a thing ideal, displayed by the just proportion of events, revealed in form and color, dumb till facts be set in syllables, articulated into words, put together into sentences, swung with proper tone and cadence. It is not revolutions only that have color. Nothing in human life is without it. In a monochrome you can depict nothing but a single incident; in a monotone you cannot often carry truth beyond a single sentence. Only by art in all its variety can you depict as it is the various face of life.

Yes; but what sort of art? There is here a wide field of choice. Shall we go back to the art of which Macaulay was so great a master? We could do worse. It must be a great art that can make men lay aside the novel and take up the history, to find there, in very fact, the movement and drama of life. What Macaulay does well he does incomparably. Who else can mass the details as he does, and yet not mar or obscure, but only heighten, the effect of the picture as a whole? Who else

can bring so amazing a profusion of knowledge within the strait limits of a simple plan, nowhere incumbered, everywhere free and obvious in its movement? How sure the strokes, and how bold and vivid the result! Yet when we have laid the book aside, when the charm and the excitement of the telling narrative have worn off, when we have lost step with the swinging gait at which the style goes, when the details have faded from our recollection, and we sit removed and thoughtful, with only the greater outlines of the story sharp upon our minds, a deep misgiving and dissatisfaction take possession of us. We are no longer young, and we are chagrined that we should have been so pleased and taken with the glitter and color and mere life of the picture. Let boys be cajoled by rhetoric, we cry: men must look deeper. What of the judgment of this facile and eloquent man? Can we agree with him, when he is not talking and the charm is gone? What shall we say of his assessment of men and measures? Is he just? Is he himself in possession of the whole truth? Does he open the matter to us as it was? Does he not, rather, rule us like an advocate, and make himself master of our judgments?

Then it is that we become aware that there were two Macaulays: Macaulay the artist, with an exquisite gift for telling a story, filling his pages with little vignettes it is impossible to forget, fixing these with an inimitable art upon the surface of a narrative that did not need the ornament they gave it, so strong and large and adequate was it; and Macaulay the Whig, subtly turning narrative into argument, and making history the vindication of a party. The mighty narrative is a great engine of proof. It is not told for its own sake. It is evidence summed up in order to justify a judgment. We detect the tone of the advocate, and though if we are just we must deem him honest, we cannot deem him safe. The great story-teller is discredited; and willingly or unwillingly, we reject the guide who takes it upon himself to determine for us what we shall see. That, we feel sure, cannot be true which makes of so complex a history so simple a thesis for the judgment. There is art here; but it is the art of special pleading, misleading even to the pleader.

If not Macaulay, what master shall we follow? Shall our historian not have his convictions, and enforce them? Shall he not be our guide, and speak, if he can, to our spirits as well

as to our understandings? Readers are a poor jury. They need enlightenment as well as information; the matter must be interpreted to them as well as related. There are moral facts as well as material, and the one sort must be as plainly told as the other. Of what service is it that the historian should have insight, if we are not to know how the matter stands in his view? If he refrain from judgment, he may deceive us as much as he would were his judgment wrong; for we must have enlightenment,—that is his function. We would not set him up merely to tell us tales, but also to display to us characters, to open to us the moral and intent of the matter. Were the men sincere? Was the policy righteous? We have but just now seen that the "facts" lie deeper than the mere visible things that took place,—that they involve the moral and motive of the play. Shall not these too be brought to light?

Unquestionably, every sentence of true history must hold a judgment in solution. All cannot be told. If it were possible to tell all, it would take as long to write history as to enact it; and we should have to postpone the reading of it to the leisure of the next world. A few facts must be selected for the narrative, the great majority left unnoted. But the selection—for what purpose is it to be made? For the purpose of conveying *an impression* of the truth. Where shall you find a more radical process of judgment? The "essential" facts taken, the "unessential" left out! Why, you may make the picture what you will, and in any case it must be the express image of the historian's fundamental judgments. It is his purpose, or should be, to give a true impression of his theme as a whole,—to show it, not lying upon his page in an open and dispersed analysis, but set close in intimate synthesis; every line, every stroke, every bulk even, omitted which does not enter of very necessity into a single and unified image of the truth.

It is in this that the writing of history differs, and differs very radically, from the statement of the results of original research. The writing of history must be based upon original research and authentic record; but it can no more be directly constructed by the piecing together of bits of original research than by the mere reprinting together of State documents. Individual research furnishes us, as it were, with the private documents and intimate records without which the public archives are incomplete and unintelligible. But by themselves these are

wholly out of perspective. It is the consolation of those who produce them to make them so. They would lose heart were they forbidden to regard all facts as of equal importance. It is facts they are after, and only facts,—facts for their own sake, and without regard to their several importance. These are their ore,—very precious ore,—which they are concerned to get out, not to refine. They have no direct concern with what may afterwards be done at the mint or in the goldsmith's shop. They will even boast that they care not for the beauty of the ore, and are indifferent how or in what shape it may become an article of commerce. Much of it is thrown away in the nice processes of manufacture; and you shall not distinguish the product of the several mines in the coin, or the cup, or the salver.

The historian must indeed himself be an investigator. He must know good ore from bad; must distinguish fineness, quality, genuineness; must stop to get out of the records for himself what he lacks for the perfection of his work. But for all that, he must know and stand ready to do every part of his task like a master workman, recognizing and testing every bit of stuff he uses. Standing sure, a man of science as well as an artist, he must take and use all of his equipment for the sake of his art,—not to display his materials, but to subordinate and transform them in his effort to make, by every touch and cunning of hand and tool, the perfect image of what he sees, the very truth of his seer's vision of the world. The true historian works always for the whole impression, the truth with unmarred proportions, unexaggerated parts, undistorted visage. He has no favorite parts of the story which he boasts are bits of his own, but loves only the whole of it, the full and unspoiled image of the day of which he writes, the crowded and yet consistent details which carry, without obtrusion of themselves, the large features of the time. Any exaggeration of the parts makes all the picture false, and the work is to do over. "Test every bit of material," runs the artist's rule, "and then forget the material"; forget its origin and the dross from which it has been freed, and think only and always of the great thing you would make of it, the pattern and form in which you would lose and merge it. That is its only high use.

THE WEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY

From 'Mere Literature, and Other Essays.' Copyright 1896, by Woodrow Wilson. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

SINCE the war of 1812, undertaken as if to set us free to move westward, seven States had been admitted to the Union; and the whole number of States was advanced to twenty-four. Eleven new States had come into partnership with the old thirteen. The voice of the West rang through all our counsels; and in Jackson, the new partners took possession of the government. It is worth while to remember how men stood amazed at the change; how startled, chagrined, dismayed the conservative States of the East were at the revolution they saw effected, the riot of change they saw set in: and no man who has once read the singular story can forget how the eight years Jackson reigned saw the government, and politics themselves, transformed. For long,—the story being written in the regions where the shock and surprise of the change was greatest,—the period of this momentous revolution was spoken of amongst us as a period of degeneration, the birth-time of a deep and permanent demoralization in our politics. But we see it differently now. Whether we have any taste or stomach for that rough age or not,—however much we may wish that the old order might have stood, the generation of Madison and Adams have been prolonged, and the good tradition of the early days handed on unbroken and unsullied,—we now know that what the nation underwent in that day of change was not degeneration, great and perilous as were the errors of the time, but regeneration. The old order was changed, once and for all. A new nation stepped, with a touch of swagger, upon the stage,—a nation which had broken alike with the traditions and with the wisely wrought experience of the Old World, and which, with all the haste and rashness of youth, was minded to work out a separate policy and destiny of its own. It was a day of hazards, but there was nothing sinister at the heart of the new plan. It was a wasteful experiment, to fling out, without wise guides, upon untried ways; but an abounding continent afforded enough and to spare even for the wasteful. It was sure to be so with a nation that came out of the secluded vales of a virgin continent. It was the bold frontier voice of the West sounding in affairs. The timid shivered, but the robust waxed strong and rejoiced, in the tonic air of the new day.

It was then we swung out into the main paths of our history. The new voices that called us were first silvery, like the voice of Henry Clay, and spoke old familiar words of eloquence. The first spokesmen of the West even tried to con the classics, and spoke incongruously in the phrases of politics long dead and gone to dust, as Benton did. But presently the tone changed, and it was the truculent and masterful accents of the real frontiersman that rang dominant above the rest,—harsh, impatient, and with an evident dash of temper. The East slowly accustomed itself to the change; caught the movement, though it grumbled and even trembled at the pace; and managed most of the time to keep in the running. But it was always henceforth to be the West that set the pace. There is no mistaking the questions that have ruled our spirits as a nation during the present century. The public-land question, the tariff question, and the question of slavery,—these dominate from first to last. It was the West that made each one of these the question that it was. Without the free lands to which every man who chose might go, there would not have been that easy prosperity of life and that high standard of abundance which seemed to render it necessary that, if we were to have manufactures and a diversified industry at all, we should foster new undertakings by a system of protection which would make the profits of the factory as certain and as abundant as the profits of the farm. It was the constant movement of the population, the constant march of wagon trains into the West, that made it so cardinal a matter of policy whether the great national domain should *be* free land or not: and that was the land question. It was the settlement of the West that transformed slavery from an accepted institution into passionate matter of controversy.

Slavery within the States of the Union stood sufficiently protected by every solemn sanction the Constitution could afford. No man could touch it there,—think, or hope, or purpose what he might. But where new States were to be made it was not so. There at every step choice must be made: slavery or no slavery? a new choice for every new State; a fresh act of origination to go with every fresh act of organization. Had there been no Territories, there could have been no slavery question, except by revolution and contempt of fundamental law. But with a continent to be peopled, the choice thrust itself insistently forward at every step and upon every hand. This was the slavery question: not what should be done to reverse the past, but what should be

done to redeem the future. It was so men of that day saw it,— and so also must historians see it. We must not mistake the programme of the Anti-Slavery Society for the platform of the Republican party, or forget that the very war itself was begun ere any purpose of abolition took shape amongst those who were statesmen and in authority. It was a question, not of freeing men, but of preserving a Free Soil. Kansas showed us what the problem was, not South Carolina; and it was the Supreme Court, not the slave-owners, who formulated the matter for our thought and purpose.

And so upon every hand and throughout every national question, was the commerce between East and West made up — that commerce and exchange of ideas, inclinations, purposes, and principles which has constituted the moving force of our life as a nation. Men illustrate the operation of these singular forces better than questions can; and no man illustrates it better than Abraham Lincoln.

> "Great captains with their guns and drums
> Disturb our judgment for the hour;
> But at last silence comes:
> These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
> Our children shall behold his fame,—
> The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

It is a poet's verdict; but it rings in the authentic tone of the seer. It must be also the verdict of history. He would be a rash man who should say he understood Abraham Lincoln. No doubt natures deep as his, and various almost to the point of self-contradiction, can be sounded only by the judgment of men of a like sort,— if any such there be. But some things we all may see and judge concerning him. You have in him the type and flower of our growth. It is as if Nature had made a typical American, and then had added with liberal hand the royal quality of genius, to show us what the type could be. Lincoln owed nothing to his birth, everything to his growth: had no training save what he gave himself; no nurture, but only a wild and native strength. His life was his schooling, and every day of it gave to his character a new touch of development. His manhood not only, but his perception also, expanded with his life. His eyes, as they looked more and more abroad, beheld the national

life, and comprehended it; and the lad who had been so rough-cut a provincial, became, when grown to manhood, the one leader in all the nation who held the whole people singly in his heart, — held even the Southern people there, and would have won them back.

And so we have in him what we must call the perfect development of native strength, the rounding out and nationalization of the provincial. Andrew Jackson was a type, not of the nation, but of the West. For all the tenderness there was in the stormy heart of the masterful man, and stanch and simple loyalty to all who loved him, he learned nothing in the East; kept always the flavor of the rough school in which he had been bred; was never more than a frontier soldier and gentleman. Lincoln differed from Jackson by all the length of his unmatched capacity to learn. Jackson could understand only men of his own kind: Lincoln could understand men of all sorts and from every region of the land; seemed himself indeed to be all men by turns, as mood succeeded mood in his strange nature. He never ceased to stand, in his bony angles, the express image of the ungainly frontiersman. His mind never lost the vein of coarseness that had marked him grossly when a youth. And yet how he grew and strengthened in the real stuff of dignity and greatness; how nobly he could bear himself without the aid of grace! He kept always the shrewd and seeing eye of the woodsman and the hunter, and the flavor of wild life never left him: and yet how easily his view widened to great affairs; how surely he perceived the value and the significance of whatever touched him and made him neighbor to itself!

Lincoln's marvelous capacity to extend his comprehension to the measure of what he had in hand is the one distinguishing mark of the man; and to study the development of that capacity in him is little less than to study, where it is as it were perfectly registered, the national life itself. This boy lived his youth in Illinois when it was a frontier State. The youth of the State was coincident with his own; and man and State kept equal pace in their striding advance to maturity. The frontier population was an intensely political population. It felt to the quick the throb of the nation's life, — for the nation's life ran through it, going its eager way to the westward. The West was not separate from the East. Its communities were every day receiving fresh members from the East, and the fresh impulse of direct

suggestion. Their blood flowed to them straight from the warmest veins of the older communities. More than that, elements which were separated in the East were mingled in the West; which displayed to the eye as it were a sort of epitome of the most active and permanent forces of the national life. In such communities as these, Lincoln mixed daily from the first with men of every sort and from every quarter of the country. With them he discussed neighborhood politics, the politics of the State, the politics of the nation,—and his mind became traveled as he talked. How plainly among such neighbors, there in Illinois, must it have become evident that national questions were centring more and more in the West as the years went by,—coming as it were to meet them. Lincoln went twice down the Mississippi, upon the slow rafts that carried wares to its mouth, and saw with his own eyes, so used to look directly and point-blank upon men and affairs, characteristic regions of the South. He worked his way slowly and sagaciously, with that larger sort of sagacity which so marked him all his life, into the active business of State politics; sat twice in the State Legislature, and then for a term in Congress,—his sensitive and seeing mind open all the while to every turn of fortune and every touch of nature in the moving affairs he looked upon. . . .

We have here a national man presiding over sectional men. Lincoln understood the East better than the East understood him or the people from whom he sprung; and this is every way a very noteworthy circumstance. For my part, I read a lesson in the singular career of this great man. Is it possible the East remains sectional while the West broadens to a wider view?

> "Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines;
> By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,"

is an inspiring programme for the woodsman and the pioneer; but how are you to be brown-handed in a city office? What if you never see the upright pines? How are you to have so big a purpose on so small a part of the hemisphere? As it has grown old, unquestionably the East has grown sectional. There is no suggestion of the prairie in its city streets, or of the embrowned ranchman and farmer in its well-dressed men. Its ports teem with shipping from Europe and the Indies. Its newspapers run upon the themes of an Old World. It hears of the great plains of the continent as of foreign parts, which it may never

think to see except from a car-window. Its life is self-centred and selfish. The West, save where special interest centres (as in those pockets of silver where men's eyes catch as it were an eager gleam from the very ore itself) — the West is in less danger of sectionalization. Who shall say in that wide country where one region ends and another begins, or in that free and changing society where one class ends and another begins?

This, surely, is the moral of our history. The East has spent and been spent for the West; has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance, for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught, or taken as much as she has given? Look what it is that has now at last taken place. The westward march has stopped upon the final slopes of the Pacific; and now the plot thickens. Populations turn upon their old paths; fill in the spaces they passed by neglected, in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West,— nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and be known: and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn; to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere, as her own poet bade. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it, and lovers of them all, as Lincoln was.

Read but your history aright, and you shall not find the task too hard. Your own local history, look but deep enough, tells the tale you must take to heart. Here upon our own seaboard, as truly as ever in the West, was once a national frontier, with an elder East beyond the seas. Here, too, various peoples combined, and elements separated elsewhere effected a tolerant and wholesome mixture. Here, too, the national stream flowed full and strong, bearing a thousand things upon its currents. Let us resume and keep the vision of that time; know ourselves, our neighbors, our destiny, with lifted and open eyes; see our history truly, in its great proportions; be ourselves liberal as the great principles we profess: and so be the people who might have again the heroic adventures and do again the heroic work of the past. 'Tis thus we shall renew our youth and secure our age against decay.

WILLIAM WINTER

(1836–)

WILLIAM WINTER is a graceful poet and essayist, and a dramatic critic who is conspicuous in his profession in the United States. His work in the latter capacity has been marked for a long term of years for its literary eloquence, and its insistence upon ideal standards. And in his more general contributions to *belles-lettres*, whether in prose or verse, the qualities of sympathy and imagination have always been apparent. Mr. Winter, as a writer upon the drama, past or contemporaneous, brings philosophic principles and a wide knowledge of literature to bear upon his judgments of actors and the art of acting; and this gives his critiques perspective and atmosphere. He has strong prejudices; but no one can question his earnestness and honesty, or misunderstand his position as a student of the practical drama, who claims that in all which pertains to dramaturgy, moral health is as important as artistic merit.

WILLIAM WINTER

Mr. Winter is a New-Englander; drawing thence, perhaps, his tendency to "moral on the time." He was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, July 15th, 1836; was educated in Boston, and is a graduate of the Harvard Law School. In 1859 he went to New York, and did book reviewing for the Sunday Press, and other writing for Vanity Fair, the Albion, and the Weekly Review. In 1865 he became the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, a position he has held for over thirty years. A number of his books, studying the personalities or events of the current drama, have been drawn from or based upon his contributions to that newspaper.

Mr. Winter began to publish poetry in 1854, with the maiden volume 'The Convent and Other Poems'; and half a dozen books of verse have come from his pen. The latest collection, 'Wanderers,' in 1888, contains what he deems most worthy of preservation. These poems, in purity of diction and form, suggest the influence of the standard older singers, and outbreathe a sweet and true lyric spirit. They deal with friendship and love, with the bitter-sweet of life and death.

Many are elegiac or commemorative, and these are among the most felicitous. Mr. Winter, in a preface to this latest volume, expresses the hope that his verse may prove "a not altogether unworthy addition to that old school of English Lyrical Poetry, of which gentleness is the soul and simplicity the garment,"—and this describes not ill his accomplishment as well as his aim in poetry.

His prose falls into two main classes: the biographies and studies of stage celebrities, and the essays in which his wanderings in the storied British islands are chronicled. Of the latter, 'English Rambles,' 'Gray Days and Gold,' 'Old Shrines and Ivy,' and 'Shakespeare's England,' are representative. Winter writes these sketches picturesquely, mingling fact and sentiment in a way to make very pleasant and stimulating reading. To the critical studies belong carefully wrought sketches of Booth, Jefferson, Mary Anderson, and Henry Irving, and briefer appreciations of many other noteworthy players. In these critiques, Mr. Winter's views on the technique of the actor's art are set forth interestingly, with much of literary attraction. In his daily dramatic criticism, he often indulges in trenchant satire when attacking what he considers the latter-day fads of the drama,—the problem play, the Ibsen craze, and the like; and is never more vigorous and amusing, though hardly fair to some of the newer literary forces. But Mr. Winter's preaching is both sane and wholesome, and no doubt it is needed in a day of so much literary confusion. Altogether, he may be described as a versatile, charming, high-motived writer, whose influence in his sphere has been decided and salutary.

JEFFERSON'S RIP VAN WINKLE

From 'Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

EVERY reader of Washington Irving knows the story of Rip Van Winkle's adventure on the Catskill Mountains,—that delightful, romantic idyl, in which character, humor, and fancy are so delicately blended. Under the spell of Jefferson's acting the spectator was transported into the past, and made to see, as with bodily eyes, the orderly Dutch civilization as it crept up the borders of the Hudson: the quaint villages; the stout Hollanders, with their pipes and schnapps; the loves and troubles of an elder generation. It is a calmer life than ours; yet the same elements compose it. Here is a mean and cruel schemer making a heedless man his victim, and thriving on the weakness that he well knows how to betray. Here is parental love, tried,

as it often is, by sad cares; and here the love of young and hopeful hearts, blooming amid flowers, sunshine, music, and happiness. Rip Van Winkle never seemed so lovable as in the form of this great actor, standing in poetic relief against the background of actual life. Jefferson has made him our familiar friend. We see that Rip is a dreamer, fond of his bottle and his ease, but — beneath all his rags and tatters, of character as well as raiment — essentially good. We understand why the children love him, why the dogs run after him with joy, and why the jolly boys at the tavern welcome his song and story and genial companionship. He has wasted his fortune and impoverished his wife and child, and we know that he is much to blame. He knows it too; and his talk with the children shows how keenly he feels the consequence of a weakness which yet he is unable to discard. It is in those minute touches that Jefferson denoted his sympathetic study of human nature, — his intuitive perception, looking quite through the hearts and thoughts of men. The observer saw this in the struggle of Rip's long-submerged but only dormant spirit of manliness, when his wife turns him from their home, in night and storm and abandoned degradation. Still more vividly was it shown in his pathetic bewilderment, — his touching embodiment of the anguish of lonely age bowed down by sorrow and doubt, — when he comes back from his sleep of twenty years. His disclosure of himself to his daughter marked the climax of pathos; and every heart was melted by those imploring looks of mute suspense, those broken accents of love that almost fears an utterance. Perhaps the perfection of Jefferson's acting was seen in the weird interview with the ghosts. That situation is one of the best ever devised for the stage; and the actor devised it. Midnight on the highest peak of the Catskill, dimly lighted by the moon. No one speaks but Rip. The ghosts cluster around him. The grim shade of Hudson proffers a cup of drink to the mortal intruder, already dazed by supernatural surroundings. Rip, almost shuddering in the awful silence, pledges the ghosts in their liquor. Then suddenly the spell is broken: the moon is lost in struggling clouds; the spectres glide away and slowly vanish; and Rip Van Winkle, with the drowsy, piteous murmur, "Don't leave me, boys," falls into his mystic sleep.

The idle, dram-drinking Dutch spendthrift — so perfectly reproduced, yet so exalted by ideal treatment — is not a heroic

figure, and cannot be said to possess an exemplary significance either in himself or his experience. Yet his temperament has the fine fibre that everybody loves; and everybody, accordingly, has a good feeling for him, although nobody may have a good word for his way of life. All observers know that order of man. He is generally poor. He never did a bad action in all his life. He is continually cheering the weak and lowly. He always wears a smile — the reflex of a gentle heart. Ambition does not trouble him. His wants are few. He has no care, except when, now and then, he feels that he may have wasted time and talent, or when the sorrow of others falls darkly on his heart. This, however, is rare; for at most times he is "bright as light and clear as wind." Nature has established with him a kind of kindred that she allows with only a chosen few. In him Shakespeare's rosy ideal is suggested: —

> "Suppose the singing birds musicians;
> The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strewed;
> The flowers fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
> Than a delightful measure, or a dance."

Nobody would dream of setting up Jefferson's Rip as a model, but everybody is glad that he exists. Most persons are so full of care and trouble, so weighed down with the sense of duty, so anxious to regulate the world, that contact with a nature which is careless in the stress and din of toil, dwells in an atmosphere of sunshine idleness, and is the embodiment of careless mirth, brings a positive relief. This is the feeling that Jefferson's acting inspired. The halo of genius was all around it. Sincerity, humor, pathos, imagination, — the glamour of wild flowers and woodland brooks, slumberous, slow-drifting summer clouds, and soft music heard upon the waters, in starlit nights of June, — those are the springs of the actor's art. There are a hundred beauties of method in it which satisfy the judgment and fascinate the sense of symmetry; but underlying those beauties there is a magical sweetness of temperament, a delicate blending of emotion, gentleness, quaintness, and dream-like repose, which awakens the most affectionate sympathy. Art could not supply that subtle, potent charm. It is the divine fire.

In his embodiment of Rip Van Winkle, Jefferson delineates an individual character, through successive stages of growth, till the story of a life is completely told. If the student of acting would

appreciate the fineness and force of the dramatic art that is displayed in the work, let him consider the complexity and depth of the effect, as contrasted with the simplicity of the means that are used to produce it. The sense of beauty is satisfied, because the object that it apprehends is beautiful. The heart is deeply and surely touched, for the simple and sufficient reason that the character and experience revealed to it are lovely and pathetic. For Rip Van Winkle's goodness exists as an oak exists, and is not dependent on principle, precept, or purpose. However he may drift, he cannot drift away from human affection. Weakness was never punished with more sorrowful misfortune than his. Dear to us for what he is, he becomes dearer still for what he suffers; and in the acting of Jefferson, for the manner in which he suffers it. That manner, arising out of complete identification with the part, informed by intuitive and liberal knowledge of human nature, and guided by an unerring instinct of taste, is unfettered, graceful, free from effort; and it shows with delicate precision the gradual, natural changes of the character, as wrought by the pressure of experience. Its result is the winning embodiment of a rare type of human nature and mystical experience, embellished by the hues of romance, and exalted by the atmosphere of poetry; and no person of imagination and sensibility can see it without being charmed by its humor, thrilled by its spiritual beauty, and beneath the spell of its humanity, made deeply conscious that life is worthless, however its ambition may be rewarded, unless it is hallowed by love.

There will be, as there have been, many performers of Rip Van Winkle; there is but one Jefferson. For him it was reserved to idealize the subject; to elevate a prosaic type of good-natured indolence into an emblem of poetical freedom; to construct and translate, in the world of fact, the Arcadian vagabond of the world of dreams. In the presence of his fascinating embodiment of that droll, gentle, drifting human creature,—to whom trees and brooks and flowers are familiar companions, to whom spirits appear, and for whom the mysterious voices of the lonely midnight forest have a meaning and a charm,—the observer feels that poetry is no longer restricted to canvas and marble, but walks forth crystallized in a human form, spangled with the diamond light of morning, mysterious with spiritual intimations, lovely with rustic freedom, and fragrant with the incense of the woods.

Jefferson's acting is an education as well as a delight. It especially teaches the imperative importance, in dramatic art, of a thorough and perfect plan; which yet, by freshness of spirit and spontaneity of execution, shall be made to seem free and careless. Jefferson's embodiment of Rip has been prominently before the public for thirty years; yet it is not hackneyed, and it does not grow tiresome. The secret of its vitality is its poetry. A thriftless, commonplace sot, as drawn by Washington Irving, becomes a poetic vagabond, as transfigured and embodied by the actor; and the dignity of his artistic work is augmented rather than diminished from the fact that he plays in a drama throughout which the expedient of inebriety, as a motive of action, is exaggerated. Boucicault, working under explicit information as to Jefferson's views and wishes with reference to the part, certainly improved the old piece; but as certainly, the scheme to show the sunny sweetness and indolent temperament of Rip is clumsily planned, while the text is devoid of literary excellence and intellectual character,—attributes which, though not dramatic, are desirable. The actor is immensely superior to the play, and may indeed be said to make it. The obvious goodness of his heart, the deep sincerity of his moral purpose, the potential force of his sense of beauty, the supremacy in him of what Voltaire was the first to call the "faculty of taste," the incessant charm of his temperament,—those are the means, ruled and guided by clear vision and strong will, and made to animate an artistic figure possessing both symmetry and luxuriant wildness, that make the greatness of Jefferson's embodiment of Rip. He has created a character that everybody will continue to love, notwithstanding weakness of nature and indolent conduct. Jefferson never had the purpose to extol improvidence, or extenuate the wrong and misery of inebriety. The opportunity that he discerned and has brilliantly improved was that of showing a lovely nature, set free from the shackles of conventionality, and circumscribed with picturesque, romantic surroundings, during a momentous experience of spiritual life, and of the mutability of the world. The obvious defects in the structure are an undue emphasis upon the bottle, as poor Rip's failing, and an undue exaggeration of the virago quality in Gretchen. It would be easy, taking the prosy tone of the temperance lecturer, to look at Jefferson's design as a matter of fact, and not of poetry; and by dwelling on the impediments of his subject rather than the spirit

of his art and the beauty of his execution, to set his beautiful and elevating achievement in a degraded and degrading light. But fortunately the heart has its logic as well as the head, and all observers are not without imagination. The heart and imagination of our age know what Jefferson means in Rip, and have accepted him therefore into the sanctuary of affection.

The world does not love Rip Van Winkle because of his faults, but in spite of them. Underneath his defects the human nature is sound and bright; and it is out of this interior beauty that the charm of Jefferson's personation arises. The conduct of Rip Van Winkle is the result of his character, not of his drams. At the sacrifice of comicality, here and there, the element of inebriety might be left out of his experience, and he would still act in the same way, and possess the same fascination. The drink is only an expedient to involve the hero in domestic strife, and open the way for his ghostly adventure and his pathetic resuscitation. The machinery is clumsy; but that does not invalidate either the beauty of the character or the supernatural thrill and mortal anguish of the experience. Those elements make the soul of this great work; which, while it captivates the heart, also enthralls the imagination,—lifting us above the storms of life, its sorrows, its losses, and its fret, till we rest at last on Nature's bosom, children once more, and once more happy. . . .

Most persons who have seen Jefferson as Rip would probably name that achievement as essentially the most natural piece of acting ever presented within their observation. In its effect it is natural; in its method, in the process by which it is wrought, it is absolutely artificial. In that method—not forgetting the soul within that method—will be found the secret of its power; in the art with which genius transfigures and interprets actual life: and in that, furthermore, dwells the secret of all good acting. If you would produce the effect of nature in dramatic art, you must not be natural; you must be artificial, but you must seem to be natural. The same step, the same gesture, the same tone of voice, the same force of facial expression that you involuntarily use in the proceedings of actual, every-day life, will not upon the stage prove adequate. They may indicate your meaning, but they will not convey it. Their result will be tame, narrow, and insufficient. Your step must be lengthened; your tone must be elevated; your facial muscles must be allowed a freer play; the sound with which you intend to produce the

effect of a sigh must leave your lips as a sob. The actor who is exactly natural in his demeanor and speech upon the stage — who acts and speaks precisely as he would act and speak in a room — wearies his audience, because he falls short of his object, and is indefinite and commonplace. Jefferson, as Rip, has to present, among other aspects of human nature, a temperament that to some extent is swayed by an infirmity,— the appetite for intoxicant liquor. That, in actual life, is offensive; but that, as shown by Jefferson, when it reaches his auditors, reaches them only as the token or suggestion of an amiable weakness; and that weakness, and not the symptom of it, is the spring of the whole character and action. The hiccough with which Rip looks in at the window of the cottage where the offended Gretchen is waiting for him, is not the obnoxious hiccough of a sot, but the playful hiccough of an artist who is only suggesting a sot. The effect is natural. The process is artificial. Jefferson constantly addresses the imagination, and he uses imagination with which to address it. In actual life the garments worn by Rip would be soiled. In Jefferson's artistic scheme the studied shabbiness and carefully selected tatters are scrupulously clean; and they are made not only harmonious in color,— and thus so pleasing to the eye that they attract no especial attention,— but accordant with the sweet drollery and listless, indolent, drifting spirit of the character. No idea could easily be suggested more incongruous with probability, more unnatural and fantastic, than the idea of a tipsy vagabond encircled by a ring of Dutch ghosts, on the top of a mountain, in the middle of the night; but when Jefferson — by the deep feeling and affluent imagination with which he fills the scene, and by the vigilant, firm, unerring, technical skill with which he controls his forces and guides them to effect — has made that idea a living fact, no spectator of the weird, thrilling, pathetic picture ever thinks of it as unnatural. The illusion is perfect, and it is perfectly maintained. All along its line the character of Rip — the impossible hero of an impossible experience — is so essentially unnatural that if it were impersonated in the literal manner of nature it would produce the effect of whirling extravagance. Jefferson, pouring his soul into an ideal of which he is himself the creator,— an ideal which does not exist either in Washington Irving's story, or Charles Burke's play, or Dion Boucicault's adaptation of Burke,— and treating that idea in a poetic spirit, as to every fibre, tone, hue, motion,

and attitude, has made Rip as natural as if we had personally participated in his aimless and wandering life. So potent, indeed, is the poetic art of the actor, that the dog Schneider, who is never shown, possesses all the same a positive existence in our thoughts. The principal truth denoted by Jefferson's acting, therefore, is the necessity of clear perception of what is meant by "nature." The heights are reached only when inspiration is guided by intellectual purpose, and used with artistic skill. Shakespeare, with his incomparable felicity, has crystallized this principle into diamond light:—

> "Over that art,
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> Which nature makes."

[All the following poems are from 'Wanderers,' copyright 1888, by William Winter, and published by Ticknor & Co.; and are reprinted with the approval of Mr. Winter.]

A PLEDGE TO THE DEAD

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AT ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE 18TH, 1879

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is heavy with roses,
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved, as we love—yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the rich guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from fate;
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death, for the Flag and the State.

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels is trod,
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain
That springs in the garden of God,

Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?
Do they never look back and regret?
Ah, the valiant are constant and tender,
And Honor can never forget!

Divine in their pitying sadness,
They grieve for their comrades of earth:
They will hear us, and start into gladness,
And echo the notes of our mirth;
They will lift their white hands with a blessing
We shall know by the tear that it brings—
The rapture of friendship confessing,
With harps and the waving of wings.

In the grim and relentless upheaval
That blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil—
The garland of peace on the hearse!—
They were shattered, consumed, and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn:
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with knells,
But lovely with flowers and fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If virtue, in cottage and palace,
Leads love to the bridal of pride,
'Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply—and died.

Ah, grander in doom-stricken glory
Than the greatest that linger behind,
They shall live in perpetual story,
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it:
To the freedom of planet and star;
Let the tempests of ocean enwreathe it;
Let the winds of the night bear it far,—

Our oath, that till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead!

EDWIN BOOTH

READ AT A FAREWELL FEAST TO EDWIN BOOTH, AT DELMONICO'S, N. Y., JUNE 15TH, 1880

His barque will fade, in mist and night,
Across the dim sea-line,
And coldly on our aching sight
The solemn stars will shine.
All, all in mournful silence, save
For ocean's distant roar,
Heard where the slow, regretful wave
Sobs on the lonely shore.

But oh, while, winged with love and prayer,
Our thoughts pursue his track,
What glorious sights the midnight air
Will proudly waft us back!
What golden words will flutter down
From many a peak of fame!
What glittering shapes of old renown
That cluster round his name!

O'er storied Denmark's haunted ground
Will darkly drift again,
Dream-like and vague, without a sound,
The spectre of the Dane;
And breaking hearts will be the wreath
For grief that knows no tear,
When shine on Cornwall's storm-swept heath
The blazing eyes of Lear.

Slow, 'mid the portents of the storm
And fate's avenging powers,
Will moody Richard's haggard form
Pace through the twilight hours;
And wildly hurtling o'er the sky,
The red star of Macbeth—
Torn from the central arch on high—
Go down in dusky death!

But — best of all! — will softly rise
His form of manly grace —
The noble brow, the honest eyes,
The sweetly patient face,
The loving heart, the stately mind
That, conquering every ill,
Through seas of trouble cast behind,
Was grandly steadfast still.

Though skies might gloom and tempest rave,
Though friends and hopes might fall,
His constant spirit, simply brave,
Would meet and suffer all;
Would calmly smile at fortune's frown,
Supreme o'er gain or loss:
And he the worthiest wears the crown
That gently bore the cross!

Be blithe and bright, thou jocund day
That golden England knows!
Bloom sweetly round the wanderer's way,
Thou royal English rose!
And, English hearts, (no need to tell
How truth itself endures!)
This soul of manhood treasure well,
Our love commits to yours!

Farewell! nor mist nor flying cloud
Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,
Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
And violets star the sod,
Till our last broken wave of time
Dies on the shores of God.

VIOLET

One name I shall not forget —
Gentle name of Violet.

Many and strange the years have sped:
She who bore that name is dead;

Dead — and resting by the sea,
Where she gave her heart to me.

Dead — and now the grasses wave,
And the dry leaves, o'er her grave,

Rustling in the autumn wind,
Like the sad thoughts in my mind.

She was light, and soon forgot;
Loved me well, and loved me not;

Changeful as the April sky,—
Kind or cruel, sad or shy;

Gray eyes, winsome, arch, and fair—
My youth's passion and despair.

Now through storms of many years,
Now through tender mist of tears,

Looking backward, I can see
She was always true to me:

Yet, with prisoned tears that burn,
Cold we parted, wayward, stern;

Spoke the quiet, farewell word,
Neither meant and neither heard;

Spoke — and parted in our pain,
Never more to meet again.

Sometimes underneath the moon,
On rose-laden nights of June,

When white clouds drift o'er the blue,
While the pale stars glimmer through,

And the honeysuckle throws
Fragrant challenge to the rose,

And the liberal pine-tree flings
Perfume on the midnight's wings,—

Came, with thrills of hope and fear,
Mystic sense that she was near;

Came the thought: Through good and ill
She loves, and she remembers still!

But no word e'er came or went;
And when nine long years were spent,

Something in my bosom said,
Very softly: She is dead!

Now, at sombre autumn eve,
Wandering where the woodlands grieve,

Or where wild winds whistle free,
On the hills that front the sea,

Cruel thoughts of love and loss
Nail my spirit to the cross.

Friends have fallen, youth is gone,
Fields are brown and skies are wan;

One name I shall not forget,—
Gentle name of Violet.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE

WHAT though I sing no other song?
What though I speak no other word?
Is silence shame? Is patience wrong?
At least one song of mine was heard:

One echo from the mountain air,
One ocean murmur, glad and free,
One sign that nothing grand or fair
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
I will not strain the chords of thought:
The sweetest fruit of all desire
Comes its own way, and comes unsought.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes should be said
She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky;
And all we know of bliss or grief
She speaks, in forms that cannot die.

The mountain peaks that shine afar,
The silent stars, the pathless sea,
Are living signs of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be.

THEODORE WINTHROP

(1828–1861)

THE figure of Theodore Winthrop was a heroic one in the opening days of the American War of the Rebellion. He bore a historic name; his character was chivalric; his literary talent, just beginning to express itself, was brilliant; he died young and bravely at the head of his column, fighting for what he deemed the right. Here were all the elements for hero-making. Small wonder that his books, posthumously published, were eagerly bought and read. To read them now is to realize what an unusual gift in him was quenched untimely. The work was tentative, of promise rather than full performance. But it is worth remembrance; it calls for recognition.

THEODORE WINTHROP

Theodore Winthrop was born in New Haven, September 22d, 1828; a direct descendant of John Winthrop, early governor of Connecticut. He was graduated from Yale University when twenty years of age, and was a notable student, winning prizes and greatly admired of his fellows. From graduation to the outbreaking of war—more than a dozen years—his life was a roving one, his activity varied. His health was delicate, and at first he traveled much abroad; then entered an Eastern counting-house; went to Panama in the employment of the Pacific Steamship Company; and later made a tour of California and Oregon, extending it to Vancouver's Island and Puget Sound, and visiting the Hudson's Bay Company's stations. He was often ill, but the rough nomadic life seemed the tonic for his restoration. Again he tried the counting-room, only to be off soon on some adventurous expedition. In spite of his uncertain health, he was an athlete, skillful on horseback and in all out-door sports.

In 1855 he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; trying St. Louis first, then settling in New York. He threw himself with ardor into the Fremont campaign, and was active in making speeches among the Pennsylvania working-folk,—an occupation he liked far

better than practicing his profession, for which he had little taste. Thus the war found him unsettled, unproved: a man with a strong instinct for action, and a love for unconventional and wild life; a keen observer, who had seen much, and from his college days had been fond of writing.

Here was an unusual equipment for a literary man. The war seemed to his friends to be his opportunity: certainly he himself welcomed its call to deeds. As George William Curtis said in a sympathetic biographical sketch, "Theodore Winthrop's life, like a fire long smoldering, suddenly blazed up into a clear bright flame and vanished." On settling in New York, he had joined the crack Seventh Regiment. In April 1861 he went with it to the front. General Butler made him his military secretary and aide. At Big Bethel, on June 10th, in the flush of his manhood, he fell with his face to the enemy, a beautiful young leader.

While in camp, Winthrop was contributing to the Atlantic Monthly admirably graphic papers on his war experiences: he began to draw public attention as a writer. He left a large amount of manuscript, and his books appeared in rapid succession after his death: 'Cecil Dreeme' in 1861; 'John Brent,' 'Edwin Brothertoft,' and 'The Canoe and the Saddle' in 1862; 'Life in the Open Air and Other Papers' in 1863. The two novels first named proved the most popular: 'Cecil Dreeme' reached its seventeenth edition by 1864, 'John Brent' its fourteenth. The latter is unquestionably his strongest work. Winthrop has fine qualities as a story-maker. The light and shade in human existence is dramatically rendered in his fiction. He gives his readers plot and action in plenty; writing in crisp, idiomatic, vigorous English. In such a book as 'John Brent' there is an open-air wholesomeness that is infectious. That tale of the Western plains, with its heroic men and horses, its knightly rescue of woman in distress, its thrilling ride for love and life, is one of the breeziest imaginable. It is thoroughly American in tone and atmosphere; and had the merit, in its day especially, of delineating Western scenes and characters with sympathy and skill, at a time when the West was almost virgin soil to literature. In 'Cecil Dreeme' the drama is enacted in the city, and it is dark and gruesome, running into melodrama: the story seems less mature. Yet it has unquestionable power and charm.

Winthrop is always the poet and idealist, interested in character on its spiritual side,—this tendency being healthily blended with the objective narrative interest of plot. One feels in reading his vital stories that in his early death American literature suffered a genuine loss. 'The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop,' edited by his sister, appeared in 1884.

A GALLOP OF THREE

From 'John Brent.' Copyright 1862, by Ticknor & Fields

WE WERE off, we Three on our Gallop to save and to slay. Pumps and Fulano took fire at once. They were ready to burst into their top speed, and go off in a frenzy.

"Steady, steady," cried Brent. "Now we'll keep this long easy lope for a while, and I'll tell you my plan.—They have gone to the southward,—those two men. They could not get away in any other direction. I have heard Murker say he knows all the country between here and the Arkansaw. Thank Heaven! so do I, foot by foot."

I recalled the sound of galloping hoofs I had heard in the night to the southward.

"I heard them, then," said I, "in my watch after Fulano's lariat was cut. The wind lulled, and there came a sound of horses, and another sound, which I then thought a fevered fancy of my own,—a far-away scream of a woman."

Brent had been quite unimpassioned in his manner until now. He groaned as I spoke of the scream.

"O Wade! O Richard!" he said, "why did you not know the voice? It was she. They have terrible hours the start."

He was silent a moment, looking sternly forward. Then he began again; and as he spoke, his iron-gray edged on with a looser rein.

"It is well you heard them: it makes their course unmistakable. We know we are on their track. Seven or eight full hours! It is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shall ride. They had a woman to carry, and their mules to drive. They will fear pursuit, and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall catch them before night, so help us God!"

"You are aiming for the mountains?" I asked.

"For Luggernel Alley," he said.

I remembered how, in our very first interview, a thousand miles away at the Fulano mine, he had spoken of this spot. All the conversation then, all the talk about my horse, came back to me like a Delphic prophecy suddenly fulfilled. I made a good omen of this remembrance.

"For Luggernel Alley," said Brent. "Do you recollect my pointing out a notch in the sierra, yesterday, when I said I

would like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a woman brave enough for this plains life?"

He grew very white as he spoke, and again Pumps led off by a neck, we ranging up instantly.

"They will make for the Luggernel Springs. The alley is the only gate through the mountains towards the Arkansaw. If they can get by there, they are safe. They can strike off New Mexico way; or keep on to the States out of the line of emigration or any Mormon pursuit. The Springs are the only water to be had at this season, without digging, anywhere in that quarter. They must go there. We are no farther from the spot than we were at Bridger. We have been traveling along the base of the triangle. We have only lost time. And now that we are fairly under way, I think we might shake out another reef. A little faster, friends—a little faster yet!"

It was a vast desert level where we were riding. Here and there a scanty tuft of grass appeared, to prove that Nature had tried her benign experiment, and wafted seeds hither to let the scene be verdant, if it would. Nature had failed. The land refused any mantle over its brown desolation. The soil was disintegrated, igneous rock, fine and well beaten down as the most thoroughly laid macadam.

Behind was the rolling region where the Great Trail passes; before and far away, the faint blue of the sierra. Not a bird sang in the hot noon; not a cricket chirped. No sound except the beat of our horses' hoofs on the pavement. We rode side by side, taking our strides together. It was a waiting race. The horses traveled easily. They learned, as a horse with a self-possessed rider will, that they were not to waste strength in rushes. "Spend, but waste not,"—not a step, not a breath, in that gallop for life! This must be our motto.

We three rode abreast over the sere brown plain on our gallop to save and to slay.

Far—ah, how terribly dim and distant!—was the sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. Slowly, slowly they lifted, those gracious heights, while we sped over the harsh levels of the desert. Harsh levels, abandoned or unvisited by verdancy. But better so: there was no long herbage to check our great pace over the smooth race-course; no thickets here to baffle us; no forests to mislead.

We galloped abreast,—Armstrong at the right. His weird, gaunt white held his own with the best of us. No whip, no

spur, for that deathly creature. He went as if his master's purpose were stirring him through and through. That stern intent made his sinews steel, and put an agony of power into every stride. The man never stirred, save sometimes to put a hand to that bloody blanket bandage across his head and temple. He had told his story, he had spoken his errand, he breathed not a word; but with his lean, pallid face set hard, his gentle blue eyes scourged of their kindliness and fixed upon those distant mountains where his vengeance lay, he rode on like a relentless fate.

Next in the line I galloped. Oh, my glorious black! The great killing pace seemed mere playful canter to him,—such as one might ride beside a timid girl, thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great shoulders, and gave a mighty writhe of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my bridle hand and then into my eye, saying as well as words could have said it, "This is mere sport, my friend and master. You do not know me. I have stuff in me of which you do not dream. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word! let me show you how I can spurn the earth." Then with the lightest love pressure on the snaffle, I would say, "Not yet! not yet! Patience, my noble friend! Your time will come."

At the left rode Brent, our leader. He knew the region; he made the plan; he had the hope; his was the ruling passion,—stronger than brotherhood, than revenge. Love made him leader of that galloping three. His iron-gray bent grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal flag of reprieve. Eager hope and kindling purpose made the rider's face more beautiful than ever. He seemed to behold Sidney's motto written on the golden haze before him, "Viam aut inveniam aut faciam." I felt my heart grow great when I looked at his calm features, and caught his assuring smile,—a gay smile but for the dark, fateful resolve beneath it. And when he launched some stirring word of cheer, and shook another ten of seconds out of the gray's mile, even Armstrong's countenance grew less deathly, as he turned to our leader in silent response. Brent looked a fit chieftain for such a wild charge over the desert waste; with his buckskin hunting-

shirt and leggins with flaring fringes, his otter cap and eagle's plume, his bronze face with its close brown beard, his elate head, and his seat like a centaur.

So we galloped three abreast, neck and neck, hoof with hoof, steadily quickening our pace over the sere width of desert. We must make the most of the levels. Rougher work, cruel obstacles were before. All the wild, triumphant music I had ever heard came and sang in my ears to the flinging cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock, over great vacant chasms underneath. Sweet and soft around us melted the hazy air of October; and its warm, flickering currents shook like a veil of gauzy gold between us and the blue bloom of the mountains far away, but nearing now and lifting step by step.

On we galloped — the avenger, the friend, the lover — on our errand to save and to slay.

It came afternoon, as we rode on steadily. The country grew rougher. The horses never flinched; but they sweated freely, and foam from their nostrils flecked their shoulders. By-and-by, with little pleasant admonitory puffs, a breeze drew down from the glimmering frosty edges of the sierra and cooled us. Horses and men were cheered and freshened, and lifted anew to their work.

We had seen and heard no life on the desert. Now, in the broken country, a coyote or two scuttled away as we passed. Sometimes a lean gray wolf would skulk out of a brake, canter after us a little way, and then squat on his haunches, staring at our strange speed. Flight and chase he could understand; but ours was not flight for safety, or chase for food. Men are queer mysteries to beasts. So our next companions found. Over the edge of a slope, bending away to a valley of dry scanty pasture at the left, a herd of antelopes appeared. They were close to us, within easy revolver shot. They sprang into graceful flight, some score of them, with tails up and black hoofs glancing. Presently, pausing for curiosity, they saw that we fled, not followed; and they in turn became pursuers, careering after us for a mile or more, until our stern business left their gamboling play far behind.

We held steadily for that notch in the blue sierra. The mountain lines grew sharper, the country where we traveled rougher, every stride. We came upon a wide tract covered with wild sage-bushes. These delayed and baffled us. It was a pigmy forest of trees, mature and complete, but no higher than the knee.

Every dwarfed, stunted, gnarled bush had the trunk, limbs, twigs, and gray withered foliage, all in miniature, of some tree, hapless but sturdy, that has had a weather-beaten struggle for life on a storm-threshed crag by the shore, or on a granite side of a mountain, with short allowance of soil to eat and water to drink. Myriads of square miles of that arid region have no important vegetation except this wild sage or Artemisia, and a meaner brother, not even good to burn,—the greasewood.

One may ride through the tearing thickets of a forest primeval, as one may shoulder through a crowd of civilized barbarians at a spectacle. Our gallop over the top of this pigmy wood was as difficult as to find passage over the heads of the same crowd, tall men and short, men hatted with slouched hats, washbowls, and stove-pipes. It was a rough scramble. It checked our speed and chafed our horses. Sometimes we could find natural pathways for a few rods. Then these strayed aside or closed up, and we must plunge straight on. We lost time; moments we lost more precious than if every one were marked by a drop in a clepsydra, and each drop as it fell changed itself and tinkled in the basin, a priceless pearl.

"It worries me, this delay," I said to Brent.

"They lost as much — more time than we," he said.

And he crowded on more desperately, as a man rides for dearer than life — as a lover rides for love.

We tore along, breaking through and over the sage-bushes, each man where best he could. Fulano began to show me what leaps were in him. I gave him his head. No bridle would have held him. I kept my mastery by the voice, or rather by the perfect identification of his will with mine. Our minds acted together. "Save strength," I still warned him, "save strength, my friend, for the mountains and the last leaps!"

A little pathway in the sage-bushes suddenly opened before me, as a lane rifts in the press of hurrying legions 'mid the crush of a city thoroughfare. I dashed on a hundred yards in advance of my comrades.

What was this? The bushes trampled and broken down, just as we in our passage were trampling and breaking them. What?

Hoof-marks in the dust!

"The trail!" I cried, "the trail!"

They sprang toward me. Brent followed the line with his eye. He galloped forward with a look of triumph.

Suddenly I saw him fling himself half out of his saddle, and clutch at some object. Still going at speed and holding on by one leg alone, after the Indian fashion for sport or shelter against an arrow or a shot, he picked up something from the bushes, regained his seat, and waved his treasure to us. We ranged up and rode beside him over a gap in the sage.

A lady's glove! — that was what he had stooped to recover. An old buckskin riding-gauntlet, neatly stitched about the wrist, and pinked on the wristlet. A pretty glove, strangely, almost tragically, feminine in this desolation. A well-worn glove that had seen better days, like its mistress; but never any day so good as this, when it proved to us that we were on the sure path of rescue.

"I take up the gauntlet," said Brent. "Gare à qui le touche!"

We said nothing more; for this unconscious token, this silent cry for help, made the danger seem more closely imminent. We pressed on. No flinching in any of the horses. Where we could, we were going at speed. Where they could, the horses kept side by side, nerving each other. Companionship sustained them in that terrible ride.

And now in front the purple sierra was growing brown, and rising up a distinct wall, cleft visibly with dell, gully, ravine, and cañon. The saw-teeth of the ridge defined themselves sharply into peak and pinnacle. Broad fields of cool snow gleamed upon the summits.

We were ascending now all the time into subalpine regions. We crossed great sloping savannas, deep in dry, rustling grass, where a nation of cattle might pasture. We plunged through broad wastes of hot sand. We flung ourselves down and up the red sides of water-worn gullies. We took breakneck leaps across dry quebradas in the clay. We clattered across stony arroyos, longing thirstily for the gush of water that had flowed there not many months before.

The trail was everywhere plain. No prairie craft was needed to trace it. Here the chase had gone but a few hours ago; here across grassy slopes, trampling the grass as if a mower had passed that way; here plowing wearily through the sand; here treading the red, crumbling clay; here breaking down the side of a bank; here leaving a sharp hoof-track in the dry mud of a fled torrent. Everywhere a straight path, pointing for that deepening gap in the sierra, Luggernel Alley, the only gate of escape.

Brent's unerring judgment had divined the course aright. On he led, charging along the trail, as if he were trampling already on the carcasses of the pursued. On he led and we followed, drawing nearer, nearer to our goal.

Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Some five hours we had ridden without a pause. Not one drop or sign of water in all that arid waste. The torrents had poured along the dry watercourses too hastily to let the scanty alders and willows along their line treasure up any sap of growth. The wild sage bushes had plainly never tasted fluid more plenteous than seldom dewdrops doled out on certain rare festal days, enough to keep their meagre foliage a dusty gray. No pleasant streamlet lurked anywhere under the long dry grass of the savannas. The arroyos were parched and hot as rifts in lava.

It became agonizing to listen to the panting and gasping of our horses. Their eyes grew staring and bloodshot. We suffered, ourselves, hardly less than they. It was cruel to press on. But we must hinder a crueler cruelty. Love against Time,— Vengeance against Time! We must not flinch for any weak humanity to the noble allies that struggled on with us, without one token of resistance.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say: "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show."

And he curved his proud neck, shook his mane like a banner, and galloped the grandest of all.

We came to a broad strip of sand, the dry bed of a mountain torrent. The trail followed up this disappointing path. Heavy plowing for the tired horses! How would they bear the rough work down the ravine yet to come?

Suddenly our leader pulled up and sprang from the saddle.

"Look!" he cried, "how those fellows spent their time and saved ours. Thank heaven for this! We shall save her, surely, now."

They had dug a pit deep in the thirsty sand, and found a lurking river buried there. Nature never questioned what manner of men they were that sought. Murderers flying from vengeance and planning now another villain outrage,—still impartial Nature did not change her laws for them. Sunshine, air, water, life,— these boons of hers,— she gave them freely. That higher

boon of death, if they were to receive, it must be from some other power, greater than the undiscriminating force of Nature.

Good luck and good omen, this well of water in the sand! It proved that our chase had suffered as we, and had been delayed as we. Before they had dared to pause and waste priceless moments here, their horses must have been drooping terribly. The pit was nearly five feet deep. A good hour's work, and no less, had dug it with such tools as they could bring. I almost laughed to think of the two, slowly bailing out the sliding sand with a tin plate, perhaps, and a frying-pan, while a score of miles away upon the desert we three were riding hard upon their tracks to follow them the fleeter for this refreshment they had left. "Sic vos non vobis!" I was ready to say triumphantly; but then I remembered the third figure in their group,—a woman, like a Sibyl, growing calmer as her peril grew,—and succor seemed to withdraw. And the pang of this picture crushed back into my heart any thoughts but a mad anxiety, and a frenzy to be driving on.

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. No gentle beauty hereabouts to enchant us to delay. No grand old tree, the shelter and the landmark of the fountain, proclaiming an oasis near. Nothing but bare, hot sand. But the water was pure, cool, and bright. It had come underground from the sierra, and still remembered its parent snows. We drank and were grateful—almost to the point of pity. Had we been but avengers, like Armstrong, my friend and I could well-nigh have felt mercy here, and turned back pardoning. But rescue was more imperative than vengeance. Our business tortured us, as with the fanged scourge of Tisiphone, while we dallied. We grudged these moments of refreshment. Before night fell down the west, and night was soon to be climbing up the east, we must overtake—and then?

I wiped the dust and spume away from Fulano's nostrils and breathed him a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup-cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty,—my noble comrade! He drank like a reveler. When I mounted again, he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. My weight was a feather to him. All those leagues of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown sierra here was close at hand. Its glittering, icy summits, above the dark and sheeny walls, far above the black

phalanxes of clambering pines, stooped forward and hung over us as we rode. We were now at the foot of the range, where it dipped suddenly down upon the plain. The gap, our goal all day, opened before us, grand and terrible. Some giant force had clutched the mountains, and riven them narrowly apart. The wild defile gaped, and then wound away and closed, lost between its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, and bearing two brother pyramids of purple cliffs aloft far above the snow line. A fearful portal into a scene of the throes and agonies of earth! and my excited eyes seemed to read, gilded over its entrance, in the dead gold of that hazy October sunshine, words from Dante's inscription,—

> « Per me si va tra la perduta gente:
> Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!» *

« Here we are," said Brent, speaking hardly above his breath. « This is Luggernel Alley at last, thank God! In an hour, if the horses hold out, we shall be at the Springs; that is, if we can go through this breakneck gorge at the same pace. My horse began to flinch a little before the water. Perhaps that will set him up. How are yours?"

« Fulano asserts that he has not begun to show himself yet. I may have to carry you *en croupe* before we are done."

Armstrong said nothing, but pointed impatiently down the defile. The gaunt white horse moved on quicker at this gesture. He seemed a tireless machine, not flesh and blood,—a being like his master, living and acting by the force of a purpose alone.

Our chief led the way into the cañon.

Yes, John Brent, you were right when you called Luggernel Alley a wonder of our continent.

I remember it now,—I only saw it then;—for those strong scenes of nature assault the soul whether it will or no, fight in against affirmative or negative resistance, and bide their time to be admitted as dominant over the imagination. It seemed to me then that I was not noticing how grand the precipices, how stupendous the cleavages, how rich and gleaming the rock faces in Luggernel Alley. My business was not to stare about, but to look sharp and ride hard; and I did it.

* « Through me one goes among the lost folk:
Leave behind all hope, ye who enter!»

Yet now I can remember, distinct as if I beheld it, every stride of that pass; and everywhere, as I recall foot after foot of that fierce chasm, I see three men with set faces,—one deathly pale and wearing a bloody turban,—all galloping steadily on, on an errand to save and to slay.

Terrible riding it was! A pavement of slippery, sheeny rock; great beds of loose stones; barricades of mighty bowlders, where a cliff had fallen an æon ago, before the days of the road-maker race; crevices where an unwary foot might catch; wide rifts where a shaky horse might fall, or a timid horseman drag him down. Terrible riding! A pass where a calm traveler would go quietly picking his steps, thankful if each hour counted him a safe mile.

Terrible riding! Madness to go as we went! Horse and man —any moment either might shatter every limb. But man and horse—neither can know what he can do, until he has dared and done. On we went, with the old frenzy growing tenser. Heart almost broken with eagerness.

No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. While we could go, they would go. Since the water, they were full of leap again. Down in the shady Alley, too, evening had come before its time. Noon's packing of hot air had been dislodged by a mountain breeze drawing through. Horses and men were braced and cheered to their work; and in such riding as that, the man and the horse must think together and move together,—eye and hand of the rider must choose and command, as bravely as the horse executes.

The blue sky was overhead, the red sun upon the castellated walls a thousand feet above us, the purpling chasm opened before. It was late; these were the last moments. But we should save the lady yet.

"Yes," our hearts shouted to us, "we shall save her yet."

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We

could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Poor Pumps!

He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in at the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps!

His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough bowlders of the torrent bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his fore legs were broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly,—there is no more agonized sound,—and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken since we started. My nerves were so strained that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes, rising up and swelling in a flood of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old, heroic cause!

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its macheers and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now, Brent! up behind me!" I whispered,—for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding pass.

Armstrong pressed after; the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on,—on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when between the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear.

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water.

Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable!

There they were,—the Murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A. & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle.

Larrap not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp and saw us, as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle.

Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again, Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled down upon the grass,—crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the *mêlée.*

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Armstrong's Flathead horse blindly up the cañon, whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden, massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him.

Then a tranquil, childlike look stole over his face,—that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul has gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. *His* was the stain of blood.

WILLIAM WIRT

(1772–1834)

William Wirt, LL. D., distinguished in his day as lawyer, statesman, and author, left speeches which are a part of American forensic eloquence. He wrote the best biography of Patrick Henry, and in his prosecution of Aaron Burr gave a noble example of old-fashioned classical oratory.

Although his life and chief labor are associated with Virginia, Wirt was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8th, 1772. He was of Swiss-German extraction. He was left an orphan at eight years of age, and was brought up by an uncle. His education was received at a local grammar-school; some tutoring in a private family followed, and then he studied law, and began its practice in 1792. Three years later he married and settled at Pen Park, near Charlottesville, Virginia, removing to Richmond in 1799. For three years he was clerk of the House of Delegates, and afterwards chancellor of the Eastern District of Virginia. He made his home in Norfolk in 1803. His popular 'Letters of the British Spy' appeared in the Virginia Argus during that year: they purported to be addressed to a British M. P. by a traveler of the same country, and contained interesting portraitures. In the Richmond Enquirer was first published the series of papers collected into book form under the title 'The Rainbow.'

William Wirt

Wirt returned to Richmond in 1806; and the next year took part in the prosecution of Aaron Burr for treason,—regarding his scheme for a Southwestern Empire,—being retained as assistant counsel to the Attorney-General, and making a very strong impression by his impassioned pleading. He was in the House of Delegates 1807–8, United States Attorney for the District of Virginia in 1816, and for three terms (1817–29) Attorney-General of the United States. His essays entitled 'The Old Bachelor' were printed in the Enquirer in 1812. Most of his essay-writing thus had newspaper birth. Wirt settled in Baltimore in 1830; and in 1832 he was the Anti-Masonic

candidate for the Presidency. He died while actively engaged in his profession, at Washington, February 18th, 1834.

Dr. Wirt's life was one of varied usefulness and importance. He was a courtly Southern gentleman of the old school; and his writings have a pleasing flavor of good breeding and easy elegance, with something of the formality and sententiousness of his time. As an author he is lucid and polished, rising on occasion to real eloquence. His works make an impression of candor and integrity; qualities which seem to have been reflected in his character. A man of much local reputation and influence, his written words, both for thought and style, are worthy of an audience not confined to his locality and period.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HENRY

From 'Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry'

MR. HENRY'S conversation was remarkably pure and chaste. He never swore. He was never heard to take the name of his Maker in vain. He was a sincere Christian, though after a form of his own; for he was never attached to any particular religious society, and never, it is believed, communed with any church. A friend who visited him not long before his death, found him engaged in reading the Bible. "Here," said he, holding it up, "is a book worth more than all the other books that were ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it, with the proper attention and feeling, till lately. I trust in the mercy of Heaven that it is not yet too late." He was much pleased with Soame Jenyns's view of the internal evidences of the Christian religion; so much so, that about the year 1790 he had an impression of it struck at his own expense, and distributed among the people. His other favorite works on the subject were Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' and Butler's 'Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed.' This latter work he used at one period of his life to style, by way of pre-eminence, his "Bible." The selection proves not only the piety of his temper, but the correctness of his taste, and his relish for profound and vigorous disquisition.

His morals were strict. As a husband, a father, a master, he had no superior. He was kind and hospitable to the stranger,

and most friendly and accommodating to his neighbors. In his dealings with the world he was faithful to his promise, and punctual in his contracts, to the utmost of his power.

Yet we do not claim for him a total exemption from the failures of humanity. Moral perfection is not the property of man. The love of money is said to have been one of Mr. Henry's strongest passions. In his desire for accumulation, he was charged with wringing from the hands of his clients, and more particularly those of the criminals whom he defended, fees rather too exorbitant. He was censured too for an attempt to locate the shores of the Chesapeake, which had heretofore been used as a public common; although there was at that time no law of the State which protected them from location. In one of his earlier purchases of land, he was blamed also for having availed himself of the existing laws of the State, in paying for it in the depreciated paper currency of the country; nor was he free from censure on account of some participation which he is said to have had in the profits of the Yazoo trade. He was accused too of having been rather more vain of his wealth, toward the close of his life, than became a man so great in other respects. Let these things be admitted, and "let the man who is without fault cast the first stone." In mitigation of these charges, if they be true, it ought to be considered that Mr. Henry had been, during the greater part of his life, intolerably oppressed by poverty and all its distressing train of consequences; that the family for which he had to provide was very large; and that the bar, although it has been called the road to honor, was not in those days the road to wealth. With these considerations in view, charity may easily pardon him for having considered only *the legality* of the means which he used to acquire an independence; and she can easily excuse him, too, for having felt the success of his endeavors a little more sensibly than might have been becoming. He was certainly neither proud, nor hard-hearted, nor penurious: if he was either, there can be no reliance on human testimony; which represents him as being, in his general intercourse with the world, not only rigidly honest, but one of the kindest, gentlest, and most indulgent of human beings.

While we are on this ungrateful subject of moral imperfection, the fidelity of history requires us to notice another charge against Mr. Henry. His passion for fame is said to have been

too strong: he was accused of a wish to monopolize the public favor; and under the influence of this desire, to have felt no gratification in the rising fame of certain conspicuous characters; to have indulged himself in invidious and unmerited remarks upon them, and to have been at the bottom of a cabal against one of the most eminent. If these things were so — alas, poor human nature! It is certain that these charges are very inconsistent with his general character. So far from being naturally envious, and disposed to keep back modest merit, one of the finest traits in his character was the parental tenderness with which he took by the hand every young man of merit, covered him with his ægis in the Legislature, and led him forward at the bar. In relation to his first great rival in eloquence, Richard Henry Lee, he not only did ample justice to him on every occasion in public, but defended his fame in private with all the zeal of a brother; as is demonstrated by an original correspondence between those two eminent men, now in the hands of the author. Of Colonel Innis, his next great rival, he entertained and uniformly expressed the most exalted opinion; and in the convention of 1788, as will be remembered, paid a compliment to his eloquence, at once so splendid, so happy, and so just, that it will live forever. The debates of that convention abound with the most unequivocal and ardent declarations of his respect for the talents and virtues of the other eminent gentlemen who were arrayed against him,— Mr. Madison, Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Randolph. Even the justly great and overshadowing fame of Mr. Jefferson never extorted from him, in public at least, one invidious remark; on the contrary, the name of that gentleman, who was then in France, having been introduced into the debates of the convention for the purpose of borrowing the weight of his opinion, Mr. Henry spoke of him in the strongest and warmest terms, not only of admiration but of affection,— styling him "our illustrious fellow-citizen," "our enlightened and worthy countryman," "our common friend."

The inordinate love of money and of fame are certainly base and degrading passions. They have sometimes tarnished characters otherwise the most bright; but they will find no advocate or apologist in any virtuous bosom. In relation to Mr. Henry, however, we may be permitted to doubt whether the facts on which these censures (so inconsistent with his general character)

are grounded, have not been misconceived; and whether so much of them as is really true may not be fairly charged to the common account of human imperfection.

Mr. Henry's great intellectual defect was his indolence. To this it was owing that he never possessed that admirable alertness and vigorous versatility of mind which turns promptly to everything, attends to everything, arranges everything, and by systematizing its operations, dispatches each in its proper time and place and manner. To the same cause it is to be ascribed that he never possessed that patient drudgery, and that ready, neat, copious, and masterly command of details, which forms so essential a part of the duties both of the statesman and the lawyer. Hence too he did not avail himself of the progress of science and literature in his age. He had not, as he might have done, amassed those ample stores of various, useful, and curious knowledge which are so naturally expected to be found in a great man. His library (of which an inventory has been furnished to the author) was extremely small; composed not only of a very few books, but those, too, commonly odd volumes. Of science and literature he knew little or nothing more than was occasionally gleaned from conversation. It is not easy to conceive what a mind like his might have achieved in either or both of these walks, had it been properly trained at first, or industriously occupied in those long intervals of leisure which he threw away. One thing however may be safely pronounced: that had that mind of Herculean strength been either so trained or so occupied, he would have left behind him some written monument, compared with which even statues and pillars would have been but the ephemeræ of a day. But he seems to have been of Hobbes's opinion, who is reported to have said of himself, that "if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they were." Mr. Henry's book was the great volume of human nature. In this he was more deeply read than any of his countrymen. He knew *men* thoroughly; and hence arose his great power of persuasion. His preference of this study is manifested by the following incident: He met once, in a bookstore, with the late Mr. Ralph Wormley, who, although a great bookworm, was infinitely more remarkable for his ignorance of men than Mr. Henry was for that of books.—"What! Mr. Wormley," said he, "still buying books?" "Yes," said Mr. Wormley, "I have just

heard of a new work, which I am extremely anxious to peruse." "Take my word for it," said he, "Mr. Wormley, we are too old to read books: read men,—they are the only volume that *we* can peruse to advantage." But Mr. Henry might have perused both, with infinite advantage not only to himself but to his country and to the world; and that he did not do it, may, it is believed, be fairly ascribed rather to the indolence of his temper than the deliberate decision of his judgment.

PATRICK HENRY'S FIRST CASE

From 'Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry'

Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable as well as the severest critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his début. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng; who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly: in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way, and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place

to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the exuviæ of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart *in a manner which language cannot tell.* Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover County must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in deathlike silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon

turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair: and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court too had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioneering triumph.

Oh, what a scene was this for a father's heart! so sudden; so unlooked-for; so delightfully overwhelming! At the time he was not able to give utterance to any sentiment; but a few days after, when speaking of it to Mr. Winston, he said with the most engaging modesty, and with a tremor of voice which showed how much more he felt than he expressed, "Patrick spoke in this cause near an hour, and in a manner that surprised me! and showed himself well informed on a subject of which I did not think he had any knowledge!"

I have tried much to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech. But those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you, in general, that they were taken captive, and so delighted with their captivity that they followed implicitly whithersoever he led them; that at his bidding their tears flowed from pity, and their cheeks flushed with indignation; that when it was over they felt as if they had just awakened from some ecstatic dream, of which

they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believe had never before fallen from the lips of man; and to this day the old people of that country cannot conceive that a higher compliment can be paid to a speaker than to say of him, in their own homely phrase, "He is almost equal to Patrick when he plead against the parsons."

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT

Argument in the Trial of Aaron Burr

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes: he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate

possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music: it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom,—whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for

him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason — this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent — a mere accessary! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

OWEN WISTER

(1860–)

THE short stories of Owen Wister are an addition to the American fiction which is helping the world to realize the infinitely varied and interesting characters and scenes in widely separated sections of the United States. These stories are illustrations from the author's own text: "Many sorts of Americans live in America." A part of the drama of primitive humanity is displayed in Mr. Wister's pages: the part which is enacted on the great sandy plains of the Southwest, with mountains for stage setting, and Indians, soldiers, and cowboys as persons of the play.

OWEN WISTER

Mr. Wister, although he knows the West so well, and writes of it with such sympathetic insight, is an Eastern man,—a Philadelphian of good family,—and was born in that city in 1860. When he was ten years of age he was taken to Europe, where he remained three years. Returning to his native land, he prepared for college at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, and was graduated from Harvard in 1882. At the University he developed a taste for literature and music. He wrote the libretto for a Hasty Pudding Club opera bouffe; and at that time music seemed to be his first choice: indeed, after graduation he went abroad to devote himself to that art; on the advice of Liszt going to Paris for the study of composition. But family affairs brought him home the next year, and poor health sent him hunting big game in Wyoming and Arizona. This first Western trip was a turning-point in Mr. Wister's career. The country and its inhabitants—so new, strange, and spectacular, compared with his former experiences—took strong hold of him, and stimulated his dormant literary instincts.

On his return East, he decided for the legal profession, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1887, settling down in Philadelphia to practice. But the West continued to lure him: again and again he tasted the excitement of wild life, and drank in impressions which were to bear fruit in fiction. Within ten years he made

no less than fifteen of these Western tours. He began to make use of the material thus gathered in 1891, and gradually came to give all his energies to literature.

His sketches and tales were gathered into book form in 'Red Men and White,' which appeared in 1896,—eight stories which previously had been widely read in the magazines and recognized as individual, vital work.

The real Indian is drawn by this writer: not the idealized, fancy-sketch representation sometimes offered. Soldiers and settlers too, as he limns them, are felt to be authentic. The dialogue is eminently natural; the descriptions of nature those of the keen-eyed observer who is also a poet. The spirit of comradeship and humorous exaggeration typical of the West is admirably caught, while the underlying tone is that of tragedy,—naturally enough, for Mr. Wister deals truthfully with the stern, albeit picturesque, conditions of a new civilization where the elemental passions are at work with little concealment. The main impression of such masterpieces as 'Specimen Jones,' with its lighter incidents leading up to an intense dénouement, or 'La Tinaja Bonita,' fairly Dantesque in its shadows, is that of strenuous drama. But humor is never lacking to supply the lights for the chiaroscuro.

Mr. Wister's tentative book, 'The Dragon of Wantley' (1892), written before he had found his true *métier*, proved, with its delicate, playful satire on the days of chivalry, that the author had a fund of quiet fun. Further Western sketches of compelling interest may be expected from one who in 'Red Men and White' has made a distinct contribution to the fiction of locality in the United States.

SPECIMEN JONES

From 'Red Men and White.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

EPHRAIM, the proprietor of Twenty Mile, had wasted his day in burying a man. He did not know the man. He had found him, or what the Apaches had left of him, sprawled among some charred sticks just outside the Cañon del Oro. It was a useful discovery in its way; for otherwise Ephraim might have gone on hunting his strayed horses near the cañon, and ended among charred sticks himself. Very likely the Indians were far away by this time; but he returned to Twenty Mile with the man tied to his saddle, and his pony nervously snorting. And now the day was done, and the man lay in the earth, and they had even built a fence round him; for the hole was pretty

shallow, and coyotes have a way of smelling this sort of thing a long way off when they are hungry, and the man was not in a coffin. They were always short of coffins in Arizona.

Day was done at Twenty Mile, and the customary activity prevailed inside that flat-roofed cube of mud. Sounds of singing, shooting, dancing, and Mexican tunes on the concertina came out of the windows hand in hand, to widen and die among the hills. A limber, pretty boy, who might be nineteen, was dancing energetically; while a grave old gentleman, with tobacco running down his beard, pointed a pistol at the boy's heels, and shot a hole in the earth now and then to show that the weapon was really loaded. Everybody was quite used to all of this — excepting the boy. He was an Eastern new-comer, passing his first evening at a place of entertainment.

Night in and night out every guest at Twenty Mile was either happy and full of whisky, or else his friends were making arrangements for his funeral. There was water at Twenty Mile — the only water for twoscore of miles. Consequently it was an important station on the road between the southern country and Old Camp Grant, and the new mines north of the Mescal Range. The stunt, liquor-perfumed adobe cabin lay on the gray floor of the desert like an isolated slab of chocolate. A corral, two desolate stable sheds, and the slowly turning windmill, were all else. Here Ephraim and one or two helpers abode, armed against Indians and selling whisky. Variety in their vocation of drinking and killing was brought them by the travelers. These passed and passed through the glaring vacant months: some days only one ragged fortune-hunter, riding a pony; again by twos and threes, with high-loaded burros; and sometimes they came in companies, walking beside their clanking freight wagons. Some were young, and some were old; and all drank whisky, and wore knives and guns to keep each other civil. Most of them were bound for the mines, and some of them sometimes returned. No man trusted the next man; and their names, when they had any, would be O'Rafferty, Angus, Schwartzmeyer, José Maria, and Smith. All stopped for one night; some longer — remaining drunk and profitable to Ephraim; now and then one stayed permanently, and had a fence built round him. Whoever came, and whatever befell them, Twenty Mile was chronically hilarious after sundown, — a dot of riot in the dumb Arizona night.

On this particular evening they had a tenderfoot. The boy, being new in Arizona, still trusted his neighbor. Such people turned up occasionally. This one had paid for everybody's drink several times, because he felt friendly, and never noticed that nobody ever paid for his. They had played cards with him, stolen his spurs, and now they were making him dance. It was an ancient pastime; yet two or three were glad to stand round and watch it, because it was some time since they had been to the opera. Now the tenderfoot had misunderstood these friends at the beginning, supposing himself to be among good fellows; and they naturally set him down as a fool. But even while dancing you may learn much, and suddenly. The boy, besides being limber, had good tough black hair; and it was not in fear, but with a cold blue eye, that he looked at the old gentleman. The trouble had been that his own revolver had somehow hitched, so he could not pull it from the holster at the necessary moment.

"Tried to draw on me, did yer?" said the old gentleman. "Step higher! Step now, or I'll crack open yer kneepans, ye robin's-egg."

"Thinks he's having a bad time," remarked Ephraim. "Wonder how he'd like to have been that man the Injuns had sport with?"

"Weren't his ear funny?" said one who had helped bury the man.

"Ear?" said Ephraim. "You boys ought to have been along when I found him, and seen the way they'd fixed up his mouth." Ephraim explained the details simply, and the listeners shivered. But Ephraim was a humorist. "Wonder how it feels," he continued, "to have—"

Here the boy sickened at his comments and the loud laughter. Yet a few hours earlier these same half-drunken jesters had laid the man to rest with decent humanity. The boy was taking his first dose of Arizona. By no means was everybody looking at his jig. They had seen tenderfeet so often. There was a Mexican game of cards; there was the concertina; and over in the corner sat Specimen Jones, with his back to the company, singing to himself. Nothing had been said or done that entertained him in the least. He had seen everything quite often.

"Higher! skip higher, you elegant calf," remarked the old gentleman to the tenderfoot. "High-yer!" And he placidly fired a fourth shot that scraped the boy's boot at the ankle and threw

earth over the clock, so that you could not tell the minute from the hour hand.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'" sang Specimen Jones softly. They did not care much for his songs in Arizona. These lyrics were all, or nearly all, that he retained of the days when he was twenty,—although he was but twenty-six now.

The boy was cutting pigeon-wings, the concertina played 'Matamoras,' Jones continued his lyric, when two Mexicans leaped at each other, and the concertina stopped with a quack.

"Quit it!" said Ephraim from behind the bar, covering the two with his weapon. "I don't want any greasers scrapping round here to-night. We've just got cleaned up."

It had been cards; but the Mexicans made peace, to the regret of Specimen Jones. He had looked round with some hopes of a crisis, and now for the first time he noticed the boy.

"Blamed if he ain't neat," he said. But interest faded from his eye, and he turned again to the wall. "'Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,'" he melodiously observed. His repertory was wide and refined. When he sang he was always grammatical.

"Ye kin stop, kid," said the old gentleman, not unkindly; and he shoved his pistol into his belt.

The boy ceased. He had been thinking matters over. Being lithe and strong, he was not tired nor much out of breath; but he was trembling with the plan and the prospect he had laid out for himself. "Set 'em up," he said to Ephraim. "Set 'em up again all round."

His voice caused Specimen Jones to turn and look once more; while the old gentleman, still benevolent, said, "Yer langwidge means pleasanter than it sounds, kid." He glanced at the boy's holster, and knew he need not keep a very sharp watch as to that. Its owner had bungled over it once already. All the old gentleman did was to place himself next the boy on the off side from the holster; any move the tenderfoot's hand might make for it would be green and unskillful, and easily anticipated. The company lined up along the bar, and the bottle slid from glass to glass. The boy and his tormentor stood together in the middle of the line; and the tormentor, always with half a thought for the holster, handled his drink on the wet counter, waiting till all should be filled and ready to swallow simultaneously, as befits good manners.

"Well, my regards," he said, seeing the boy raise his glass; and as the old gentleman's arm lifted in unison, exposing his waist, the boy reached down a lightning hand, caught the old gentleman's own pistol, and jammed it in his face.

"Now you'll dance," said he.

"Whoop!" exclaimed Specimen Jones, delighted. "*Blamed* if he ain't neat!" And Jones's handsome face lighted keenly.

"Hold on!" the boy sang out, for the amazed old gentleman was mechanically drinking his whisky out of sheer fright. The rest had forgotten their drinks. "Not one swallow," the boy continued. "No, you'll not put it down either. You'll keep hold of it, and you'll dance all round this place. Around and around. And don't you spill any. And I'll be thinking what you'll do after that."

Specimen Jones eyed the boy with growing esteem. "Why, he ain't bigger than a pint of cider," said he.

"Prance away!" commanded the tenderfoot, and fired a shot between the old gentleman's not widely straddled legs.

"You hev the floor, Mr. Adams," Jones observed respectfully, at the old gentleman's agile leap. "I'll let no man here interrupt you." So the capering began, and the company stood back to make room. "I've saw juicy things in this Territory," continued Specimen Jones, aloud to himself, "but this combination fills my bill."

He shook his head sagely, following the black-haired boy with his eye. That youth was steering Mr. Adams round the room with the pistol, proud as a ring-master. Yet not altogether. He was only nineteen; and though his heart beat stoutly, it was beating alone in a strange country. He had come straight to this from hunting squirrels along the Susquehanna, with his mother keeping supper warm for him in the stone farm-house among the trees. He had read books in which hardy heroes saw life, and always triumphed with precision on the last page; but he remembered no receipt for this particular situation. Being good game American blood, he did not think now about the Susquehanna; but he did long with all his might to know what he ought to do next to prove himself a man. His buoyant rage, being glutted with the old gentleman's fervent skipping, had cooled; and a stress of reaction was falling hard on his brave young nerves. He imagined everybody against him. He had no

notion that there was another American wanderer there, whose reserved and whimsical nature he had touched to the heart.

The fickle audience was with him, of course, for the moment, — since he was upper dog and it was a good show; but one in that room was distinctly against him. The old gentleman was dancing with an ugly eye; he had glanced down to see just where his knife hung at his side, and he had made some calculations. He had fired four shots; the boy had fired one. "Four and one hez always made five," the old gentleman told himself with much secret pleasure, and pretended that he was going to stop his double-shuffle. It was an excellent trap, and the boy fell straight into it. He squandered his last precious bullet on the spittoon near which Mr. Adams happened to be at the moment, and the next moment Mr. Adams had him by the throat. They swayed and gulped for breath, rutting the earth with sharp heels; they rolled to the floor and floundered with legs tight tangled, the boy blindly striking at Mr. Adams with the pistol-butt, and the audience drawing closer to lose nothing, when the bright knife flashed suddenly. It poised — and flew across the room, harmless; for a foot had driven into Mr. Adams's arm, and he felt a cold ring grooving his temple. It was the smooth, chilly muzzle of Specimen Jones's six-shooter.

"That's enough," said Jones. "More than enough."

Mr. Adams, being mature in judgment, rose instantly, like a good old sheep, and put his knife back obedient to orders. But in the brain of the overstrained, bewildered boy, universal destruction was whirling. With a face stricken lean with ferocity, he staggered to his feet, plucking at his obstinate holster, and glaring for a foe. His eye fell first on his deliverer, leaning easily against the bar watching him, while the more and more curious audience scattered, and held themselves ready to murder the boy if he should point his pistol their way. He was dragging at it clumsily, and at last it came. Specimen Jones sprang like a cat, and held the barrel vertical, and gripped the boy's wrist.

"Go easy, son," said he. "I know how you're feelin'."

The boy had been wrenching to get a shot at Jones; and now the quietness of the man's voice reached his brain, and he looked at Specimen Jones. He felt a potent brotherhood in the eyes that were considering him, and he began to fear he had been a fool. There was his dwarf Eastern revolver, slack in his inefficient

fist, and the singular person still holding its barrel and tapping one derisive finger over the end, careless of the risk to his first joint.

"Why, you little —— ——," said Specimen Jones, caressingly, to the hypnotized youth, "if you was to pop that squirt off at me, I'd turn you up and spank you. Set 'em up, Ephraim."

But the commercial Ephraim hesitated, and Jones remembered. His last cent was gone. It was his third day at Ephraim's. He had stopped, having a little money, on his way to Tucson, where a friend had a job for him, and was waiting. He was far too experienced a character ever to sell his horse or his saddle on these occasions, and go on drinking. He looked as if he might, but he never did; and this was what disappointed business men like Ephraim in Specimen Jones.

But now, here was this tenderfoot he had undertaken to see through, and Ephraim reminding him that he had no more of the wherewithal. "Why, so I haven't," he said with a short laugh, and his face flushed. "I guess," he continued hastily, "this is worth a dollar or two." He drew a chain up from below his flannel shirt-collar and over his head. He drew it a little slowly. It had not been taken off for a number of years,— not, indeed, since it had been placed there originally. "It ain't brass," he added lightly, and strewed it along the counter without looking at it. Ephraim did look at it; and being satisfied, began to uncork a new bottle while the punctual audience came up for its drink.

"Won't you please let me treat?" said the boy unsteadily. "I ain't likely to meet you again, sir." Reaction was giving him trouble inside.

"Where are you bound, kid?"

"Oh, just a ways up the country," answered the boy, keeping a grip on his voice.

"Well, you *may* get there. Where did you pick up that — that thing? Your pistol, I mean."

"It's a present from a friend," replied the tenderfoot with dignity.

"Farewell gift, wasn't it, kid? Yes; I thought so. Now I'd hate to get an affair like that from a friend. It would start me wondering if he liked me as well as I'd always thought he did. Put up that money, kid. You're drinking with me. Say, what's yer name?"

"Cumnor — J. Cumnor."

"Well, J. Cumnor, I'm glad to know you. Ephraim, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cumnor. Mr. Adams, if you're rested from your quadrille, you can shake hands with my friend. Step around, you Miguels and Serapios and Cristobals, whatever you claim your names are. This is Mr. J. Cumnor."

The Mexicans did not understand either the letter or the spirit of these American words; but they drank their drink, and the concertina resumed its acrid melody. The boy had taken himself off without being noticed.

"Say, Speç," said Ephraim to Jones: "I'm no hog. Here's yer chain. You'll be along again."

"Keep it till I'm along again," said the owner.

"Just as you say, Speç," answered Ephraim smoothly, and he hung the pledge over an advertisement chromo of a nude cream-colored lady with bright straw hair, holding out a bottle of somebody's champagne. Specimen Jones sang no more songs, but smoked and leaned in silence on the bar. The company were talking of bed, and Ephraim plunged his glasses into a bucket to clean them for the morrow.

"Know anything about that kid?" inquired Jones abruptly.

Ephraim shook his head as he washed.

"Traveling alone, ain't he?"

Ephraim nodded.

"Where did you say you found that fellow layin', the Injuns got?"

"Mile this side the cañon. 'Mong them sand-humps."

"How long had he been there, do you figure?"

"Three days, anyway."

Jones watched Ephraim finish his cleansing. "Your clock needs wiping," he remarked. "A man might suppose it was nine, to see that thing, the way the dirt hides the hands. Look again in half an hour and it'll say three. That's the kind of clock gives a man the jams. Sends him crazy."

"Well, that ain't a bad thing to be in this country," said Ephraim, rubbing the glass case and restoring identity to the hands. "If that man had been crazy he'd been livin' right now. Injuns 'll never touch lunatics."

"That band have passed here and gone north," Jones said. "I saw a smoke among the foot-hills as I come along day before yesterday. I guess they're aiming to cross the Santa Catalina.

Most likely they're that band from round the San Carlos that were reported as raiding down in Sonora."

"I seen well enough," said Ephraim, "when I found him, that they wasn't going to trouble us any, or they'd have been around by then."

He was quite right; but Specimen Jones was thinking of something else. He went out to the corral, feeling disturbed and doubtful. He saw the tall white freight-wagon of the Mexicans, looming and silent; and a little way off, the new fence where the man lay. An odd sound startled him, though he knew it was no Indians at this hour; and he looked down into a little dry ditch. It was the boy, hidden away flat on his stomach among the stones, sobbing.

"Oh, snakes!" whispered Specimen Jones, and stepped back. The Latin races embrace and weep, and all goes well; but among Saxons, tears are a horrid event. Jones never knew what to do when it was a woman; but this was truly disgusting. He was well seasoned by the frontier,—had tried a little of anything: town and country, ranches, saloons, stage-driving, marriage occasionally, and latterly mines. He had sundry claims staked out, and always carried pieces of stone in his pockets, discoursing upon their mineral-bearing capacity, which was apt to be very slight. That is why he was called Specimen Jones. He had exhausted all the important sensations, and did not care much for anything more. Perfect health and strength kept him from discovering that he was a saddened, drifting man. He wished to kick the boy for his baby performance; and yet he stepped carefully away from the ditch so the boy should not suspect his presence. He found himself standing still, looking at the dim, broken desert.

"Why, hell," complained Specimen Jones, "he played the little man to start with. He did so. He scared that old horse-thief Adams just about dead. Then he went to kill me, that kep' him from bein' buried early to-morrow. I've been wild that way myself, and wantin' to shoot up the whole outfit." Jones looked at the place where his middle finger used to be, before a certain evening in Tombstone. "But I never—" He glanced towards the ditch, perplexed. "What's that mean? Why in the world does he git to cryin' for *now*, do you suppose?" Jones took to singing without knowing it. "'Ye shepherds, tell me,

have you seen my Flora pass this way?'" he murmured. Then a thought struck him. "Hello, kid!" he called out. There was no answer.

"Of course," said Jones. "Now he's ashamed to hev me see him come out of there." He walked with elaborate slowness round the corral and behind a shed. "Hello, you kid!" he called again.

"I was thinking of going to sleep," said the boy, appearing quite suddenly. "I — I'm not used to riding all day. I'll get used to it, you know," he hastened to add.

"'Ha-ve you seen my Flo—' Say, kid, where you bound, anyway?"

"San Carlos."

"San Carlos! Oh. Ah. '— Flo-ra pass this way?'"

"Is it far, sir?"

"Awful far, sometimes. It's always liable to be far through the Arivaypa Cañon."

"I didn't expect to make it between meals," remarked Cumnor.

"No. Sure. What made you come this route?"

"A man told me."

"A man? Oh. Well, it *is* kind o' difficult, I admit, for an Arizonan not to lie to a stranger. But I think I'd have told you to go by Tres Alamos and Point of Mountain. It's the road the man that told you would choose himself every time. Do you like Injuns, kid?"

Cumnor snapped eagerly.

"Of course you do. And you've never saw one in the whole minute and a half you've been alive. I know all about it."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy.

"Not afraid? Of course you ain't. What's your idea in going to Carlos? Got town lots there?"

"No," said the literal youth, to the huge internal diversion of Jones. "There's a man there I used to know back home. He's in the cavalry. What sort of a town is it for sport?" asked Cumnor, in a gay-Lothario tone.

"*Town?*" Specimen Jones caught hold of the top rail of the corral. "*Sport?* Now I'll tell you what sort of a town it is. There ain't no streets. There ain't no houses. There ain't any land and water in the usual meaning of them words. There's

Mount Turnbull. It's pretty near a usual mountain, but you don't want to go there. The Creator didn't make San Carlos. It's a heap older than him. When he got around to it after slickin' up Paradise and them fruit-trees, he just left it to be as he found it, as a sample of the way they done business before he come along. He 'a'n't done any work around that spot at all, he 'a'n't. Mix up a barrel of sand and ashes and thorns, and jam scorpions and rattlesnakes along in, and dump the outfit on stones, and heat yer stones red-hot, and set the United States army loose over the place chasin' Apaches, and you've got San Carlos."

Cumnor was silent for a moment. "I don't care," he said. "I want to chase Apaches."

"Did you see that man Ephraim found by the cañon?" Jones inquired.

"Didn't get here in time."

"Well, there was a hole in his chest made by an arrow. But there's no harm in that if you die at wunst. That chap didn't, you see. You heard Ephraim tell about it. They'd done a number of things to the man before he could die. Roastin' was only one of 'em. Now your road takes you through the mountains where these Injuns hev gone. Kid, come along to Tucson with me," urged Jones suddenly.

Again Cumnor was silent. "Is my road different from other people's?" he said, finally.

"Not to Grant, it ain't. These Mexicans are hauling freight to Grant. But what's the matter with your coming to Tucson with me?"

"I started to go to San Carlos, and I'm going," said Cumnor.

"You're a poor chuckle-headed fool!" burst out Jones in a rage. "And you can go for all I care—you and your Christmas-tree pistol. Like as not you won't find your cavalry friend at San Carlos. They've killed a lot of them soldiers huntin' Injuns this season. Good-night."

Specimen Jones was gone. Cumnor walked to his blanket-roll, where his saddle was slung under the shed. The various doings of the evening had bruised his nerves. He spread his blankets among the dry cattle-dung, and sat down, taking off a few clothes slowly. He lumped his coat and overalls under his head for a pillow, and putting the despised pistol alongside,

lay between the blankets. No object showed in the night but the tall freight-wagon. The tenderfoot thought he had made altogether a fool of himself upon the first trial trip of his manhood, alone on the open sea of Arizona. No man, not even Jones now, was his friend. A stranger, who could have had nothing against him but his inexperience, had taken the trouble to direct him on the wrong road. He did not mind definite enemies,—he had punched the heads of those in Pennsylvania, and would not object to shooting them here: but this impersonal, surrounding hostility of the unknown was new and bitter; the cruel, assassinating, cowardly Southwest, where prospered those jail-birds whom the vigilantes had driven from California. He thought of the nameless human carcass that lay near, buried that day, and of the jokes about its mutilations. Cumnor was not an innocent boy, either in principles or in practice; but this laughter about a dead body had burned into his young, unhardened soul. He lay watching with hot, dogged eyes the brilliant stars. A passing wind turned the windmill, which creaked a forlorn minute, and ceased. He must have gone to sleep and slept soundly; for the next he knew, it was the cold air of dawn that made him open his eyes. A numb silence lay over all things, and the tenderfoot had that moment of curiosity as to where he was now which comes to those who have journeyed for many days. The Mexicans had already departed with their freight-wagon. It was not entirely light, and the embers, where these early starters had cooked their breakfast, lay glowing in the sand across the road. The boy remembered seeing a wagon where now he saw only chill, distant peaks; and while he lay quiet and warm, shunning full consciousness, there was a stir in the cabin, and at Ephraim's voice reality broke upon his drowsiness, and he recollected Arizona and the keen stress of shifting for himself. He noted the gray paling round the grave. Indians? He would catch up with the Mexicans, and travel in their company to Grant. Freighters made but fifteen miles in the day, and he could start after breakfast and be with them before they stopped to noon. Six men need not worry about Apaches, Cumnor thought. The voice of Specimen Jones came from the cabin, and sounds of lighting the stove, and the growling conversation of men getting up. Cumnor, lying in his blankets, tried to overhear what Jones was saying, for no better reason than that this was the only man he had met lately who had seemed to care whether he were alive

or dead. There was the clink of Ephraim's whisky-bottles, and the cheerful tones of old Mr. Adams saying, "It's better'n brushin' yer teeth;" and then further clinking, and an inquiry from Specimen Jones.

"Whose spurs?" said he.

"Mine." This from Mr. Adams.

"How long have they been yourn?"

"Since I got 'em, I guess."

"Well, you've enjoyed them spurs long enough." The voice of Specimen Jones now altered in quality. "And you'll give 'em back to that kid."

Muttering followed that the boy could not catch. "You'll give 'em back," repeated Jones. "I seen you lift 'em from under that chair when I was in the corner."

"That's straight, Mr. Adams," said Ephraim. "I noticed it myself, though I had no objections, of course. But Mr. Jones has pointed out — "

"Since when have you growed so honest, Jones?" cackled Mr. Adams, seeing that he must lose his little booty. "And why didn't you raise yer objections when you seen me do it?"

"I didn't know the kid," Jones explained. "And if it don't strike you that game blood deserves respect, why it does strike me."

Hearing this, the tenderfoot, outside in his shed, thought better of mankind and life in general, arose from his nest, and began preening himself. He had all the correct trappings for the frontier, and his toilet in the shed gave him pleasure. The sun came up, and with a stroke struck the world to crystal. The near sand-hills went into rose; the crabbed yucca and the mesquite turned transparent, with lances and pale films of green, like drapery graciously veiling the desert's face; and distant violet peaks and edges framed the vast enchantment beneath the liquid exhalations of the sky. The smell of bacon and coffee from open windows filled the heart with bravery and yearning; and Ephraim, putting his head round the corner, called to Cumnor that he had better come in and eat. Jones, already at table, gave him the briefest nod; but the spurs were there, replaced as Cumnor had left them under a chair in the corner. In Arizona they do not say much at any meal, and at breakfast nothing at all; and as Cumnor swallowed and meditated, he noticed the cream-colored lady and the chain, and he made up his mind he

should assert his identity with regard to that business, though how and when was not clear to him. He was in no great haste to take up his journey. The society of the Mexicans whom he must sooner or later overtake did not tempt him. When breakfast was done he idled in the cabin, like the other guests, while Ephraim and his assistant busied about the premises. But the morning grew on; and the guests, after a season of smoking and tilted silence against the wall, shook themselves and their effects together, saddled, and were lost among the waste thorny hills. Twenty Mile became hot and torpid. Jones lay on three consecutive chairs, occasionally singing; and old Mr. Adams had not gone away either, but watched him, with more tobacco running down his beard.

"Well," said Cumnor, "I'll be going."

"Nobody's stopping you," remarked Jones.

"You're going to Tucson?" the boy said, with the chain problem still unsolved in his mind. "Good-by, Mr. Jones. I hope I'll — we'll — "

"That'll do," said Jones; and the tenderfoot, thrown back by this severity, went to get his saddle-horse and his burro.

Presently Jones remarked to Mr. Adams that he wondered what Ephraim was doing, and went out. The old gentleman was left alone in the room, and he swiftly noticed that the belt and pistol of Specimen Jones were left alone with him. The accoutrement lay by the chair its owner had been lounging in. It is an easy thing to remove cartridges from the chambers of a revolver, and replace the weapon in its holster so that everything looks quite natural. The old gentleman was entertained with the notion that somewhere in Tucson, Specimen Jones might have a surprise; and he did not take a minute to prepare this, drop the belt as it lay before, and saunter innocently out of the saloon. Ephraim and Jones were criticizing the tenderfoot's property as he packed his burro.

"Do you make it a rule to travel with ice-cream?" Jones was inquiring.

"They're for water," Cumnor said. "They told me at Tucson I'd need to carry water for three days on some trails."

It was two good-sized milk-cans that he had; and they bounced about on the little burro's pack, giving him as much amazement as a jackass can feel. Jones and Ephraim were hilarious.

"Don't go without your spurs, Mr. Cumnor," said the voice of old Mr. Adams, as he approached the group. His tone was particularly civil.

The tenderfoot had indeed forgotten his spurs; and he ran back to get them. The cream-colored lady still had the chain hanging upon her, and Cumnor's problem was suddenly solved. He put the chain in his pocket, and laid the price of one round of drinks for last night's company on the shelf below the chromo. He returned with his spurs on, and went to his saddle that lay beside that of Specimen Jones under the shed. After a moment he came with his saddle to where the men stood talking by his pony, slung it on, and tightened the cinches; but the chain was now in the saddle-bag of Specimen Jones, mixed up with some tobacco, stale bread, a box of matches, and a hunk of fat bacon. The men at Twenty Mile said good-day to the tenderfoot, with monosyllables and indifference, and watched him depart into the heated desert. Wishing for a last look at Jones, he turned once, and saw the three standing, and the chocolate brick of the cabin, and the windmill white and idle in the sun.

"He'll be gutted by night," remarked Mr. Adams.

"I ain't buryin' him, then," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," said Specimen Jones. "Well, it's time I was getting to Tucson."

He went to the saloon, strapped on his pistol, saddled, and rode away. Ephraim and Mr. Adams returned to the cabin; and here is the final conclusion they came to, after three hours of discussion as to who took the chain and who had it just then:—

Ephraim—Jones, he hadn't no cash.

Mr. Adams—The kid, he hadn't no sense.

Ephraim—The kid, he lent the cash to Jones.

Mr. Adams—Jones, he goes off with his chain.

Both—What damn fools everybody is, anyway!

And they went to dinner. But Mr. Adams did not mention his relations with Jones's pistol. Let it be said in extenuation of that performance, that Mr. Adams supposed Jones was going to Tucson, where he said he was going, and where a job and a salary were awaiting him. In Tucson an unloaded pistol, in the holster of so handy a man on the drop as was Specimen, would keep people civil, because they would not know, any more than the owner, that it was unloaded; and the mere possession of it would be sufficient in nine chances out of ten—though it was

undoubtedly for the tenth that Mr. Adams had a sneaking hope. But Specimen Jones was not going to Tucson. A contention in his mind as to whether he would do what was good for himself, or what was good for another, had kept him sullen ever since he got up. Now it was settled, and Jones in serene humor again. Of course he had started on the Tucson road, for the benefit of Ephraim and Mr. Adams.

The tenderfoot rode along. The Arizona sun beat down upon the deadly silence; and the world was no longer of crystal, but a mesa, dull and gray and hot. The pony's hoofs grated in the gravel; and after a time the road dived down and up among lumpy hills of stone and cactus, always nearer the fierce glaring Sierra Santa Catalina. It dipped so abruptly in and out of the shallow sudden ravines, that on coming up from one of these into the sight of the country again, the tenderfoot's heart jumped at the close apparition of another rider quickly bearing in upon him from gullies where he had been moving unseen. But it was only Specimen Jones.

"Hello!" said he, joining Cumnor. "Hot, ain't it?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Cumnor.

"Up here a ways." And Jones jerked his finger generally towards the Sierra, where they were heading.

"Thought you had a job in Tucson."

"That's what I have."

Specimen Jones had no more to say; and they rode for a while, their ponies' hoofs always grating in the gravel, and the milk-cans lightly clanking on the burro's pack. The bunched blades of the yuccas bristled steel-stiff; and as far as you could see, it was a gray waste of mounds and ridges sharp and blunt, up to the forbidding boundary walls of the Tortilita one way and the Santa Catalina the other. Cumnor wondered if Jones had found the chain. Jones was capable of not finding it for several weeks, or of finding it at once and saying nothing.

"You'll excuse my meddling with your business?" the boy hazarded.

Jones looked inquiring.

"Something's wrong with your saddle-pocket."

Specimen saw nothing apparently wrong with it; but perceiving Cumnor was grinning, unbuckled the pouch. He looked at the boy rapidly, and looked away again; and as he rode, still in

silence, he put the chain back round his neck below the flannel shirt-collar.

"Say, kid," he remarked after some time, "what does J. stand for?"

"J.? Oh, my name! Jock."

"Well, Jock, will you explain to me as a friend how you ever come to be such a fool as to leave yer home — wherever and whatever it was — in exchange for this here God-forsaken and iniquitous hole?"

"If you'll explain to me," said the boy, greatly heartened, "how you come to be ridin' in the company of a fool, instead of goin' to your job at Tucson."

The explanation was furnished before Specimen Jones had framed his reply. A burning freight-wagon and five dismembered human stumps lay in the road. This was what had happened to the Miguels and Serapios and the concertina. Jones and Cumnor, in their dodging and struggles to exclude all expressions of growing mutual esteem from their speech, had forgotten their journey; and a sudden bend among the rocks where the road had now brought them revealed the blood and fire staring them in the face. The plundered wagon was three parts empty; its splintered, blazing boards slid down as they burned, into the fiery heap on the ground; packages of soda and groceries and medicines slid with them, bursting into chemical spots of green and crimson flame; a wheel crushed in and sank, spilling more packages that flickered and hissed; the garbage of combat and murder littered the earth; and in the air hung an odor that Cumnor knew, though he had never smelled it before. Morsels of dropped booty up among the rocks showed where the Indians had gone; and one horse remained, groaning, with an accidental arrow in his belly.

"We'll just kill him," said Jones; and his pistol snapped idly, and snapped again, as his eye caught a motion — a something — two hundred yards up among the bowlders on the hill. He whirled round. The enemy was behind them also. There was no retreat. "Yourn's no good!" yelled Jones fiercely, for Cumnor was getting out his little foolish revolver. "Oh, what a trick to play on a man! Drop off yer horse, kid; drop, and do like me. Shootin's no good here, even if I was loaded. *They* shot, and look at them now. God bless them ice-cream freezers

of yourn, kid! Did you ever see a crazy man? If you 'ain't, *make it up as you go along!*"

More objects moved up among the bowlders. Specimen Jones ripped off the burro's pack, and the milk-cans rolled on the ground. The burro began grazing quietly, with now and then a step towards new patches of grass. The horses stood where their riders had left them, their reins over their heads, hanging and dragging. From two hundred yards on the hill the ambushed Apaches showed, their dark, scattered figures appearing cautiously one by one, watching with suspicion. Specimen Jones seized up one milk-can, and Cumnor obediently did the same.

"You kin dance, kid, and I kin sing, and we'll go to it," said Jones. He rambled in a wavering loop, and diving eccentrically at Cumnor, clashed the milk-cans together. "'Es schallt ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,'" he bawled, beginning the song of 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' "Why don't you dance?" he shouted sternly. The boy saw the terrible earnestness of his face, and clashing his milk-cans in turn, he shuffled a sort of jig. The two went over the sand in loops, toe and heel; the donkey continued his quiet grazing, and the flames rose hot and yellow from the freight-wagon. And all the while the stately German hymn pealed among the rocks, and the Apaches crept down nearer the bowing, scraping men. The sun shone bright, and their bodies poured with sweat. Jones flung off his shirt; his damp, matted hair was half in ridges and half glued to his forehead, and the delicate gold chain swung and struck his broad, naked breast. The Apaches drew nearer again, their bows and arrows held uncertainly. They came down the hill, fifteen or twenty, taking a long time, and stopping every few yards. The milk-cans clashed, and Jones thought he felt the boy's strokes weakening. 'Die Wacht am Rhein' was finished, and now it was "'Ha-ve you seen my Flora pass this way?'" "You mustn't play out, kid," said Jones, very gently,—"indeed you mustn't;" and he at once resumed his song.

The silent Apaches had now reached the bottom of the hill. They stood some twenty yards away, and Cumnor had a good chance to see his first Indians. He saw them move, and the color and slim shape of their bodies, their thin arms, and their long, black hair. It went through his mind that if he had no more clothes on than that, dancing would come easier. His boots

were growing heavy to lift, and his overalls seemed to wrap his sinews in wet, strangling thongs. He wondered how long he had been keeping this up. The legs of the Apaches were free, with light moccasins only half-way to the thigh, slenderly held up by strings from the waist. Cumnor envied their unincumbered steps as he saw them again walk nearer to where he was dancing. It was long since he had eaten, and he noticed a singing dullness in his brain, and became frightened at his thoughts, which were running and melting into one fixed idea. This idea was to take off his boots, and offer to trade them for a pair of moccasins. It terrified him — this endless, molten rush of thoughts; he could see them coming in different shapes from different places in his head, but they all joined immediately, and always formed the same fixed idea. He ground his teeth to master this encroaching inebriation of his will and judgment. He clashed his can more loudly to wake him to reality, which he still could recognize and appreciate. For a time he found it a good plan to listen to what Specimen Jones was singing, and tell himself the name of the song, if he knew it. At present it was 'Yankee Doodle,' to which Jones was fitting words of his own. These ran, "Now I'm going to try a bluff, And mind you do what I do;" and then again, over and over. Cumnor waited for the word "bluff"; for it was hard and heavy, and fell into his thoughts, and stopped them for a moment. The dance was so long now he had forgotten about that. A numbness had been spreading through his legs, and he was glad to feel a sharp pain in the sole of his foot. It was a piece of gravel that had somehow worked its way in, and was rubbing through the skin into the flesh. "That's good," he said aloud. The pebble was eating the numbness away, and Cumnor drove it hard against the raw spot, and relished the tonic of its burning friction.

The Apaches had drawn into a circle. Standing at some interval apart, they entirely surrounded the arena. Shrewd, half convinced, and yet with awe, they watched the dancers, who clashed their cans slowly now in rhythm to Jones's hoarse, parched singing. He was quite master of himself, and led the jig round the still blazing wreck of the wagon, and circled in figures of eight between the corpses of the Mexicans, clashing the milk-cans above each one. Then, knowing his strength was coming to an end, he approached an Indian whose splendid fillet

and trappings denoted him of consequence; and Jones was near shouting with relief when the Indian shrank backward. Suddenly he saw Cumnor let his can drop; and without stopping to see why, he caught it up, and slowly rattling both, approached each Indian in turn with tortuous steps. The circle that had never uttered a sound till now, receded, chanting almost in a whisper some exorcising song which the man with the fillet had begun. They gathered round him, retreating always; and the strain, with its rapid muttered words, rose and fell softly among them. Jones had supposed the boy was overcome by faintness, and looked to see where he lay. But it was not faintness. Cumnor, with his boots off, came by and walked after the Indians in a trance. They saw him, and quickened their pace, often turning to be sure he was not overtaking them. He called to them unintelligibly, stumbling up the sharp hill, and pointing to the boots. Finally he sat down. They continued ascending the mountain, herding close round the man with the feathers, until the rocks and the filmy tangles screened them from sight; and like a wind that hums uncertainly in grass, their chanting died away.

The sun was half behind the western range when Jones next moved. He called, and getting no answer, he crawled painfully to where the boy lay on the hill. Cumnor was sleeping heavily; his head was hot, and he moaned. So Jones crawled down, and fetched blankets and the canteen of water. He spread the blankets over the boy, wet a handkerchief and laid it on his forehead; then he lay down himself.

The earth was again magically smitten to crystal. Again the sharp cactus and the sand turned beautiful, and violet floated among the mountains, and rose-colored orange in the sky above them.

"Jock," said Specimen at length.

The boy opened his eyes.

"Your foot is awful, Jock. Can you eat?"

"Not with my foot."

"Ah, God bless you, Jock! You ain't turruble sick. But *can* you eat?"

Cumnor shook his head.

"Eatin's what you need, though. Well, here." Specimen poured a judicious mixture of whisky and water down the boy's

throat, and wrapped the awful foot in his own flannel shirt. "They'll fix you over to Grant. It's maybe twelve miles through the cañon. It ain't a town any more than Carlos is, but the soldiers 'll be good to us. As soon as night comes, you and me must somehow git out of this."

Somehow they did,— Jones walking and leading his horse and the imperturbable little burro, and also holding Cumnor in the saddle. And when Cumnor was getting well in the military hospital at Grant, he listened to Jones recounting to all that chose to hear how useful a weapon an ice-cream freezer can be, and how if you'll only chase Apaches in your stocking feet they are sure to run away. And then Jones and Cumnor both enlisted; and I suppose Jones's friend is still expecting him in Tucson.

GEORGE WITHER

(1588–1667)

THERE is delightful spontaneity and enjoyment of life in George Wither's early poems. The young cavalier found the world rich and beautiful. His Chaucer-like spirit exulted in nature,—in

> «—the murmurs of a spring,
> Or the least bough's rustling,»

and he was intolerant of all meanness and artifice. He was ambitious of royal favor, and meant to merit it. But the state of corruption he found at the court of James I. revolted him, and inspired one of his earliest works. 'Abuses Stript and Whipt' is a satire far milder than its title, upon society's moral obliquities. In spite of its general, impersonal tone, the poem invited resentment, and its author was punished by imprisonment in the Marshalsea. There he beguiled the tedium by writing 'The Shepherd's Hunting,'—a pleasant pastoral, and one of his most beautiful poems. Another fine example of his cavalier period is 'The Mistress of Philarete,'—probably the longest love panegyric in the language. Its gently rambling eclogues are sweet though sometimes tedious; and they end with lovely lyrics, which establish Wither's fame.

GEORGE WITHER

The 'Motto' (1618) is a long naïvely egotistic poem in three parts; the motto being «Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.» There is quaint charm in the treatment, and the lines reveal much of his own simple high-minded personality. Perhaps his melody and lyric gift are best exemplified in the well-known «Shall I, wasting in despair,» and 'The Steadfast Shepherd.' In later life, when depressed with poverty and Puritanism, Wither repented of much of his early work as sinful. But in a time of license and coarse expression, he was noteworthy for delicacy of sentiment and refinement of taste, which kept him clear of impropriety.

George Wither was born at Brentworth in Hampshire in 1588. Perhaps the two happiest years of his youth were those he spent at

Magdalen College, Oxford. Unfortunately his father desired his aid in the management of his estate, and George was not allowed to take his degree. But he soon tired of country life, and went to London. It was there he formed the friendship with his fellow-poet, William Browne, to whose influence something of his grace and technical skill is due. Few poets have more ably handled octosyllabic verse.

With the outbreak of the civil war, Wither cast off King and court, and became an ardent Puritan. He sold his lands to equip a company of horse for the Parliamentary army; and henceforth all he wrote reflected his change of view. He was no longer the singer of love songs and light delights. Instead he composed 'Hymns and Songs of the Church' (1623); 'Britain's Remembrancer' (1628); 'Hallelujah' (1641); and other collections of religious and political poems. Writing thus with a didactic purpose, he lost much of his earlier lyric quality; and these later verses do not entitle him to remembrance.

A ROCKING HYMN

SWEET baby, sleep: what ails my dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy father dear;
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be:
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends,
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in his sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he,
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon his virgin Mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that he did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by his torments and his pain,
Thy rest and ease securèd be.
My baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more to perfect this,—
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION IN A SONNET

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do,
That without them dares her woo.
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me (this believe),
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things here aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance,
For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

The wenches with their wassail-bowls
About the street are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No: let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller;
And whilest thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and everything
Bear witness we are merry.

FOR SUMMER-TIME

Now the glories of the year
May be viewèd at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dressed:
Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasure profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was;
Herds on every mountain go;
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow.
Now each orchard banquets giveth;
Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marred,
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish grounds are now so hard
That on them we safe may ride;
Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
From his heat the shades defend us.
And thereby we share in these,
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoyed may be,
And in this my song therefore
Praise I give, O Lord! to thee:
Grant that this my free oblation
May have gracious acceptation,
And that I may well employ
Everything which I enjoy.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

(1759–1797)

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT might be regarded as the embodiment of the finer and saner forces of the French Revolution; or rather of that spirit through which the eighteenth century was merged into the nineteenth, and which expressed itself as much in the lives of individuals as in revolutions. The author of the 'Vindication of the Rights of Women' was perhaps the most prophetic character of her time; since she alone, in a generation rabid for the rights of man, understood the subtle truth that the emancipation of men is largely dependent upon the emancipation of women,—seeing that the unity of the sexes transcends their diversity.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Her troubled life was in many ways a preparation for her pioneership in the vindication of womanliness. She was literally badgered into the office of apostle. Her experiences forced her into extreme opinions, especially on the subject of marriage; but extreme opinions were necessary in the eighteenth century. She was born in the pivotal period of the age of Light, in the year 1759. Family troubles had begun long before her birth; and she found herself hampered in infancy with a good-for-nothing father, and a mother who submitted to be beaten by him. She was the second of six children, all of whom in later years were to depend upon her to aid them in their struggles with the world. The passion of pity—for it was less a sentiment than a passion with her—was early developed; her motherhood, begun in the care of her wretched parents and their helpless offspring, was later to include the race.

Her childhood was spent in a vagrancy which might well have demoralized a less earnest spirit. The irresponsible father was always moving his family from one town to another in the hope of better luck. They went from Hoxton to Edmonton; thence to Essex; from Essex to Beverley in Yorkshire; then to London. Mary had snatches of education in these places: books however were kept strictly subordinate to life, through the vagaries of her father. Her first stimulus to cultivation was received through a young girl, Fanny Blood, for whom she conceived a romantic affection. Her friend's accomplishments

awakened her spirit of emulation. With her, love was synonymous with growth and expression. In whatever form it expressed itself, it was the mainspring of her character; which is indeed most clearly intelligible through the medium of her affections.

In 1780 her mother died, worn out by the brutalities of her husband. Mary went for a time to the home of Fanny Blood, where she supported herself by needlework. Her friend's father, like her own father, made his household wretched through his dissipations. From childhood Mary Wollstonecraft had had before her the spectacle of unhappy marriages, made so by the tyranny of the husbands. The long and dreary courtship of her friend Fanny, by a man who played with her love; the miserable union of her sister Eliza with a man whose caprice and selfishness finally drove his wife into insanity,—were further to increase her sense of outrage against a social system under which such evils could exist, and to prepare her for her championship of her sex. She first threw down the gauntlet to conventional opinion when she helped her sister Eliza to escape from her husband's roof. In so doing she displayed those forces of character which were afterwards to inspire the 'Vindication': the love of justice, the hatred of oppression, indomitable courage, and above all, a fund of common-sense which amounted to genius.

The two sisters and Fanny Blood opened a school at Newington Green, which at first was successful. About this time Mary was introduced to Dr. Johnson, who seems to have had some appreciation of her extraordinary powers. In 1785 Fanny Blood married her uncertain lover, and went with him to Lisbon. A few months later, Mary followed her there to nurse her in what proved to be her last illness. After the death of her beloved friend she commemorated their friendship in her first novel,—'Mary: a Fiction.' On her return to England she gave up her school, and accepted the position of governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough in Ireland. After holding this a year, she became a "reader" for the publisher Johnson, in London: it was owing to his encouragement that she resolved to give herself up entirely to literary work. She translated Salzmann's 'Elements of Morality' from the German, and Lavater's 'Physiognomy' from the French; besides writing some tales for children, published as 'Original Stories from Real Life,' with illustrations by Blake.

In 1789 Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' written from the standpoint of a Tory and a Conservative, aroused great indignation among the Liberals of England. Its scorn of the "common people" and their rights, its support of tradition merely as tradition, outraged the spirit of justice and mercy which dwelt continually with Mary Wollstonecraft. She published a pamphlet entitled 'Vindication of the Rights of Man,' in which she challenged the assumptions of Burke with more zeal perhaps than discretion, but with a

wonderful passion for truth and charity, liberty and advancement. Amid the emotional confusions of the pamphlet, the clear outlines of logic can here and there be traced. Referring to Burke's reliance on mediæval precedent for authority, she asks: «Does Burke recommend night as the fittest time to analyze a ray of light?»

The 'Vindication of the Rights of Women,' on which Mary Wollstonecraft's reputation as an author rests, was published in 1792. Although now little read,—its assertions, so startling in the last century, having become truisms in this,—it must be ranked among the epoch-making books. It is the prophecy of the nineteenth century by a woman who endured the tyranny of the eighteenth over her sex. In her dedication of the work to Talleyrand, she sets forth its argument:—«Contending for the rights of woman, my main argument is built on this simple principle,—that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on the general practice.»

The book as a whole is an elaborate demonstration of this principle. The author contends that no great improvement of society can be expected, unless women are regarded by men not as dolls made for their pleasure, but as rational beings on whose nobility of character the welfare of the family—and through the family, of the State—depends. She uncovers the falsity of Rousseau's ideal of women, as mere ministrants to the sentimentality of men; and proceeds to show that this ideal, governing the education of girls, has made them the inferior irrational beings which men find them. She urges as remedies, the freer mingling of the sexes in childhood, more out-of-door life for girls, and the training them to look upon marriage not as a means of support, or as a coveted dignity, but as the highest expression of love and friendship. She emphasizes the necessity of this friendship, which depends upon the intellectual congeniality of husband and wife. She affirms that intellectual companionship, indeed, is the chief as it is the lasting happiness of marriage.

It is difficult to believe that this reasonable and noble idea of woman's place in the family should have aroused the resentment of Hannah More, and of the majority of the English reading public. But like all books which mark a step in advance of prevailing custom and sentiment, it had to undergo stoning by the mob. Mary Wollstonecraft had uncovered the source of the frivolity of the eighteenth century, the source also of its soullessness, its deadening rationality: this was its contemptible view of women. It is small wonder that she incurred the resentment of her generation.

In 1792 she went to Paris to study the phenomena of the French Revolution, then in progress. She afterwards published the first volume of a work entitled 'An Historical and Moral View of the Origin

and Progress of the French Revolution.' During her stay in Paris she entered upon the tragedy of her life, which came to her through her love for Gilbert Imlay, an American. His desertion of her,— "my best friend and wife," as he calls her in a business document, —whatever it proved to the world, proved to those who knew the integrity of Mary's character, that he was not able to appreciate the honorableness of her love, nor the sublimed purity of her nature,— a purity dangerous perhaps to society, through its rare and exquisite quality.

In 1797 she became the wife of William Godwin, the author of 'Political Equality,'—in his way also an idealist, who placed the individual before society. The other-worldliness of the pair was primeval. In this union Mary knew the first serenity of her short, troubled life; but it was not to be of long duration. She died in the year of her marriage, ten days after the birth of the daughter who was to become the wife of Shelley.

She was more guided by reasonableness in her books than in her life, which was ruled by her affections,—being, as she was, a woman wholly womanly. Both her books and her life were necessary to her generation, to reveal to it the unsuspected forces of which its ignorance took little account in its estimate of the social order.

MODERN IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD

From 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women'

To account for and excuse the tyranny of man, many ingenious arguments have been brought forward to prove that the two sexes, in the acquirement of virtue, ought to aim at attaining a very different character; or to speak explicitly, women are not allowed to have sufficient strength of mind to acquire what really deserves the name of virtue. Yet it should seem, allowing them to have souls, that there is but one way appointed by Providence to lead *mankind* to either virtue or happiness.

If then women are not a swarm of ephemeron triflers, why should they be kept in ignorance under the specious name of innocence? Men complain, and with reason, of the follies and caprices of our sex, when they do not keenly satirize our headstrong passions and groveling vices. Behold, I should answer, the natural effect of ignorance! The mind will ever be unstable that has only prejudices to rest on, and the current will run with destructive fury when there are no barriers to break its force. Women are told from their infancy, and taught by the example

of their mothers, that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, *outward* obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man; and should they be beautiful, everything else is needless, for at least twenty years of their lives.

Thus Milton describes our first frail mother; though when he tells us that women are formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, I cannot comprehend his meaning,—unless in the true Mahometan strain, he meant to deprive us of souls, and insinuate that we were beings only designed, by sweet attractive grace and docile blind obedience, to gratify the senses of man when he can no longer soar on the wing of contemplation.

How grossly do they insult us who thus advise us only to render ourselves gentle domestic brutes! For instance, the winning softness so warmly and frequently recommended, that governs by obeying. What childish expressions; and how insignificant is the being—can it be an immortal one?—who will condescend to govern by such sinister methods! "Certainly," says Lord Bacon, "man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." Men, indeed, appear to me to act in a very unphilosophical manner, when they try to secure the good conduct of women by attempting to keep them always in a state of childhood. Rousseau was more consistent when he wished to stop the progress of reason in both sexes: for if men eat of the tree of knowledge, women will come in for a taste; but from the imperfect cultivation which their understandings now receive, they only attain a knowledge of evil.

Children, I grant, should be innocent; but when the epithet is applied to men or women, it is but a civil term for weakness. For if it be allowed that women were destined by Providence to acquire human virtues, and by the exercise of their understandings that stability of character which is the firmest ground to rest our future hopes upon, they must be permitted to turn to the fountain of light, and not forced to shape their course by the twinkling of a mere satellite. Milton, I grant, was of a very different opinion, for he only bends to the indefeasible right of beauty; though it would be difficult to render two passages which I now mean to contrast, consistent. But into similar inconsistencies are great men often led by their senses.

"To whom thus Eve, with *perfect beauty* adorned:—
My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is *thy law, thou mine:* to know no more
Is woman's *happiest* knowledge and her *praise.*"

These are exactly the arguments that I have used to children: but I have added, Your reason is now gaining strength, and till it arrives at some degree of maturity you must look up to me for advice; then you ought to *think*, and only rely on God.

Yet in the following lines Milton seems to coincide with me, when he makes Adam thus expostulate with his Maker:—

"Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among *unequals* what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received; but in *disparity*
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of *fellowship* I speak,
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight."

In treating therefore of the manners of women, let us, disregarding sensual arguments, trace what we should endeavor to make them in order to co-operate—if the expression be not too bold—with the Supreme Being.

By individual education I mean—for the sense of the word is not precisely defined—such an attention to a child as will slowly sharpen the senses, form the temper, regulate the passions as they begin to ferment, and set the understanding to work before the body arrives at maturity; so that the man may only have to proceed, not to begin, the important task of learning to think and reason.

To prevent any misconstruction, I must add that I do not believe that a private education can work the wonders which some sanguine writers have attributed to it. Men and women must be educated, in a great degree, by the opinions and manners of the society they live in. In every age there has been a stream of popular opinion that has carried all before it, and given a family character, as it were, to the century. It may then fairly be inferred that till society be differently constituted, much cannot

be expected from education. It is however sufficient for my present purpose to assert, that whatever effect circumstances have on the abilities, every being may become virtuous by the exercise of its own reason; for if but one being was created with vicious inclinations,—that is, positively bad,—what can save us from atheism? or if we worship a God, is not that God a devil?

Consequently, the most perfect education, in my opinion, is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart; or in other words, to enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent. In fact, it is a farce to call any being virtuous whose virtues do not result from the exercise of its own reason. This was Rousseau's opinion respecting men: I extend it to women, and confidently assert that they have been drawn out of their sphere by false refinement, and not by an endeavor to acquire masculine qualities. Still, the regal homage which they receive is so intoxicating, that until the manners of the times are changed, and formed on more reasonable principles, it may be impossible to convince them that the illegitimate power which they obtain by degrading themselves is a curse, and that they must return to nature and equality if they wish to secure the placid satisfaction that unsophisticated affections impart. But for this epoch we must wait; wait perhaps till kings and nobles, enlightened by reason, and preferring the real dignity of man to childish state, throw off their gaudy hereditary trappings; and if then women do not resign the arbitrary power of beauty—they will prove that they have *less* mind than man.

I may be accused of arrogance: still I must declare what I firmly believe, that all the writers who have written on the subject of female education and manners, from Rousseau to Dr. Gregory, have contributed to render women more artificial weak characters than they would otherwise have been; and consequently more useless members of society. I might have expressed this conviction in a lower key; but I am afraid it would have been the whine of affectation, and not the faithful expression of my feelings,—of the clear result which experience and reflection have led me to draw. When I come to that division of the subject, I shall advert to the passages that I more particularly disapprove of, in the works of the authors I have just alluded to; but it is first necessary to observe that my objection extends to the whole purport of those books, which tend in my opinion to

degrade one half of the human species, and render women pleasing at the expense of every solid virtue.

Though, to reason on Rousseau's ground, if man did attain a degree of perfection of mind when his body arrived at maturity, it might be proper, in order to make a man and his wife *one*, that she should rely entirely on his understanding; and the graceful ivy, clasping the oak that supported it, would form a whole in which strength and beauty would be equally conspicuous. But alas! husbands, as well as their helpmates, are often only overgrown children,—nay, thanks to early debauchery, scarcely men in their outward form,—and if the blind lead the blind, one need not come from heaven to tell us the consequence.

Many are the causes that, in the present corrupt state of society, contribute to enslave women by cramping their understandings and sharpening their senses. One, perhaps, that silently does more mischief than all the rest, is their disregard of order.

To do everything in an orderly manner is a most important precept, which women—who, generally speaking, receive only a disorderly kind of education—seldom attend to with that degree of exactness that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, observe. This negligent kind of guesswork—for what other epithet can be used to point out the random exertions of a sort of instinctive common-sense never brought to the test of reason?—prevents their generalizing matters of fact; so they do to-day what they did yesterday, merely because they did it yesterday.

This contempt of the understanding in early life has more baneful consequences than is commonly supposed: for the little knowledge which women of strong minds attain is, from various circumstances, of a more desultory kind than the knowledge of men; and it is acquired more by sheer observations on real life than from comparing what has been individually observed with the results of experience generalized by speculation. Led by their dependent situation and domestic employments more into society, what they learn is rather by snatches; and as learning is with them in general only a secondary thing, they do not pursue any one branch with that persevering ardor necessary to give vigor to the faculties and clearness to the judgment. In the present state of society, a little learning is required to support the character of a gentleman, and boys are obliged to submit to a few years of discipline. But in the education of women, the

cultivation of the understanding is always subordinate to the acquirement of some corporeal accomplishment. Even while enervated by confinement and false notions of modesty, the body is prevented from attaining that grace and beauty which relaxed half-formed limbs never exhibit. Besides, in youth their faculties are not brought forward by emulation; and having no serious scientific study, if they have natural sagacity it is turned too soon on life and manners. They dwell on effects and modifications, without tracing them back to causes; and complicated rules to adjust behavior are a weak substitute for simple principles.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men; who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar: soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation; and from continually mixing with society, they gain what is termed a knowledge of the world: and this acquaintance with manners and customs has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of casual observation, never brought to the test of judgment formed by comparing speculation and experience, deserve such a distinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practice the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is, then, the sexual difference when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern arises from the superior advantage of liberty, which enables the former to see more of life.

It is wandering from my present subject, perhaps, to make a political remark; but as it was produced naturally by the train of my reflections, I shall not pass it silently over.

Standing armies can never consist of resolute, robust men; they may be well-disciplined machines, but they will seldom contain men under the influence of strong passions, or with very vigorous faculties: and as for any depth of understanding, I will venture to affirm that it is as rarely to be found in the army as amongst women. And the cause, I maintain, is the same. It may be further observed that officers are also particularly attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule.* Like the *fair* sex, the business of their lives is gallantry:

*Why should women be censured with petulant acrimony because they seem to have a passion for a scarlet coat? Has not education placed them more on a level with soldiers than any other class of men?

they were taught to please, and they only live to please. Yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction of sexes, for they are still reckoned superior to women; though in what their superiority consists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.

The great misfortune is this: that they both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have from reflection any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The consequence is natural. Satisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly submit to authority. So that if they have any sense, it is a kind of instinctive glance that catches proportions, and decides with respect to manners, but fails when arguments are to be pursued below the surface, or opinions analyzed.

May not the same remark be applied to women? Nay, the argument may be carried still further, for they are both thrown out of a useful station by the unnatural distinctions established in civilized life. Riches and hereditary honors have made ciphers of women to give consequence to the numerical figure; and idleness has produced a mixture of gallantry and despotism into society, which leads the very men who are the slaves of their mistresses to tyrannize over their sisters, wives, and daughters. This is only keeping them in rank and file, it is true. Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavor to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves and the latter a plaything. The sensualist, indeed, has been the most dangerous of tyrants; and women have been duped by their lovers, as princes by their ministers, whilst dreaming that they reigned over them.

I now principally allude to Rousseau; for his character of Sophia is undoubtedly a captivating one, though it appears to me grossly unnatural. However, it is not the superstructure but the foundation of her character, the principles on which her education was built, that I mean to attack; nay, warmly as I admire the genius of that able writer, whose opinions I shall often have occasion to cite, indignation always takes place of admiration, and the rigid frown of insulted virtue effaces the smile of complacency which his eloquent periods are wont to raise, when I read his voluptuous reveries. Is this the man who, in his ardor

for virtue, would banish all the soft arts of peace, and almost carry us back to Spartan discipline? Is this the man who delights to paint the useful struggles of passion, the triumphs of good dispositions, and the heroic flights which carry the glowing soul out of itself? How are these mighty sentiments lowered when he describes the pretty foot and enticing airs of his little favorite!

But for the present I waive the subject; and instead of severely reprehending the transient effusions of overweening sensibility, I shall only observe that whoever has cast a benevolent eye on society must often have been gratified by the sight of humble mutual love, not dignified by sentiment or strengthened by a union in intellectual pursuits. The domestic trifles of the day have afforded matters for cheerful converse, and innocent caresses have softened toils which did not require great exercise of mind or stretch of thought; yet has not the sight of this moderate felicity excited more tenderness than respect?—an emotion similar to what we feel when children are playing or animals sporting;* whilst the contemplation of the noble struggles of suffering merit has raised admiration, and carried our thoughts to that world where sensation will give place to reason.

Women are therefore to be considered either as moral beings, or so weak that they must be entirely subjected to the superior faculties of men.

Let us examine this question. Rousseau declares that a woman should never for a moment feel herself independent; that she should be governed by fear to exercise her *natural* cunning, and made a coquettish slave in order to render her a more alluring object of desire, a *sweeter* companion to man whenever he chooses to relax himself. He carries the arguments, which he pretends to draw from the indications of nature, still further; and insinuates that truth and fortitude, the corner-stones of all human virtue, should be cultivated with certain restrictions, because, with

*Similar feelings has Milton's pleasing picture of paradisiacal happiness ever raised in my mind; yet instead of envying the lovely pair, I have with conscious dignity or Satanic pride turned to hell for sublimer objects. In the same style, when viewing some noble monument of human art, I have traced the emanation of the Deity in the order I admired, till, descending from that giddy height, I have caught myself contemplating the grandest of all human sights; for fancy quickly placed in some solitary recess an outcast of fortune, rising superior to passion and discontent.

respect to the female character, obedience is the grand lesson which ought to be impressed with unrelenting rigor.

What nonsense! When will a great man arise with sufficient strength of mind to puff away the fumes which pride and sensuality have thus spread over the subject? If women are by nature inferior to men, their virtues must be the same in quality, if not in degree, or virtue is a relative idea; consequently their conduct should be founded on the same principles, and have the same aim.

Connected with man as daughters, wives, and mothers, their moral character may be estimated by their manner of fulfilling those simple duties; but the end, the grand end, of their exertions should be to unfold their own faculties, and acquire the dignity of conscious virtue. They may try to render their road pleasant; but ought never to forget, in common with man, that life yields not the felicity which can satisfy an immortal soul. I do not mean to insinuate that either sex should be so lost in abstract reflections, or distant views, as to forget the affections and duties that lie before them, and are in truth the means appointed to produce the fruit of life; on the contrary, I would warmly recommend them, even while I assert that they afford most satisfaction when they are considered in their true sober light.

Probably the prevailing opinion that woman was created for man may have taken its rise from Moses's poetical story; yet as very few, it is presumed, who have bestowed any serious thought on the subject, ever supposed that Eve was, literally speaking, one of Adam's ribs, the deduction must be allowed to fall to the ground, or only be so far admitted as it proves that man, from the remotest antiquity, found it convenient to exert his strength to subjugate his companion, and his invention to show that she ought to have her neck bent under the yoke, because the whole creation was only created for his convenience or pleasure.

Let it not be concluded that I wish to invert the order of things. I have already granted that from the constitution of their bodies, men seemed to be designed by Providence to attain a greater degree of virtue. I speak collectively of the whole sex; but I see not the shadow of a reason to conclude that their virtues should differ in respect to their nature. In fact, how can they, if virtue has only one eternal standard? I must therefore,

if I reason consequentially, as strenuously maintain that they have the same simple direction as that there is a God.

It follows then that cunning should not be opposed to wisdom; little cares to great exertions; or insipid softness, varnished over with the name of gentleness, to that fortitude which grand views alone can inspire.

I shall be told that woman would then lose many of her peculiar graces; and the opinion of a well-known poet might be quoted to refute my unqualified assertion. For Pope has said, in the name of the whole male sex:—

> "Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
> As when she touched the brink of all we hate."

In what light this sally places men and women, I shall leave to the judicious to determine. Meanwhile, I shall content myself with observing that I cannot discover why, unless they are mortal, females should always be degraded by being made subservient to love or lust.

To speak disrespectfully of love is, I know, high treason against sentiment and fine feelings; but I wish to speak the simple language of truth, and rather to address the head than the heart. To endeavor to reason love out of the world would be to out-Quixote Cervantes, and equally offend against common-sense; but an endeavor to restrain this tumultuous passion, and to prove that it should not be allowed to dethrone superior powers, or to usurp the sceptre which the understanding should ever coolly wield, appears less wild.

Youth is the season for love in both sexes; but in those days of thoughtless enjoyment, provision should be made for the more important years of life, when reflection takes place of sensation. But Rousseau, and most of the male writers who have followed his steps, have warmly inculcated that the whole tendency of female education ought to be directed to one point,—to render them pleasing.

Let me reason with the supporters of this opinion who have any knowledge of human nature. Do they imagine that marriage can eradicate the habitude of life? The woman who has only been taught to please will soon find that her charms are oblique sunbeams, and that they cannot have much effect on her husband's heart when they are seen every day—when the summer is past and gone. Will she then have sufficient native energy to

look into herself for comfort, and cultivate her dormant faculties? or is it not more rational to expect that she will try to please other men, and in the emotions raised by the expectation of new conquests, endeavor to forget the mortification her love or pride has received? When the husband ceases to be a lover,—and the time will inevitably come,—her desire of pleasing will then grow languid, or become a spring of bitterness; and love, perhaps the most evanescent of all passions, gives place to jealousy or vanity.

I now speak of women who are restrained by principle or prejudice. Such women, though they would shrink from an intrigue with real abhorrence, yet nevertheless wish to be convinced by the homage of gallantry that they are cruelly neglected by their husbands; or days and weeks are spent in dreaming of the happiness enjoyed by congenial souls, till their health is undermined, and their spirits broken by discontent. How then can the great art of pleasing be such a necessary study? It is only useful to a mistress. The chaste wife and serious mother should only consider her power to please as the polish of her virtues, and the affection of her husband as one of the comforts that render her task less difficult and her life happier. But whether she be loved or neglected, her first wish should be to make herself respectable, and not to rely for all her happiness on a being subject to like infirmities with herself.

The worthy Dr. Gregory fell into a similar error. I respect his heart, but entirely disapprove of his celebrated 'Legacy to his Daughters.'

He advises them to cultivate a fondness for dress, because a fondness for dress, he asserts, is natural to them. I am unable to comprehend what either he or Rousseau mean when they frequently use this indefinite term. If they told us that in a pre-existent state the soul was fond of dress, and brought this inclination with it into a new body, I should listen to them with a half-smile, as I often do when I hear a rant about innate elegance. But if he only meant to say that the exercise of the faculties will produce this fondness, I deny it. It is not natural; but arises, like false ambition in men, from a love of power.

Dr. Gregory goes much further: he actually recommends dissimulation; and advises an innocent girl to give the lie to her feelings, and not dance with spirit, when gayety of heart would make her feet eloquent without making her gestures immodest. In the name of truth and common-sense, why should not one

woman acknowledge that she can take more exercise than another, or in other words, that she has a sound constitution? And why, to damp innocent vivacity, is she darkly to be told that men will draw conclusions which she little thinks of? Let the libertine draw what inference he pleases, but I hope that no sensible mother will restrain the natural frankness of youth by instilling such indecent cautions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and a wiser than Solomon hath said that the heart should be made clean, and not trivial ceremonies observed, which it is not very difficult to fulfill with scrupulous exactness when vice reigns in the heart.

Women ought to endeavor to purify their heart; but can they do so when their uncultivated understandings make them entirely dependent on their senses for employment and amusement? when no noble pursuit sets them above the little vanities of the day, or enables them to curb the wild emotions that agitate a reed over which every passing breeze has power? To gain the affections of a virtuous man, is affection necessary? Nature has given woman a weaker frame than man; but to insure her husband's affections, must a wife, who by the exercise of her mind and body whilst she was discharging the duties of a daughter, wife, and mother, has allowed her constitution to retain its natural strength, and her nerves a healthy tone,—is she, I say, to condescend to use art, and feign a sickly delicacy, in order to secure her husband's affection? Weakness may excite tenderness, and gratify the arrogant pride of man; but the lordly caresses of a protector will not gratify a noble mind that pants for and deserves to be respected. Fondness is a poor substitute for friendship.

In a seraglio, I grant that all these arts are necessary; the epicure must have his palate tickled, or he will sink into apathy: but have women so little ambition as to be satisfied with such a condition? Can they supinely dream life away in the lap of pleasure, or the languor of weariness, rather than assert their claim to pursue reasonable pleasures, and render themselves conspicuous by practicing the virtues which dignify mankind? Surely she has not an immortal soul who can loiter life away merely employed to adorn her person, that she may amuse the languid hours and soften the cares of a fellow-creature, who is willing to be enlivened by her smiles and tricks when the serious business of life is over.

Besides, the woman who strengthens her body and exercises her mind will, by managing her family and practicing various virtues, become the friend and not the humble dependent of her husband; and if she, by possessing such substantial qualities, merit his regard, she will not find it necessary to conceal her affection, nor to pretend to an unnatural coldness of constitution to excite her husband's passions. In fact, if we revert to history, we shall find that the women who have distinguished themselves have neither been the most beautiful nor the most gentle of their sex.

Nature — or to speak with strict propriety, God — has made all things right; but man has sought him out many inventions to mar the work. I now allude to that part of Dr. Gregory's treatise where he advises a wife never to let her husband know the extent of her sensibility or affection. Voluptuous precaution, and as ineffectual as absurd. Love, from its very nature, must be transitory. To seek for a secret that would render it constant would be as wild a search as for the philosopher's stone, or the grand panacea; and the discovery would be equally useless, or rather pernicious, to mankind. The most holy band of society is friendship. It has been well said by a shrewd satirist that "Rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer."

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

(1855–)

WHEN a volume of verse entitled 'The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems' was printed in 1883 for private circulation, it was recognized by those who chanced to see it as work of exceptional merit. The Elegy which named the book was felt to be one of the most artistic and beautiful composed by an American: the high spiritual quality of the song was as marked as its dignity of diction and depth of feeling. There were noble sonnets in the little collection,—the two on Gibraltar, for example; and classical and patriotic pieces which proclaimed a poet whose quiet insistence on form, and conservative avoidance of strained expression, made him all the more acceptable to those who believe in inviolable literary traditions.

G. E. WOODBERRY

Since this modest but genuinely poetic volume appeared, a second edition in 1893 has testified to the recognition of its writer, Professor George E. Woodberry, as one of the purest of the younger American lyric poets. His work is academic in a good sense; it is, too, wholesomely though unobtrusively American—with the Americanism of a Lowell, not of a Jingo. Professor Woodberry's prose likewise is that of an informed scholar, an artist sensitive to the delicacies and graces of language, a thinker with a grasp on general principles. Some years after the first appearance of the poems, was published 'Studies in Letters and Life' (1890), made up of literary papers contributed to the Atlantic and the Nation. These essays and appreciations are excellent examples of really suggestive, sane, and attractive criticism. The writer's critical faculty is also illustrated in his admirable 'Life of Poe' in the 'American Men of Letters' series; and he has written the perceptive and judicious biographical sketch of Poe for the definitive edition of that poet made in conjunction with Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. Few American scholars of the more recent school unite as does Professor Woodberry, literary culture and facility with the judgment, breadth of outlook, and ideal standard which insure criticism of the atmospheric sort.

George E. Woodberry was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, May 12th, 1855; and was educated at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and at Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1877. During the years 1877–79 and 1880–82 he was professor of English Literature in the Nebraska State University. This Western residence broadened Professor Woodberry's conception of what the United States stands for and is. Since 1891 he has occupied the chair of professor of Literature at Columbia University, in New York city. After graduating from Harvard, he was for a short time on the editorial staff of the New York Nation. At Columbia his influence has been a stimulus to the nobler ideals of literature and life; while his poems on set occasions, academic or other, have been adequate, and such as to enhance his reputation. Whether as a writer of prose or verse, Professor Woodberry's work has dignity, taste, and imaginative worth.

[The following poems are all copyrighted by George Edward Woodberry, and are reprinted by permission of the author, and of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

AT GIBRALTAR

I

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger: as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow,—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race:
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!

II

THOU art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with his decrees:

Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!

Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,—
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am: would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

FROM 'MY COUNTRY'

O DESTINED Land, unto thy citadel,
What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
O thronèd Freedom, unto thee is brought
Empire,—nor falsehood nor blood-payment asked;
Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;—
Unlike the fools who build the throne
On fraud, and wrong, and woe;
For man at last will take his own,
Nor count the overthrow;—
But far from these is set thy continent,
Nor fears the Revolution in man's rise;
On laws that with the weal of all consent,
And saving truths that make the people wise.
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greaten with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner molds his fate,
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
God's pupil: thy large maxim framed, though late,
Who masters best himself best serves the State.
This wisdom is thy Corner; next the stone
Of Bounty: thou hast given all; thy store
Free as the air, and broadcast as the light,
Thou flingest: and the fair and gracious sight,
More rich, doth teach thy sons this happy lore,—
That no man lives who takes not priceless gifts
Both of thy substance and thy laws, whereto

He may not plead desert, but holds of thee
A childhood title, shared with all who grew—
His brethren of the hearth: whence no man lifts
Above the common right his claim; nor dares
To fence his pastures of the common good:
For common are thy fields; common the toil,
Common the charter of prosperity,
That gives to each that all may blessèd be.
This is the very counsel of thy soil.
Therefore if any thrive mean-souled, he spares
The alms he took: let him not think subdued
The State's first law, that civic rights are strong
But while the fruits of all to all belong;
Although he heir the fortune of the earth,
Let him not hoard, nor spend it for his mirth,
But match his private means with public worth.
That man in whom the people's riches lie
Is the great citizen, in his country's eye.
Justice the third great base, that shall secure
To each his earnings, howsoever poor,
From each his duties, howsoever great;
She bids the future for the past atone.
Behold her symbols on the hoary stone,—
The awful scales, and that war-hammered beam
Which whoso thinks to break doth fondly dream,
Or Czars who tyrannize or mobs that rage;
These are her charge, and heaven's eternal law.
She from old fountains doth new judgment draw,
Till, word by word, the ancient order swerves
To the true course more nigh; in every age
A little she creates, but more preserves.
Hope stands the last, a mighty prop of fate.
These thy foundations are, O firm-set State!
And strength is unto thee
More than this masonry
Of common thought;
Beyond the stars, from the Far City brought.
Pillar and tower
Declare the shaping power,
Massive, severe, sublime,
Of the stern, righteous time,
From sire to son bequeathed, thy eldest dower.
Large-limbed they were, the pioneers,
Cast in the iron mold that fate reveres;

They could not help but frame the fabric well,
Who squared the stones for Heaven's eye to tell;
Who knew from eld and taught posterity,
That the true workman's only he
Who builds of God's necessity.
Nor yet hath failed the seed of righteousness;
Still doth the work the awe divine confess,—
Conscience within, duty without, express.
Well may thy sons rejoice thee, O proud Land:
No weakling race of mighty loins is thine,
No spendthrifts of the fathers; lo, the Arch,
The loyal keystone glorying o'er the march
Of millioned peoples freed! on every hand
Grows the vast work, and boundless the design.
So in thy children shall thy empire stand,
As in her Cæsars fell Rome's majesty—
O Desolation, be it far from thee!
Forgetting sires and sons, to whom were given
The seals of glory and the keys of fate,
From Him whom well they knew the Rock of State,
Thy centre, and on thy doorposts blazed his name
Whose plaudit is the substance of all fame,
The sweetness of all hope—forbid it, Heaven!
Shrink not, O Land, beneath that holy fear!
Thou art not mocked of God;
His kingdom is thy conquering sphere,
His will thy ruling rod!
O Harbor of the sea-tossed fates,
The last great mortal bound;
Cybele, with a hundred States,
A hundred turrets, crowned;
Mother, whose heart divinely holds
Earth's poor within her breast;
World-Shelterer, in whose open folds
The wandering races rest:
Advance! the hour supreme arrives;
O'er ocean's edge the chariot drives;
The past is done;
Thy orb begun;
Upon the forehead of the world to blaze,
Lighting all times to be, with thy own golden days.

O Land beloved!
My Country, dear, my own!

May the young heart that moved
For the weak words atone;
The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath of song!
To happier sons shall these belong.
Yet doth the first and lonely voice
Of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,
While still the loud choir sleeps upon the bough;
And never greater love salutes thy brow
Than his, who seeks thee now.
Alien the sea and salt the foam
Where'er it bears him from his home:
And when he leaps to land,
A lover treads the strand;
Precious is every stone;
No little inch of all the broad domain
But he would stoop to kiss, and end his pain,
Feeling thy lips make merry with his own;
But oh, his trembling reed too frail
To bear thee Time's All-Hail!
Faint is my heart, and ebbing with the passion of thy praise!
The poets come who cannot fail;
Happy are they who sing thy perfect days!
Happy am I who see the long night ended,
In the shadows of the age that bore me,
All the hopes of mankind blending,
Earth awaking, heaven descending,
While the new day steadfastly
Domes the blue deeps over thee!
Happy am I who see the Vision splendid
In the glowing of the dawn before me,
All the grace of heaven blending,
Man arising, Christ descending,
While God's hand in secrecy
Builds thy bright eternity.

LINES

Now snowy Apennines shining
Should breathe my spirit bare;
My heart should cease repining
In the rainbow-haunted air:
But cureless sorrow carries
My heart beyond the sea,

Nor comfort in it tarries
Save thoughts of thee.

The branch of olive shaken
Silvers the azure sea;
Winds in the ilex waken:
Oh, wert thou here with me,
Gray olive, dark ilex, bright ocean,
The radiant mountains round,
Never for love's devotion
Were sweeter lodging found!

SODOMA'S 'CHRIST SCOURGED'

I saw in Siena pictures,
Wandering wearily;
I sought not the names of the masters
Nor the works men care to see;
But once in a low-ceiled passage
I came on a place of gloom,
Lit here and there with halos
Like saints within the room.
The pure, serene, mild colors
The early artists used
Had made my heart grow softer,
And still on peace I mused.
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,
And my frame was clenched with pain;
Perchance no throe so noble
Visits my soul again.
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;
On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;
In my breast the deep compassion
Breaking the heart for man.
I drooped with heavy eyelids,
Till evil should have its will;
On my lips was silence gathered;
My waiting soul stood still.
I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;
I trembled, and woke to know
Him whom they worship in heaven
Still walking on earth below.

Once have I borne his sorrows
  Beneath the flail of fate!
Once, in the woe of his passion,
  I felt the soul grow great!
I turned from my dead Leader!
  I passed the silent door;
The gray-walled street received me:
  On peace I mused no more.

SONG

From 'Agathon'

When love in the faint heart trembles,
  And the eyes with tears are wet,
Oh, tell me what resembles
  Thee, young Regret?
Violets with dewdrops drooping,
  Lilies o'erfull of gold,
Roses in June rains stooping,
  That weep for the cold,
  Are like thee, young Regret.

Bloom, violets, lilies, and roses!
  But what, young Desire,
Like thee, when love discloses
  Thy heart of fire?
The wild swan unreturning,
  The eagle alone with the sun,
The long-winged storm-gulls burning
  Seaward when day is done,
  Are like thee, young Desire.

MARGARET L. WOODS

(1859–)

THE "obscure cry of human suffering" is the motive of Mrs. Woods's first book, 'A Village Tragedy.' The story is simple, the incidents meagre; but so admirable is its construction, with such sureness is the ethical problem presented, if not solved, so great is the author's power to create illusion by the statement of uncolored facts, that the sombre, hopeless tale at once takes hold of the reader, who follows its conclusion with gloomy satisfaction. In its quiet, unemotional pages a terrible and inevitable tragedy is presented; illustrating Taine's doctrine that virtue and vice are products no less than sugar and wine, and that a man's character is formed by his blood and nerves. The humor of the book, bitter and grim, is contrasted with a pathos reduced to its lowest terms in point of language, only made intense by a look or a gesture. The luxury of grief, the cries and moans, are not there; the facts of a perfectly supposable case are set before the reader in simple narrative. 'A Village Tragedy' is real with something of the reality of Defoe's 'Plague of London.'

Small as is the canvas of 'A Village Tragedy,' we are subtly aware that the author selected it from choice, and can draw with a free hand and large conception. Her next book, 'Esther Vanhomrigh,' is painted out of doors with unlimited space. In construction alone is there evidence that these novels are the work of the same hand. The painstaking veracity and the truthfulness to detail so manifest in her first book, are lost in the rapid action of Vanessa's story,—a modern theme thrown into a past century, creating an atmosphere, reconstructing a period. The background is filled with vigorous portraits, with the life of London, the talk of the tavern and the town; historical and imaginary characters walk across the stage bold and unafraid; and the sense of proportion, of values, that makes a picture,—that constructive ability shown in the earlier work,—fixes each part in its proper relation to the whole. No incident, no minor character subordinates the central figures where the light is focused. Swift is a historical Swift brought to life again; Stella is a fine cut, cameo-like portrait. Esther is a study of the passion of love; not delicate or ethereal love, but the passion of a rich, full nature, painted as some great marine painters paint the sea, blown upon by the wind. The surge of emotion, the tumult of jealousy, the

intricacies of wounded feeling, the coming and going of despair and hope, the final and desperate appeal,—all these motions of the mind toss and froth before us like the surface of a strong sea.

'The Vagabonds' is a return in form to the earlier manner of 'A Village Tragedy,' but enlivened by an undercurrent of quiet humor, and broadened by a philosophy which teaches that the inequalities of fortune are generally external, and that things adjust themselves in the practical and patient life. As 'A Village Tragedy' reproduces the country town, 'The Vagabonds' carries us, open-eyed and eager, behind the scenes of a traveling circus: we do not say how good this is; the sense of local color is wanting because it is part of the atmosphere, and no more to be set apart to look at or comment on than is one ingredient of a loaf of bread to be separated from the rest. The commonplace people in their conventional distresses are interesting because they are human. Not situation but character is dramatically presented,—its niceties shaded like the blush on a peach, from pale to red. Such minute observation, such discriminating insight, tempt the reader to wonder whether Fritz in 'The Vagabonds' and Aunt Pontin in 'A Village Tragedy,' both minor but most entertaining characters, are portraits or original conceptions. Whatever they are, the author has succeeded in seizing and fixing on her canvas what in other hands would be fugitive impressions or mere puppets of illusion.

There are many well-established modes of writing fiction; but not to the familiar philo-natural school, as M. Brunetière calls it, nor to the psychological, nor to that of the symbolists, does Mrs. Woods belong. Nor are her books panoramas of manners and life in an extended sense, although a high estimate may be set on her fine imaginative power to reconstruct the past. Her *métier* is to paint human nature, and to show the universality of human experience. To no external condition belong honor, generosity, pride, cruelty, faith, or self-sacrifice. Acrobats and clowns, peasants, scholars, ladies of fashion, men of the world, are moved by the same emotions, the same sorrows. Under the canvas walls of the circus tent, in the sordid country village, in the London of Swift and Vanessa, the human heart beats to the same music.

In her creed, environment is destiny. Even such dramatic climaxes as the death of Esther Vanhomrigh, the finding of the body of Annie in 'A Village Tragedy,' and Joe in 'The Vagabonds' saving the life of his rival whom he hates, are evolved from a chain of events. Her people, drawn on broad lines, but with infinite discrimination, and ability to recognize and reproduce subtle distinctions, work out their own salvation with results as certain as a problem in mathematics.

In the matter of style, Mrs. Woods has accepted Boileau's dictum that as the mind of man teems with confused ideas, he «likes nothing better than to have one of these ideas well elucidated and clearly presented to him.» And for her reward she has helped to make English literature human.

Margaret L. Woods was born in London in 1859, the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster. Early in life she married Dr. Woods, the president of Trinity College, Oxford. She has published 'A Village Tragedy' (London, 1888), 'Esther Vanhomrigh' (1891), 'The Vagabonds' (1894), and a volume of 'Lyrics and Ballads' (1888).

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH'S CONFESSION TO DEAN SWIFT

From 'Esther Vanhomrigh.' By permission of the American Publishers' Corporation, publishers

THERE was a thorough search made round the two parlors and on the stairs, but no paper was to be found. It was decided that the dean must have dropped it between St. James's Street and Bury Street; and the party settled down as before, with the exception of Esther. When the search had proved in vain, she remembered seeing a folded piece of paper lying by the altar rails in church, close by where the dean stood. Sending welcome injunctions to Patrick, the dean's footman, to join the revels below-stairs, she ran up for her hood and gloves, and left the house as quickly and as quietly as she could. The dusty streets were beginning to be shady, and were comparatively quiet, for it was not much past five o'clock; and the fashionable world had not yet left its after-dinner wine for the coffee-house, the tavern, or the Mall. Yet had they been noisier they would have seemed a haven of peace to Esther, a fugitive from the crowded stage of conventional merriment in which she had been playing her part for so many hours. She turned down by St. James's Palace into the Mall, where a certain number of people were already walking; and so past the milk fair at the corner, to Spring Gardens. Thence she took a hackney to the rectory, near the quiet church the Stones had chosen for the wedding. The rector, whose dinner had been large if not luxurious, sat over his empty bottle of Florence wine smoking a pipe of tobacco; and though he wondered much what Miss Vanhomrigh might want with the church key, he sent it down by

the maid without exerting himself to formulate a question. So she went on to the church. The flower-seller had gone from the steps, and the costermonger's cart from below them. Some grimy children were playing at marbles by the door; and interrupted in their game by the unexpected arrival, gathered round to stare at her, as she painfully turned the big key in the lock, with a faint exclamation of annoyance as she split the palm of her glove in the process. She had no sooner entered than a pale, inquisitive, snub-nosed little face, about on a level with the lock, was thrust in after her. She hastily withdrew the key and closed the door behind her. There was something strange and unnatural about the emptiness of the place, with the long rays of the afternoon sun streaming above its untenanted pews and bulging hassocks and cushions. The church smelt of dust, for it was not sufficiently fashionable to be open for those daily prayers which were wont to offer a convenient rendezvous for the beau and the fine lady. It had none of the dim impressiveness of a mediæval church, that seems reared with a view to heaven rather than earth, and whose arches, massive or soaring, neither gain nor lose by the accidental presence of ephemeral human creatures below them. No — the building seemed to cry out for a congregation; and the mind's eye involuntarily peopled it with its Sunday complement of substantial citizens and their families.

Esther walked quickly up to the altar rails and looked over. There lay the folded paper, just as she remembered it. She fell on her knees on the long stool placed there for the convenience of communicants; not with any idea of reverence, for Esther was a philosopher after the fashion of the day, but merely in order to reach the paper with greater ease. She snatched it up and glanced at it. Yes, it was undoubtedly the lost key. Tossing her head with a little "Ah!" of triumph and satisfaction, she put it away safely in her pocket. The prize was secured; yet she lingered, ungloved her left hand, and touched a spot of ground just within the rails, pressing her warm palm and shapely fingers down upon the cold stone. Just there Swift had stood; so close to where she knelt that if he stood there now, his robes would brush her as he moved. She hid her face on the arm that lay on the communion rails, and with a thrill of passionate adoration saw once more the impressive figure that she had seen that morning, and heard again the grave tones of his voice. The sensation of bustle attendant on a wedding, the near presence of the little

crowd of relations, had robbed the scene of its emotional quality at the time; but now she was fully sensible of its significance. She was kneeling just where the bride had knelt: and for her the recollection of the stupid, vulgar girl, who had been round to St. James's so often lately with tiresome questions about millinery, faded before the realization of the woman's heart that she had seen beating a few hours ago, on the spot where her own beat now; not more full, surely not so full of love and pride in the man beloved, but blest in a completed joy that was not Esther's yet. Might it not one day be hers also? A minute or two only she continued kneeling, and then passed down the aisle and out to the steps like a somnambulist,—pale, with wide eyes and close-pressed brooding lips. Another person so rapt might have forgotten to lock the door, or else to return the church key to its owner; but Esther's methodicalness—a natural quality cultivated in response to Swift's approval—never forsook her, and quite mechanically she struggled with the massive lock and left the key at the clergyman's house with a message of thanks.

As she called a coach she asked herself with a start whether she had done these things; then smiled and blushed at her own self-absorption. Up till now she had had no definite purpose beyond that of finding the lost paper; and having accomplished this, she was going home again. But now, smiling, she thought: "Patrick will be drunk by this time; at least, if he is not drunk yet, he will not, in justice to himself, leave such a feast until he is. I had better take it myself."

It seemed a simple and natural thing to do: but though Swift received the Vanhomrighs at his lodgings as often as any other friends, that did not mean very often; and she knew he hated to be unexpectedly invaded by any one, most of all by ladies. Yet to lose this opportunity of finding out the truth about this sudden departure would be too tantalizing. It must be only one of those foolish mystifications by which he loved to throw dust in the eyes of his acquaintance, and to which she had become almost resigned. As she drove on, the desire to see him, to ask him a thousand questions such as he would not answer before others, and to extract from him a promise to write, grew till it became a necessity. So she got down at the corner of Bury Street, and flew on to the well-known door. She did not observe Mr. Erasmus Lewis, who was passing through the street on the other side; but he observed her and her destination. On the door-step

she paused, struck with sudden terror at finding herself entering uninvited that presence which could sometimes be so awe-inspiring. Then with a touch of scorn at her own unreasoning vacillation, she resolutely raised the knocker. No one came in answer to her rap; but she found that the door was on the latch, and went in. The doors of most of the rooms stood wide open, and there was a feeling of loneliness about the dull little house. She went up-stairs and knocked timidly at Swift's parlor; but here too no one answered. The bedroom beside was obviously empty; and with an inconsequent sensation of relief she said to herself he must be gone out, and peeped carelessly into the parlor. It was a dreary room at the best of times; and now it bore all those marks of disorder and discomfort that attend a move, even from lodgings. A large wooden case half full of books stood near the door, the floor and the chairs were strewn with volumes, and those shabby odds and ends which seem never to appear except on such occasions; while the hearthstone and empty grate were piled with an immense heap of papers, mostly torn up very small. The cloth had fallen off the heavy old oak table, which filled the middle of the room, and was generally completely covered with books and pamphlets. It was quite bare now, except that the man who sat at one end on a high stool had bowed his body on it, and lay face downwards on its polished surface, with arms and tightly clenched hands stretched out before him. He was wrapped in a loose gown, and wore neither peruke nor cap; but his head, which must have been left unshaven for some time, was covered with a short thick growth of blue-black hair, dashed with glittering silver at the temples. As Esther stood by the door, amazed and undecided, a sound broke from him: a groan, ending in a long, low, sighing wail. It was a heart-broken sound: the cry of one worn out with some intolerable misery of mind or body. In an instant all hesitation disappeared, all fear or desire for herself,—everything vanished except the consciousness of her adored friend's anguish. She moved forward quickly and silently, and falling on her knees by the table laid her hand on his arm. He made no sign, but again that muffled wail broke forth, like the lamentation of a damned spirit. Trembling excessively, she pulled him by the sleeve, and said in a voice so broken it was scarcely more than a whisper:—

"Oh, sir! For pity's sake—for God's sake—"

With an impatient gesture he folded his arms round his head, so as more completely to shield his face, and spoke hoarsely from beneath them: "You confounded rascal, I thought you knew better! Go — go — go, I say!"

The last words were spoken with increasing vehemence. But Esther, who had often been awe-struck before him, did not fear him now. He was suffering, how or why she knew not; and without her reverence for him being in any way impaired, he awoke her instinctive feeling of responsibility towards all suffering creatures. The first shock over, she was comparatively calm again, only thinking with painful intensity what she had better do. So for a minute or two they both remained in the same position, till he burst out again with greater violence than before:

"Knave! Beast! Idiot! Go, go!"

Then she touched his hand. "It is Hess," she said.

He lifted his head slowly, and turned his face towards her, as though with reluctance. It was pale with the livid pallor of a dark skin no longer young, and the firm lines of mouth and cheek were slackened and hollowed. He looked a ghost; but hardly the ghost of himself. In a minute, as he realized Esther's presence, the life and individuality began to return to his face, but in no amiable form.

"So, madam," he said after a pause, with a grimace that did duty for a smile, "*you* are here! Ha! Charming! Pray, to what am I indebted, *et cætera?*"

Esther was too much shocked at his appearance to consider how he received her.

"I have brought the paper you lost," she returned hastily. "'Tis here. But no matter — you are ill. You must let me find your drops for you, and send for Dr. Arbuthnot."

He sat upright, and clutching the edge of the stool on which he sat with both hands,—"I am not ill," he said with harsh impatience. "Leave me."

"You are either ill or in some great trouble," she replied: "in either case not fit to be alone. If you will not have my company, you must let me send you some other friend; though a truer one it cannot be. Patrick will only come home to sleep off his wine."

"Friend!" he cried, "friend!"

And with a shriek of laughter he rocked himself to and fro on the stool. Esther was standing up now; she looked at him

steadily, with a severity born rather of amazement than of any conscious criticism of his conduct: but he was calm again so instantaneously that she almost doubted whether it was he who had laughed. They were silent for a minute or two, looking at each other. He was apparently calm, but the singular blueness of his eyes had disappeared; they glittered under the heavy black eyebrows, each with a curious spark in it, not at all like the azure eyes so familiar to his friends. The change in them made his whole face look different; from having been pale, it had now flushed a dark red.

"You talk to me of friends, child," he resumed hoarsely, but in a more normal tone, leaning forward and smiling at her bitterly, both his hands still clutching the stool, "as though you expected *me* to believe in 'em, or to fancy *you* believed in 'em. No, no, Governor Huff has too much wit for that. Friends! Fellows that suck your brains, suck 'em dry, dry, and pay you with their damned promises; that when you've slaved and slaved and made a million enemies, and when they think you're done with, fling you out an Irish deanery, as you might fling a stick into the sea for your dog — 'Hi! Swim for it, sir!'" He paused a moment, moistened his dry lips, and drawing in his breath let it out again in a low fierce exclamation. "But 'tis not I, 'tis they who are done with, — Oxford, Bolingbroke. Puppets! Pawns on the board! Oh, when I am gone they'll know themselves, and whistle me back when 'tis too late. And I shall come, ay, blundering fool that I am, I shall come. The moths, — do you remember at Kensington, Hess? — they come back to frizzle where they frizzled before, don't they?"

He laughed again the same sudden shrieking laugh. The perpendicular line was defining itself on Esther's white brow; a line which looked severe, but really indicated only anxiety or bewilderment.

"I esteem your political friends as little as you do," she replied, mentioning them disdainfully, "and thought I esteemed 'em less. But you have others — better ones — Mr. Gay, Mr. Pope —"

"Mr. Addison — Mr. Steele," — he broke in with a mincing accent meant to imitate her feminine voice. "Was that what you was going to say, miss? Ha, ha, ha! Warm-hearted, generous Joseph! Steele, true as — thyself! Gay, now — Gay's a charming fellow when one feels charmingly. As to Pope," — at that name

he dropped his sneer and spoke with sombre earnestness—"as to Pope, never talk of him, Hesskin. He's a thing I believe in, I *will* believe in, I tell you, Brat—so don't let's think of him for fear—for fear— Ah! Did you say he was crooked?"

"I said nothing, sir," she replied with dignity: "I would aim at no man's defects of person, least of all at Mr. Pope's. But if I cannot name a man friend but you'll mock at him, I'll bring your women friends to your mind,—the truest, the most attached of 'em." And she held her head higher. "There's Lady Betty Germayne, my mother, Molly, and—myself. That's four."

"Women's friendship! Women's friendship! By the powers, she talks as though it were a thing to be calculated,—four female friendships to one male. Pshaw! Weigh froth! Weigh moonshine! They're more weighable than the parcel of vanity and caprice called female friendship. Don't I know why Madam Van and you were all anxiety to know Mr. Gay before I left? Why, to be sure, she must have a poet in her ante-chamber like other women of quality; for Madam Van is as mad as old Newcastle, and thinks herself a duchess. And when that poor dean that's been so useful is gone, why, he's gone; and Hess must get another fellow to teach her how to talk and make the wits in love with her. Ay, I know what your female friendship's worth."

Esther stood upright beside him. She made no visible motion while he spoke; but she held her head higher, the frown on her brow deepened, and she looked down at him with eyes in which an angry light began to burn, and cheeks flushing with an indignant red. He tried to meet her gaze indifferently as he finished speaking, but his own sank beneath it; and before she made any answer he hung his head as one rebuked.

"You dare to say so!" she said at last sternly. "And to me!" Then after a pause, "Unworthy! Most unworthy!" she ejaculated.

Her words did not exactly represent her feeling. She was more moved by horror and surprise that he should speak in a way so unlike and so degrading to himself, than at his preposterous reflections on herself and Mrs. Vanhomrigh. But whatever the precise proportion in which her emotions were mingled, she stood there the very image of intense yet self-contained indignation, fixing upon him a steady look of stern reproof. She who had so often trembled before his least frown did not fear his fury now, in this feverish sickness of his soul. He was silent, looking

at the table and drumming on it like a boy, half sullen, half ashamed. Then on a sudden, putting both hands to his head with a contortion of pain, "Oh, my head! my head!" he cried. "O God!—O God!"

And he rolled on the table in a paroxysm of anguish, moaning inarticulately either prayers or curses. Every physical pang that he endured created its mental counterpart in her; and her whole soul was concentrated in a passionate prayer for help for the body and mind of him laid there in anguish and disarray.

At length the paroxysm subsided, almost as suddenly as it had come; but for a time he seemed unable to speak. Shading his brow with his hand, he looked at her from time to time with a faint, pleading, almost timid smile. This piteous smile, so unlike any look she had ever seen or fancied on those haughty features, was more than Esther could bear. Her breath came quick, a strangling sob rose in her throat, and the hot tears blinded her eyes. But he had too often, quite mistakenly, praised her as above the female weakness of tears; and she had too often blushed to think of those tears of hers by the river at Windsor, and those in the Sluttery, to weep again in his company. No, she would rather choke than do it. So she could not answer that pleading look with a kind one, but faced him with drooped eyelids, lips severely close, flushed cheeks, and heaving bosom. He spoke at last in a languid, hesitating voice, but calm and like his own; no longer with the confused articulation of the fierce grinding tones which had shocked Esther when he was talking to her before.

"I beg your pardon, Essie, very humbly; yours and good Madam Van's as well. You'd grant me grace if you only knew what a bad head I have. Oh, such a racking head, Hess! 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me,' last night when I came home from Parson's Green; and all because of the least bit of fruit from his glass-house the mad Peterborough would have me to eat. No, I'll not do it again: fruit always did give me a bad head. You've forgiven me, Brat, ha'n't you?"

But Esther could not yet answer or meet that anxious, humble look of his.

"Essie!" he cried pleadingly, "Essie!" and stretched out his hand towards hers as though to touch it, yet without doing so.

"Hess!" he cried again. "What! You can't forgive your poor friend, that hardly knows what he says when he cries aloud

in his misery. Can't you forgive me, little Hesskin? Do—do now forgive me."

Esther was still kneeling like one in prayer, with her cheek leaned on her clasped hands; but now the color had ebbed from it and left her very pale, and the resolute lines of her lips had softened. She lifted to his her great eyes, luminous with tears repressed and an irrepressible fire of passion, and he started as he met them.

"Forgive you?" she cried in a voice whose deep vibrating music thrilled him in spite of himself; and then the same words again, but set to some new harmony— "Forgive you? Why, I love you!"

The mental shock was sufficient to have thrust him back again into that Inferno from which he had just escaped; but it had the opposite effect. The weak, helpless feeling in the brain, that usually remained with him for long after such an attack, passed suddenly almost entirely away. Yes, it was a shock. For weeks a dim troubling something, to which he obstinately refused to give the shape of an idea, had been stirring in the depths of his mind; and he had kept it down there by main force. Now it sprang up before him, full-armed, like Minerva.

"I am obliged to you, Essie," he said. "I should have been sorry if I had offended you past your forgiveness. But now you talk as wildly as I did. Had we not been friends so long, I might misunderstand your meaning."

"Ah!" she cried, leaping to her feet, and tossing back her hood with a fierce, impatient gesture, "you wish to misunderstand it! You that have plagued me, tortured me with your questions, now you would fain not hear the answer to 'em all. You that have told me a thousand times to show you my heart, now you will not see it. But you know, you know what you are to me;" —and a tearless sob strangled her voice.

"Your friend, Essie," he said gravely, flinching before this outburst of a passion it had been beyond his power to imagine.

"Friend!" she cried, "friend!" and laughed, not bitterly, but with a kind of wild tenderness. "Could Adam call the God that shaped him out of dust his 'friend'? No, he must worship, he must adore him. You shaped me. I was nothing, nothing, before you taught me how to think, how to feel, and to love what you love and despise what you despise. I am the creature

of your hands, you made me and I am yours. You may be sorry for't, but 'tis too late now to help it."

Swift made an attempt to assume that awful air with which he was wont to cow the boldest of his friends or foes, but he felt the attempt to be a failure.

"Hush, Essie!" he cried. "What you are saying is very wrong: 'tis rank blasphemy, and I will not hear it."

Esther turned from him, and paced the room for a minute or two in a silence which Swift did not break, with her head thrown back, and biting her under lip, as was her wont. Looking on the ground, not at him, who had once more shaded his face with one hand, she began again:—

"We are neither of us enthusiasts, and I cannot pick my words. Oh, that I could find one sharp enough to cut right through my breast and show you my heart! Once you said I should cease to be your friend on the day when I was afraid to pin my heart to my sleeve-ruffles — yes, those were your very words, 'pin it to my sleeve-ruffles'—for your inspection. You forget, but I remember. Now you don't love to see it, but 'tis too late to go back. If I said I worshiped you as one worships God, I spoke wrongly. God is a long way off, and we have never seen him, but we know he cannot need us. But you"— she paused before him with clasped hands, like a worshiper before a shrine—"you are far indeed above other men, yet you are a man, and here among us; and you have often—ah! do not try to deny it: little, nothing as I am compared to you, you have often, often needed me! How can I choose but worship, adore,— love you?"

And as she ended, she fell on her knees once more, and bending over his hand, that still lay stretched out on the table, touched it with a swift hot kiss, and bowed her forehead on her folded arms.

There was a sharp tap at the door. Some one must have mounted the stairs unheard by either of them. Quick as lightning Esther sprang up and pulled her hood over her face. Swift made a dash for his peruke, which lay on a neighboring chair; but he had not got his head well into it when the door was flung open, and, loudly announced by an invisible some one, Mr. Erasmus Lewis walked in.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

(1848–1894)

IN THE novels of Constance Fenimore Woolson, a certain subtle element of femininity is blended with masculine vigor and disinterestedness. She had the self-restraint to stand aside from her creations, yet she met the necessities of her art with a woman's intuition. For this reason her novels are among the most charming in the whole range of American fiction; satisfactory because they always conform to a high standard of literary excellence, having nothing about them shabby or careless or indifferent. Their author looks upon life with that steadiness and clearness of gaze which is only possible to one who wishes to see things as a whole, and as they are. Miss Woolson might be called a realist for this reason; yet she is also true to the unknown romance which forever haunts the souls of men.

Although she is primarily a novelist, not a little of her power is shown in her short stories. Of these she has written a great number, their backgrounds being generally the scenes with which she was at the time familiar. She was all her life a wanderer, so that she wrote with equal freedom of New England and its people, of New York life, of the South, of Americans and Italians in Florence and Venice and Rome.

She was born in Claremont, New Hampshire, 1848; a great-niece of James Fenimore Cooper, she was to give early evidence of possessing not a small share of his literary power. As a child she was taken to Cleveland, Ohio, where she received her primary education; going later to a French school in New York city, a school reproduced perhaps in her novel 'Anne.' She lived in Cleveland until the death of her father, Charles Jarvis Woolson, in 1869. From 1873 to 1879 she lived with her mother in Florida and in other Southern States,—a sojourn whose fruits appear in the book of short stories of life in the South headed by 'Rodman the Keeper,' and in 'East Angels.' Miss Woolson seemed capable of appreciating with equal intensity the stern, self-sufficing, conscientious New England character, and the sensuous, easy, lovable nature of the far South. She drew both with equal truth, and enjoyed contrasting them by bringing them together; as in the story 'The Front Yard,'—in which a good-for-nothing family of Italian peasants have for a stepmother a New England woman who lives a modified New England life in Assisi,—in 'East Angels,' and elsewhere. Her later short stories are nearly all of

Italy, or of Americans in Italy. She herself lived abroad continuously after 1880, dying in Venice January 23d, 1894.

The scenes of her novels are laid in her own country, recalling the associations of her childhood,—'Horace Chase,' however, being a novel of life in North Carolina. 'Anne,' 'Jupiter Lights,' 'For the Major,' have their setting in the North; 'East Angels,' in the far South. Of these novels 'Anne' is the most powerful and striking, showing as it does Miss Woolson's ability to portray many kinds of people — above all, her skill in the portraiture of women. She understood her own sex; her heroines are in no wise remarkable. They may be met every day; their weakness, their strength, their love, are found in every household. She understood men as well as an unmarried woman can understand them,— an unmarried woman with the intuition of the artist. She understood perhaps best of all "the common people," especially their homely and hearty qualities. In her novels she rarely gives way to sentiment or to feminine pathos; the reader receives the impression that she has certain marketable qualities in writing under curb. Her reserve force is a part of her charm. On the whole her novels are strong, sane, and wholesomely objective, having nothing in common with the hysteria of current fiction. They fulfill the best purpose of a novel, to entertain without enervating.

RODMAN THE KEEPER

From 'Rodman the Keeper, and Other Southern Sketches.' Published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright 1880, by D. Appleton & Co.

"KEEPER of what? Keeper of the dead. Well, it is easier to keep the dead than the living; and as for the gloom of the thing, the living among whom I have been lately were not a hilarious set."

John Rodman sat in the doorway and looked out over his domain. The little cottage behind him was empty of life save himself alone. In one room the slender appointments provided by government for the keeper, who being still alive must sleep and eat, made the bareness doubly bare: in the other the desk and the great ledgers, the ink and pens, the register, the loud-ticking clock on the wall, and the flag folded on a shelf, were all for the kept — whose names, in hastily written, blotted rolls of manuscript, were waiting to be transcribed in the new red-bound ledgers in the keeper's best handwriting day by day, while the clock was to tell him the hour when the flag must

rise over the mounds where reposed the bodies of fourteen thousand United States soldiers — who had languished where once stood the prison-pens on the opposite slopes, now fair and peaceful in the sunset; who had fallen by the way in long marches to and fro under the burning sun; who had fought and died on the many battle-fields that reddened the beautiful State, stretching from the peaks of the marble mountains in the smoky west down to the sea islands of the ocean border. The last rim of the sun's red ball had sunk below the horizon line, and the western sky glowed with deep rose color, which faded away above into pink, into the salmon tint, into shades of that far-away heavenly emerald which the brush of the earthly artist can never reproduce, but which is found sometimes in the iridescent heart of the opal. The small town, a mile distant, stood turning its back on the cemetery: but the keeper could see the pleasant, rambling old mansions, each with its rose-garden and neglected outlying fields, the empty negro quarters falling into ruin, and everything just as it stood when on that April morning the first gun was fired on Sumter; apparently not a nail added, not a brushful of paint applied, not a fallen brick replaced, or latch or lock repaired.

The keeper had noted these things as he strolled through the town, but not with surprise; for he had seen the South in its first estate, when, fresh, strong, and fired with enthusiasm, he too had marched away from his village home with the colors flying above and the girls waving their handkerchiefs behind, as the regiment, a thousand strong, filed down the dusty road. That regiment, a weak, scarred two hundred, came back a year later with lagging step and colors tattered and scorched, and the girls could not wave their handkerchiefs, wet and sodden with tears. But the keeper, his wound healed, had gone again; and he had seen with his New England eyes the magnificence and the carelessness of the South, her splendor and negligence, her wealth and thriftlessness, as through Virginia and the fair Carolinas, across Georgia and into sunny Florida, he had marched month by month, first a lieutenant, then captain, and finally major and colonel, as death mowed down those above him, and he and his good conduct were left. Everywhere magnificence went hand in hand with neglect, and he had said so as chance now and then threw a conversation in his path.

"We have no such shiftless ways," he would remark, after he had furtively supplied a prisoner with hard-tack and coffee.

"And no such grand ones, either," Johnny Reb would reply, if he was a man of spirit; and generally he was.

The Yankee, forced to acknowledge the truth of this statement, qualified it by observing that he would rather have more thrift with a little less grandeur; whereupon the other answered that *he* would not: and there the conversation rested. So now ex-Colonel Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery, viewed the little town in its second estate with philosophic eyes. "It is part of a great problem now working itself out; I am not here to tend the living but the dead," he said.

Whereupon, as he walked among the long mounds, a voice seemed to rise from the still ranks below: "While ye have time, do good to men," it said. "Behold, we are beyond your care." But the keeper did not heed.

This still evening in early February he looked out over the level waste. The little town stood in the lowlands: there were no hills from whence cometh help — calm heights that lift the soul above earth and its cares; no river to lead the aspirations of the children outward toward the great sea. Everything was monotonous; and the only spirit that rose above the waste was a bitterness for the gained and sorrow for the lost cause. The keeper was the only man whose presence personated the former in their sight, and upon him therefore, as representative, the bitterness fell; not in words, but in averted looks, in sudden silences when he approached, in withdrawals and avoidance, until he lived and moved in a vacuum: wherever he went there was presently no one save himself; the very shop-keeper who sold him sugar seemed turned into a man of wood, and took his money reluctantly, although the shilling gained stood perhaps for that day's dinner.

So Rodman withdrew himself, and came and went among them no more: the broad acres of his domain gave him as much exercise as his shattered ankle could bear; he ordered his few supplies by the quantity, and began the life of a solitary, his island marked out by the massive granite wall with which the United States government has carefully surrounded those sad Southern cemeteries of hers — sad, not so much from the number of the mounds representing youth and strength cut off in their bloom, — for that is but the fortune of war, — as for the complete isolation which marks them. "Strangers in a strange land" is the thought of all who, coming and going to and from Florida, turn aside here and there to stand for a moment among the

closely ranged graves which seem already a part of the past — that near past which in our hurrying American life is even now so far away. The government work was completed before the keeper came: the lines of the trenches were defined by low granite copings, and the comparatively few single mounds were headed by trim little white boards bearing generally the word "Unknown," but here and there a name and an age,—in most cases a boy from some far-away Northern State; "twenty-one," "twenty-two," said the inscriptions; the dates were those dark years among the sixties, measured now more than by anything else in the number of maidens widowed in heart, and women widowed indeed, who sit still and remember while the world rushes by. At sunrise the keeper ran up the Stars and Stripes; and so precise were his ideas of the accessories belonging to the place, that from his own small store of money he had taken enough, by stinting himself, to buy a second flag for stormy weather, so that, rain or not, the colors should float over the dead. This was not patriotism so called or rather miscalled, it was not sentimental fancy, it was not zeal or triumph: it was simply a sense of the fitness of things, a conscientiousness which had in it nothing of religion, unless indeed a man's endeavor to live up to his own ideal of his duty be a religion. The same feeling led the keeper to spend hours in copying the rolls. "John Andrew Warren, Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Infantry," he repeated, as he slowly wrote the name, giving "John Andrew" clear, bold capitals and a lettering impossible to mistake; "died August 15, 1863, aged twenty-two years."—"He came from the prison-pen yonder, and lies somewhere in those trenches, I suppose. Now then, John Andrew, don't fancy I am sorrowing for you; no doubt you are better off than I am at this very moment. But none the less, John Andrew, shall pen, ink, and hand do their duty to you. For that I am here."

Infinite pains and labor went into these records of the dead; one hair's-breadth error and the whole page was replaced by a new one. The same spirit kept the grass carefully away from the low coping of the trenches, kept the graveled paths smooth and the mounds green, and the bare little cottage neat as a man-of-war. When the keeper cooked his dinner, the door toward the east, where the dead lay, was scrupulously closed; nor was it opened until everything was in perfect order again. At sunset the flag was lowered; and then it was the keeper's habit to walk slowly up and down the path until the shadows veiled the

mounds on each side, and there was nothing save the peaceful green of earth. "So time will efface our little lives and sorrows," he mused, "and we shall be as nothing in the indistinguishable past." Yet none the less did he fulfill the duties of every day and hour with exactness. "At least they shall not say that I was lacking," he murmured to himself as he thought vaguely of the future beyond these graves. Who "they" were, it would have troubled him to formulate, since he was one of the many sons whom New England in this generation sends forth with a belief composed entirely of negatives. As the season advanced, he worked all day in the sunshine. "My garden looks well," he said. "I like this cemetery, because it is the original resting-place of the dead who lie beneath. They were not brought here from distant places, gathered up by contract, numbered, and described, like so much merchandise; their first repose has not been broken, their peace has been undisturbed. Hasty burials the prison authorities gave them: the thin bodies were tumbled into the trenches by men almost as thin; for the whole State went hungry in those dark days. There were not many prayers, no tears, as the dead-carts went the rounds. But the prayers had been said, and the tears had fallen, while the poor fellows were still alive in the pens yonder; and when at last death came, it was like a release. They suffered long; and I for one believe that therefore shall their rest be long,—long and sweet."

After a time began the rain,—the soft, persistent, gray rain of the Southern lowlands,—and he stayed within and copied another thousand names into the ledger. He would not allow himself the companionship of a dog, lest the creature should bark at night and disturb the quiet. There was no one to hear save himself, and it would have been a friendly sound as he lay awake on his narrow iron bed; but it seemed to him against the spirit of the place. He would not smoke, although he had the soldier's fondness for a pipe. Many a dreary evening, beneath a hastily built shelter of boughs, when the rain poured down and everything was comfortless, he had found solace in the curling smoke; but now it seemed to him that it would be incongruous, and at times he almost felt as if it would be selfish too. "*They* cannot smoke, you know, down there under the wet grass," he thought, as standing at the window he looked toward the ranks of the mounds stretching across the eastern end from side to side—"my parade-ground," he called it. And then he would smile at his own fancies, draw the curtain, shut out the rain and the night,

light his lamp, and go to work on the ledgers again. Some of the names lingered in his memory; he felt as if he had known the men who bore them, as if they had been boys together, and were friends even now although separated for a time. "James Marvin, Company B, Fifth Maine. The Fifth Maine was in the seven days' battle. I say, do you remember that retreat down the Quaker church road, and the way Phil Kearny held the rear-guard firm?" And over the whole seven days he wandered with his mute friend, who remembered everything and everybody in the most satisfactory way. One of the little head-boards in the parade-ground attracted him peculiarly because the name inscribed was his own: "—— Rodman, Company A, One Hundred and Sixth New York."

"I remember that regiment: it came from the extreme northern part of the State. Blank Rodman must have melted down here, coming as he did from the half-arctic region along the St. Lawrence. I wonder what he thought of the first hot day, say in South Carolina, along those simmering rice-fields?" He grew into the habit of pausing for a moment by the side of this grave every morning and evening. "Blank Rodman. It might easily have been John. And then where should *I* be?"

But Blank Rodman remained silent; and the keeper, after pulling up a weed or two and trimming the grass over his relative, went off to his duties again. "I am convinced that Blank is a relative," he said to himself; "distant perhaps, but still a kinsman."

One April day the heat was almost insupportable; but the sun's rays were not those brazen beams that sometimes in Northern cities burn the air and scorch the pavements to a white heat,—rather were they soft and still; the moist earth exhaled her richness, not a leaf stirred, and the whole level country seemed sitting in a hot vapor bath. In the early dawn the keeper had performed his outdoor tasks; but all day he remained almost without stirring in his chair between two windows, striving to exist. At high noon out came a little black, bringing his supplies from the town, whistling and shuffling along, gay as a lark. The keeper watched him coming slowly down the white road, loitering by the way in the hot blaze, stopping to turn a somersault or two, to dangle over a bridge rail, to execute various impromptu capers all by himself. He reached the gate at last, entered, and having come all the way up the path in a hornpipe step, he set down his basket at the door to indulge in one long

and final double-shuffle before knocking. "Stop that!" said the keeper through the closed blinds. The little darkey darted back; but as nothing further came out of the window — a boot, for instance, or some other stray missile — he took courage, showed his ivories, and drew near again. "Do you suppose I am going to have you stirring up the heat in that way?" demanded the keeper.

The little black grinned, but made no reply, unless smoothing the hot white sand with his black toes could be construed as such; he now removed his rimless hat and made a bow.

"Is it or is it not warm?" asked the keeper, as a naturalist might inquire of a salamander, not referring to his own so much as to the salamander's ideas on the subject.

"Dunno, mars'," replied the little black.

"How do *you* feel?"

"'Spects I feel all right, mars'."

The keeper gave up the investigation, and presented to the salamander a nickel cent. "I suppose there is no such thing as a cool spring in all this melting country," he said.

But the salamander indicated with his thumb a clump of trees on the green plain north of the cemetery. "Ole Mars' Ward's place — cole spring dah." He then departed, breaking into a run after he had passed the gate, his ample mouth watering at the thought of a certain chunk of taffy at the mercantile establishment kept by Aunt Dinah in a corner of her one-roomed cabin. At sunset the keeper went thirstily out with a tin pail on his arm, in search of the cold spring. "If it could only be like the spring down under the rocks where I used to drink when I was a boy!" he thought. He had never walked in that direction before. Indeed, now that he had abandoned the town, he seldom went beyond the walls of the cemetery. An old road led across to the clump of trees, through fields run to waste, and following it he came to the place, — a deserted house with tumble-down fences and overgrown garden, the out-buildings indicating that once upon a time there were many servants and a prosperous master. The house was of wood, large on the ground, with encircling piazzas; across the front door rough bars had been nailed, and the closed blinds were protected in the same manner; from long want of paint the clapboards were gray and mossy, and the floor of the piazza had fallen in here and there from decay. The keeper decided that his cemetery was a much more cheerful place than this, and then he looked around for the spring.

Behind the house the ground sloped down; it must be there. He went around and came suddenly upon a man lying on an old rug outside of a back door. "Excuse me. I thought nobody lived here," he said.

"Nobody does," replied the man: "I am not much of a body, am I?"

His left arm was gone, and his face was thin and worn with long illness; he closed his eyes after speaking, as though the few words had exhausted him.

"I came for water from a cold spring you have here, somewhere," pursued the keeper, contemplating the wreck before him with the interest of one who has himself been severely wounded, and knows the long, weary pain. The man waved his hand toward the slope without unclosing his eyes, and Rodman went off with his pail, and found a little shady hollow, once curbed and paved with white pebbles, but now neglected, like all the place. The water was cold, however — deliciously cold. He filled his pail, and thought that perhaps after all he would exert himself to make coffee, now that the sun was down: it would taste better made of this cold water. When he came up the slope the man's eyes were open.

"Have some water?" asked Rodman.

"Yes: there's a gourd inside."

The keeper entered, and found himself in a large, bare room: in one corner was some straw covered with an old counterpane, in another a table and chair; a kettle hung in the deep fireplace, and a few dishes stood on a shelf: by the door on a nail hung a gourd; he filled it and gave it to the host of this desolate abode. The man drank with eagerness.

"Pomp has gone to town," he said, "and I could not get down to the spring to-day, I have had so much pain."

"And when will Pomp return?"

"He should be here now; he is very late to-night."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you: he will soon be here."

The keeper looked out over the waste; there was no one in sight. He was not a man of any especial kindliness, — he had himself been too hardly treated in life for that, — but he could not find it in his heart to leave this helpless creature all alone with night so near. So he sat down on the door-step. "I will rest awhile," he said, not asking but announcing it. The man had turned away and closed his eyes again, and they both

remained silent, busy with their own thoughts; for each had recognized the ex-soldier, Northern and Southern, in portions of the old uniforms, and in the accent. The war and its memories were still very near to the maimed, poverty-stricken Confederate; and the other knew that they were, and did not obtrude himself.

Twilight fell, and no one came.

"Let me get you something," said Rodman; for the face looked ghastly as the fever abated. The other refused. Darkness came; still no one.

"Look here," said Rodman, rising, "I have been wounded myself, was in hospital for months: I know how you feel. You must have food — a cup of tea, now, and a slice of toast, brown and thin."

"I have not tasted tea or wheaten bread for weeks," answered the man; his voice died off into a wail, as though feebleness and pain had drawn the cry from him in spite of himself. Rodman lighted a match: there was no candle, only a piece of pitch-pine stuck in an iron socket on the wall; he set fire to this primitive torch and looked around.

"There is nothing there," said the man outside, making an effort to speak carelessly: "my servant went to town for supplies. Do not trouble yourself to wait; he will come presently, and — and I want nothing."

But Rodman saw through proud poverty's lie: he knew that irregular quavering of the voice, and that trembling of the hand; the poor fellow had but one to tremble. He continued his search; but the bare room gave back nothing, not a crumb.

"Well, if you are not hungry," he said briskly, "I am — hungry as a bear; and I'll tell you what I am going to do. I live not far from here, and I live all alone, too: I haven't a servant as you have. Let me take supper here with you just for a change; and if your servant comes, so much the better, — he can wait upon us. I'll run over and bring back the things."

He was gone without waiting for a reply: the shattered ankle made good time over the waste, and soon returned, limping a little, but bravely hasting, while on a tray came the keeper's best supplies, — Irish potatoes, corned beef, wheaten bread, butter, and coffee; for he would not eat the hot biscuits, the corn-cake, the bacon and hominy of the country, and constantly made little New England meals for himself in his prejudiced little kitchen. The pine-torch flared in the doorway; a breeze had come down from the far mountains and cooled the air. Rodman kindled a

fire on the cavernous hearth, filled the kettle, found a saucepan, and commenced operations, while the other lay outside and watched every movement in the lighted room.

"All ready: let me help you in. Here we are now — fried potatoes, cold beef, mustard, toast, butter, and tea. Eat, man; and the next time I am laid up, you shall come over and cook for me."

Hunger conquered; and the other ate — ate as he had not eaten for months. As he was finishing a second cup of tea, a slow step came around the house; it was the missing Pomp, an old negro, bent and shriveled, who carried a bag of meal and some bacon in his basket. "That is what they live on," thought the keeper.

He took leave without more words. "I suppose now I can be allowed to go home in peace," he grumbled to conscience. The negro followed him across what was once the lawn. "Fin' Mars' Ward mighty low," he said apologetically, as he swung open the gate which still hung between its posts, although the fence was down, "but I hurred and hurred as fas' as I could: it's mighty fur to de town. Proud to see you, sah; hope you'll come again. Fine fambly, de Wards, sah, befo' de war."

"How long has he been in this state?" asked the keeper.

"Ever sence one ob de las' battles, sah; but he's worse sence we come yer, 'bout a mont' back."

"Who owns the house? Is there no one to see to him? has he no friends?"

"House b'long to Mars' Ward's uncle; fine place once, befo' de war; he's dead now, and dah's nobuddy but Miss Bettina, an' she's gone off somewhuz. Propah place, sah, fur Mars' Ward — own uncle's house," said the old slave, loyally striving to maintain the family dignity even then.

"Are there no better rooms — no furniture?"

"Sartin; but — but Miss Bettina, she took de keys; she didn't know we was comin' —"

"You had better send for Miss Bettina, I think," said the keeper, starting homeward with his tray; washing his hands, as it were, of any future responsibility in the affair.

The next day he worked in his garden, for clouds veiled the sun, and exercise was possible; but nevertheless he could not forget the white face on the old rug. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "haven't I seen tumble-down old houses and battered human beings before this?"

At evening came a violent thunder-storm, and the splendor of the heavens was terrible. "We have chained you, mighty spirit," thought the keeper as he watched the lightning: "and some time we shall learn the laws of the winds and foretell the storms; then prayers will no more be offered in churches to alter the weather than they would be offered now to alter an eclipse. Yet back of the lightning and the wind lies the power of the great Creator, just the same."

But still into his musings crept, with shadowy persistence, the white face on the rug.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed: "if white faces are going around as ghosts, how about the fourteen thousand white faces that went under the sod down yonder? If they could arise and walk, the whole State would be filled, and no more carpet-baggers needed." So having balanced the one with the fourteen thousand, he went to bed.

Daylight brought rain,—still, soft, gray rain; the next morning showed the same, and the third likewise; the nights keeping up their part with low-down clouds and steady pattering on the roof. "If there was a river here, we should have a flood," thought the keeper, drumming idly on his window-pane. Memory brought back the steep New England hillsides shedding their rain into the brooks, which grew in a night to torrents, and filled the rivers so that they overflowed their banks; then, suddenly, an old house in a sunken corner of a waste rose before his eyes, and he seemed to see the rain dropping from a moldy ceiling on the straw where a white face lay.

"Really, I have nothing else to do to-day, you know," he remarked in an apologetic way to himself, as he and his umbrella went along the old road; and he repeated the remark as he entered the room where the man lay, just as he had fancied, on the damp straw.

"The weather *is* unpleasant," said the man. "Pomp, bring a chair."

Pomp brought one, the only one, and the visitor sat down. A fire smoldered on the hearth, and puffed out acrid smoke now and then, as if the rain had clogged the soot in the long-neglected chimney; from the streaked ceiling oozing drops fell with a dull splash into little pools on the decayed floor; the door would not close; the broken panes were stopped with rags, as if the old servant had tried to keep out the damp; in the ashes a corn-cake was baking.

"I am afraid you have not been so well during these long rainy days," said the keeper, scanning the face on the straw.

"My old enemy, rheumatism," answered the man: "the first sunshine will drive it away."

They talked awhile,—or rather the keeper talked, for the other seemed hardly able to speak, as the waves of pain swept over him; then the visitor went outside and called Pomp out. "*Is* there any one to help him or not?" he asked impatiently.

"Fine fambly, befo' de war," began Pomp.

"Never mind all that: is there any one to help him now—yes or no?"

"No," said the old black with a burst of despairing truthfulness. "Miss Bettina, she's as poor as Mars' Ward, an' dere's no one else. He's had noth'n but hard corn-cake for three days, an' he can't swaller it no more."

The next morning saw Ward De Rosset lying on the white pallet in the keeper's cottage, and old Pomp, marveling at the cleanliness all around him, installed as nurse. A strange asylum for a Confederate soldier, was it not? But he knew nothing of the change, which he would have fought with his last breath if consciousness had remained; returning fever, however, had absorbed his senses, and then it was that the keeper and the slave had borne him slowly across the waste, resting many times, but accomplishing the journey at last.

That evening John Rodman, strolling to and fro in the dusky twilight, paused alongside of the other Rodman. "I do not want him here, and that is the plain truth," he said, pursuing the current of his thoughts. "He fills the house; he and Pomp together disturb all my ways. He'll be ready to fling a brick at me too, when his senses come back; small thanks shall I have for lying on the floor, giving up all my comforts, and what is more, riding over the spirit of the place with a vengeance!" He threw himself down on the grass beside the mound, and lay looking up toward the stars, which were coming out one by one in the deep blue of the Southern night. "With a vengeance, did I say? That is it exactly—the vengeance of kindness. The poor fellow has suffered horribly in body and in estate, and now ironical Fortune throws him in my way, as if saying, 'Let us see how far your selfishness will yield. This is not a question of magnanimity; there is no magnanimity about it, for the war is over, and you Northerners have gained every point for which you

fought. This is merely a question between man and man; it would be the same if the sufferer was a poor Federal — one of the carpet-baggers whom you despise so, for instance — or a pagan Chinaman.' And Fortune is right; don't you think so, Blank Rodman? I put it to you, now, to one who has suffered the extreme rigor of the other side — those prison-pens yonder."

Whereupon Blank Rodman answered that he had fought for a great cause, and that he knew it, although a plain man and not given to speech-making; he was not one of those who had sat safely at home all through the war, and now belittled it and made light of its issues. (Here a murmur came up from the long line of the trenches, as though all the dead had cried out.) But now the points for which he had fought being gained, and strife ended, it was the plain duty of every man to encourage peace. For his part he bore no malice: he was glad the poor Confederate was up in the cottage, and he did not think any the less of the keeper for bringing him there. He would like to add that he thought more of him; but he was sorry to say that he was well aware what an effort it was, and how almost grudgingly the charity began.

If Blank Rodman did not say this, at least the keeper imagined that he did. "That is what he would have said," he thought. "I am glad you do not object," he added, pretending to himself that he had not noticed the rest of the remark.

"We do not object to the brave soldier who honestly fought for his cause, even though he fought on the other side," answered Blank Rodman for the whole fourteen thousand. "But never let a coward, a double-face, or a flippant-tongued idler walk over our heads. It would make us rise in our graves!"

And the keeper seemed to see a shadowy pageant sweep by: gaunt soldiers with white faces, arming anew against the subtle product of peace; men who said, "It was nothing! Behold, we saw it with our eyes!" — stay-at-home eyes.

The third day the fever abated, and Ward De Rosset noticed his surroundings. Old Pomp acknowledged that he had been moved, but veiled the locality: "To a frien's house, Mars' Ward."

"But I have no friends now, Pomp," said the weak voice.

Pomp was very much amused at the absurdity of this. "No frien's! Mars' Ward, no frien's!" He was obliged to go out of the room to hide his laughter. The sick man lay feebly thinking that the bed was cool and fresh, and the closed green blinds

pleasant; his thin fingers stroked the linen sheet, and his eyes wandered from object to object. The only thing that broke the rule of bare utility in the simple room was a square of white drawing-paper on the wall, upon which was inscribed in ornamental text the following verse: —

> "Toujours femme varie,
> Bien fou qui s'y fie;
> Une femme souvent
> N'est qu'une plume au vent."

With the persistency of illness the eyes and mind of Ward De Rosset went over and over this distich: he knew something of French, but was unequal to the effort of translating; the rhymes alone caught his vagrant fancy. "Toujours femme varie," he said to himself over and over again; and when the keeper entered, he said it to him.

"Certainly," answered the keeper; "'bien fou qui s'y fie.' How do you find yourself this morning?"

"I have not found myself at all, so far. Is this your house?"

"Yes."

"Pomp told me I was in a friend's house," observed the sick man vaguely.

"Well, it isn't an enemy's. Had any breakfast? No? Better not talk then."

He went to the detached shed which served for a kitchen, upset all Pomp's clumsy arrangements, and ordered him outside; then he set to work and prepared a delicate breakfast with his best skill. The sick man eagerly eyed the tray as he entered. "Better have your hands and face sponged off, I think," said Rodman; and then he propped him up skillfully, and left him to his repast. The grass needed mowing on the parade-ground; he shouldered his scythe and started down the path, viciously kicking the gravel aside as he walked. "Wasn't solitude your principal idea, John Rodman, when you applied for this place?" he demanded of himself. "How much of it are you likely to have with sick men, and sick men's servants, and so forth?"

The "and so forth," thrown in as a rhetorical climax, turned into reality, and arrived bodily upon the scene — a climax indeed. One afternoon, returning late to the cottage, he found a girl sitting by the pallet — a girl young and dimpled and dewy; one of the creamy roses of the South that, even in the bud, are richer

in color and luxuriance than any Northern flower. He saw her through the door, and paused; distressed old Pomp met him and beckoned him cautiously outside. "Miss Bettina," he whispered gutturally: "she's come back from somewhuz, an' she's awful mad 'cause Mars' Ward's here. I tole her all 'bout 'em — de leaks an' de rheumatiz an' de hard corn-cake; but she done gone scole me; and Mars' Ward, he know now whar he is, an' he mad too."

"Is the girl a fool?" said Rodman. He was just beginning to rally a little. He stalked into the room and confronted her. "I have the honor of addressing — "

"Miss Ward."

"And I am John Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery."

This she ignored entirely; it was as though he had said, "I am John Jones the coachman." Coachmen were useful in their way; but their names were unimportant.

The keeper sat down and looked at his new visitor. The little creature fairly radiated scorn: her pretty head was thrown back; her eyes, dark-brown, fringed with long dark lashes, hardly deigned a glance: she spoke to him as though he was something to be paid and dismissed like any other mechanic.

"We are indebted to you for some days' board, I believe, keeper — medicines, I presume, and general attendance. My cousin will be removed to-day to our own residence; I wish to pay now what he owes."

The keeper saw that her dress was old and faded; the small black shawl had evidently been washed and many times mended; the old-fashioned knitted purse she held in her hand was lank with long famine.

"Very well," he said: "if you choose to treat a kindness in that way, I consider five dollars a day none too much for the annoyance, expense, and trouble I have suffered. Let me see: five days — or is it six? Yes. Thirty dollars, Miss Ward."

He looked at her steadily; she flushed. "The money will be sent to you," she began haughtily; then, hesitatingly, "I must ask a little time — "

"O Betty, Betty, you know you cannot pay it. Why try to disguise — But that does not excuse *you* for bringing me here," said the sick man, turning toward his host with an attempt to speak fiercely, which ended in a faltering quaver.

All this time the old slave stood anxiously outside of the door; in the pauses they could hear his feet shuffling as he

waited for the decision of his superiors. The keeper rose and threw open the blinds of the window that looked out on the distant parade-ground. "Bringing you here," he repeated — "*here;* that is my offense, is it? There they lie, fourteen thousand brave men and true. Could they come back to earth they would be the first to pity and aid you, now that you are down. So would it be with you if the case were reversed; for a soldier is generous to a soldier. It was not your own heart that spoke then; it was the small venom of a woman, that here, as everywhere through the South, is playing its rancorous part."

The sick man gazed out through the window, seeing for the first time the far-spreading ranks of the dead. He was very weak, and the keeper's words had touched him; his eyes were suffused with tears. But Miss Ward rose with a flashing glance. She turned her back full upon the keeper and ignored his very existence. "I will take you home immediately, Ward — this very evening," she said.

"A nice, comfortable place for a sick man," commented the keeper scornfully. "I am going out now, De Rosset, to prepare your supper: you had better have one good meal before you go."

He disappeared; but as he went he heard the sick man say, deprecatingly: "It isn't very comfortable over at the old house now, indeed it isn't, Betty; I suffered —" and the girl's passionate outburst in reply. Then he closed his door and set to work.

When he returned half an hour later, Ward was lying back exhausted on the pillows, and his cousin sat leaning her head upon her hand; she had been weeping, and she looked very desolate, he noticed, sitting there in what was to her an enemy's country. Hunger is a strong master, however, especially when allied to weakness; and the sick man ate with eagerness.

"I must go back," said the girl, rising. "A wagon will be sent out for you, Ward; Pomp will help you."

But Ward had gained a little strength as well as obstinacy with the nourishing food. "Not to-night," he said.

"Yes, to-night."

"But I cannot go to-night; you are unreasonable, Bettina. To-morrow will do as well, if go I must."

"If go you must! You do not want to go, then — to go to our own home — and with me —" Her voice broke; she turned toward the door.

The keeper stepped forward. "This is all nonsense, Miss Ward," he said, "and you know it. Your cousin is in no state

to be moved. Wait a week or two, and he can go in safety. But do not dare to offer me your money again; my kindness was to the soldier, not to the man, and as such he can accept it. Come out and see him as often as you please. I shall not intrude upon you. Pomp, take the lady home."

And the lady went.

Then began a remarkable existence for the four: a Confederate soldier lying ill in the keeper's cottage of a national cemetery; a rampant little rebel coming out daily to a place which was to her anathema-maranatha; a cynical, misanthropic keeper sleeping on the floor and enduring every variety of discomfort for a man he never saw before,—a man belonging to an idle, arrogant class he detested; and an old black freedman allowing himself to be taught the alphabet in order to gain permission to wait on his master—master no longer in law—with all the devotion of his loving old heart. For the keeper had announced to Pomp that he must learn his alphabet or go: after all these years of theory, he, as a New-Englander, could not stand by and see precious knowledge shut from the black man. So he opened it, and mighty dull work he found it.

Ward De Rosset did not rally as rapidly as they expected. The white-haired doctor from the town rode out on horseback, pacing slowly up the graveled roadway with a scowl on his brow, casting, as he dismounted, a furtive glance down toward the parade-ground. His horse and his coat were alike old and worn; and his broad shoulders were bent with long service in the miserably provided Confederate hospitals, where he had striven to do his duty through every day and every night of those shadowed years. Cursing the incompetency in high places, cursing the mismanagement of the entire medical department of the Confederate army, cursing the recklessness and indifference which left the men suffering for want of proper hospitals and hospital stores, he yet went on resolutely doing his best with the poor means in his control, until the last. Then he came home, he and his old horse, and went the rounds again—he prescribing for whooping-cough or measles, and Dobbin waiting outside; the only difference was that fees were small and good meals scarce for both, not only for the man but for the beast. The doctor sat down and chatted awhile kindly with De Rosset, whose father and uncle had been dear friends of his in the bright, prosperous days; then he left a few harmless medicines and rose to go,—his gaze resting a moment on Miss Ward, then on Pomp, as if he

were hesitating. But he said nothing until on the walk outside he met the keeper, and recognized a person to whom he could tell the truth. "There is nothing to be done: he may recover, he may not; it is a question of strength merely. He needs no medicines; only nourishing food, rest, and careful tendance."

"He shall have them," answered the keeper briefly. And then the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode away,—his first and last visit to a national cemetery.

"National!" he said to himself—"national!"

All talk of moving De Rosset ceased, but Miss Ward moved into the old house. There was not much to move: herself, her one trunk, and Marí, a black attendant, whose name probably began life as Maria, since the accent still dwelt on the curtailed last syllable. The keeper went there once, and once only; and then it was an errand for the sick man, whose fancies came sometimes at inconvenient hours—when Pomp had gone to town, for instance. On this occasion the keeper entered the mockery of a gate and knocked at the front door, from which the bars had been removed; the piazza still showed its decaying planks, but quick-growing summer vines had been planted, and were now encircling the old pillars and veiling all defects with their greenery. It was a woman's pathetic effort to cover up what cannot be covered,—poverty. The blinds on one side were open, and white curtains waved to and fro in the breeze; into this room he was ushered by Marí. Matting lay on the floor, streaked here and there ominously by the dampness from the near ground. The furniture was of dark mahogany, handsome in its day: chairs; a heavy pier-table with low-down glass, into which no one by any possibility could look unless he had eyes in his ankles; a sofa with a stiff round pillow of hair-cloth under each curved end; and a mirror with a compartment framed off at the top, containing a picture of shepherds and shepherdesses, and lambs with blue ribbons around their necks, all enjoying themselves in the most natural and lifelike manner. Flowers stood on the high mantelpiece, but their fragrance could not overcome the faint odor of the damp straw-matting. On a table were books: a life of General Lee, and three or four shabby little volumes printed at the South during the war,—waifs of prose and poetry of that highly wrought, richly colored style which seems indigenous to Southern soil.

"Some way, the whole thing reminds me of a funeral," thought the keeper.

Miss Ward entered, and the room bloomed at once; at least that is what a lover would have said. Rodman, however, merely noticed that she bloomed, and not the room, and he said to himself that she would not bloom long if she continued to live in such a moldy place. Their conversation in these days was excessively polite, shortened to the extreme minimum possible, and conducted without the aid of the eyes, at least on one side. Rodman had discovered that Miss Ward never looked at him, and so he did not look at her,—that is, not often; he was human, however, and she was delightfully pretty. On this occasion they exchanged exactly five sentences, and then he departed, but not before his quick eyes had discovered that the rest of the house was in even worse condition than this parlor; which, by the way, Miss Ward considered quite a grand apartment: she had been down near the coast, trying to teach school; and there the desolation was far greater than here, both armies having passed back and forward over the ground, foragers out, and the torch at work more than once.

"Will there ever come a change for the better?" thought the keeper, as he walked homeward. "What an enormous stone has got to be rolled up-hill! But at least, John Rodman, *you* need not go to work at it; *you* are not called upon to lend your shoulder."

None the less, however, did he call out Pomp that very afternoon and sternly teach him "E" and "F," using the smooth white sand for a blackboard, and a stick for chalk. Pomp's primer was a government placard hanging on the wall of the office. It read as follows:—

IN THIS CEMETERY REPOSE THE REMAINS

OF

FOURTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul!

"The only known instance of the government's condescending to poetry," the keeper had thought, when he first read this placard. It was placed there for the instruction and edification of visitors; but no visitors coming, he took the liberty of using it as a primer for Pomp. The large letters served the purpose admirably, and Pomp learned the entire quotation; what he thought of it has not transpired. Miss Ward came over daily to see her cousin. At first she brought him soups and various concoctions from her own kitchen,—the leaky cavern, once the dining-room, where the soldier had taken refuge after his last dismissal from hospital: but the keeper's soups were richer, and free from the taint of smoke; his martial laws of neatness even disorderly old Pomp dared not disobey, and the sick man soon learned the difference. He thanked the girl, who came bringing the dishes over carefully in her own dimpled hands, and then, when she was gone, he sent them untasted away. By chance Miss Ward learned this, and wept bitter tears over it; she continued to come, but her poor little soups and jellies she brought no more.

One morning in May the keeper was working near the flagstaff, when his eyes fell upon a procession coming down the road which led from the town, and turning toward the cemetery. No one ever came that way: what could it mean? It drew near, entered the gate, and showed itself to be negroes walking two and two,—old uncles and aunties, young men and girls, and even little children, all dressed in their best; a very poor best, sometimes gravely ludicrous imitations of "ole mars'" or "ole miss'," sometimes mere rags bravely patched together and adorned with a strip of black calico or rosette of black ribbon; not one was without a badge of mourning. All carried flowers, common blossoms from the little gardens behind the cabins that stretched around the town on the outskirts,—the new forlorn cabins with their chimneys of piled stones and ragged patches of corn; each little darkey had his bouquet and marched solemnly along, rolling his eyes around, but without even the beginning of a smile, while the elders moved forward with gravity, the bubbling, irrepressible gayety of the negro subdued by the new-born dignity of the freedman.

"Memorial Day," thought the keeper: "I had forgotten it."

"Will you do us de hono', sah, to take de head ob de processio', sah?" said the leader with a ceremonious bow. Now, the

keeper had not much sympathy with the strewing of flowers, North or South: he had seen the beautiful ceremony more than once turned into a political demonstration. Here, however, in this small, isolated, interior town, there was nothing of that kind: the whole population of white faces laid their roses and wept true tears on the graves of their lost ones in the village churchyard when the Southern Memorial Day came round; and just as naturally the whole population of black faces went out to the national cemetery with their flowers on the day when, throughout the North, spring blossoms were laid on the graves of the soldiers, from the little Maine village to the stretching ranks of Arlington, from Greenwood to the far Western burial-places of San Francisco. The keeper joined the procession and led the way to the parade-ground. As they approached the trenches, the leader began singing, and all joined. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and their hymn rose and fell with strange, sweet harmony,—one of those wild, unwritten melodies which the North heard with surprise and marveling when, after the war, bands of singers came to their cities and sang the songs of slavery, in order to gain for their children the coveted education. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen; and two by two they passed along, strewing the graves with flowers till all the green was dotted with color. It was a pathetic sight to see some of the old men and women, ignorant field-hands, bent, dull-eyed, and past the possibility of education even in its simplest forms, carefully placing their poor flowers to the best advantage. They knew dimly that the men who lay beneath those mounds had done something wonderful for them and for their children; and so they came bringing their blossoms, with little intelligence but with much love.

The ceremony over, they retired. As he turned, the keeper caught a glimpse of Miss Ward's face at the window.

"Hope we's not makin' too free, sah," said the leader, as the procession, with many a bow and scrape, took leave, "but we's kep' de day now two years, sah, befo' you came, sah, and we's teachin' de chil'en to keep it, sah."

The keeper returned to the cottage. "Not a white face," he said.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Ward, crisply.

"I know some graves at the North, Miss Ward—graves of Southern soldiers; and I know some Northern women who do not

scorn to lay a few flowers on the lonely mounds as they pass by with their blossoms on our Memorial Day."

"You are fortunate. They must be angels. We have no angels here."

"I am inclined to believe you are right," said the keeper.

That night old Pomp, who had remained invisible in the kitchen during the ceremony, stole away in the twilight and came back with a few flowers. Rodman saw him going down toward the parade-ground, and watched. The old man had but a few blossoms: he arranged them hastily on the mounds with many a furtive glance toward the house, and then stole back, satisfied; he had performed his part.

Ward De Rosset lay on his pallet, apparently unchanged; he seemed neither stronger nor weaker. He had grown childishly dependent upon his host, and wearied for him, as the Scotch say; but Rodman withstood his fancies, and gave him only the evenings, when Miss Bettina was not there. One afternoon, however, it rained so violently that he was forced to seek shelter: he set himself to work on the ledgers; he was on the ninth thousand now. But the sick man heard his step in the outer room, and called in his weak voice, "Rodman, Rodman." After a time he went in, and it ended in his staying; for the patient was nervous and irritable, and he pitied the nurse, who seemed able to please him in nothing. De Rosset turned with a sigh of relief toward the strong hands that lifted him readily, toward the composed manner, toward the man's voice that seemed to bring a breeze from outside into the close room; animated, cheered, he talked volubly. The keeper listened, answered once in a while, and quietly took the rest of the afternoon into his own hands.

Miss Ward yielded to the silent change, leaned back, and closed her eyes. She looked exhausted and for the first time pallid; the loosened dark hair curled in little rings about her temples, and her lips were parted as though she was too tired to close them — for hers were not the thin, straight lips that shut tight naturally, like the straight line of a closed box. The sick man talked on.

"Come, Rodman," he said after a while, "I have read that lying verse of yours over at least ten thousand and fifty-nine times; please tell me its history: I want to have something definite to think of when I read it for the ten thousand and sixtieth."

"Toujours femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie;
Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent,"

read the keeper slowly, with his execrable English accent. "Well, I don't know that I have any objection to telling the story. I am not sure but that it will do me good to hear it all over myself in plain language again."

"Then it concerns yourself," said De Rosset: "so much the better. I hope it will be, as the children say, the truth, and long."

"It will be the truth, but not long. When the war broke out I was twenty-eight years old, living with my mother on our farm in New England. My father and two brothers had died and left me the homestead; otherwise I should have broken away and sought fortune farther westward, where the lands are better and life is more free. But mother loved the house, the fields, and every crooked tree. She was alone, and so I stayed with her. In the centre of the village green stood the square white meeting-house; and near by, the small cottage where the pastor lived. The minister's daughter Mary was my promised wife. Mary was a slender creature, with a profusion of pale flaxen hair, large serious blue eyes, and small, delicate features; she was timid almost to a fault; her voice was low and gentle. She was not eighteen, and we were to wait a year. The war came, and I volunteered, of course, and marched away. We wrote to each other often: my letters were full of the camp and skirmishes; hers told of the village,—how the widow Brown had fallen ill, and how it was feared that Squire Stafford's boys were lapsing into evil ways. Then came the day when my regiment marched to the field of its slaughter, and soon after our shattered remnant went home. Mary cried over me, and came out every day to the farm-house with her bunches of violets; she read aloud to me from her good little books, and I used to lie and watch her profile bending over the page, with the light falling on her flaxen hair low down against the small white throat. Then my wound healed, and I went again, this time for three years; and Mary's father blessed me, and said that when peace came he would call me son, but not before, for these were no times for marrying or giving in marriage. He was a good man, a red-hot abolitionist, and a roaring lion as regards temperance; but

nature had made him so small in body that no one was much frightened when he roared. I said that I went for three years; but eight years have passed, and I have never been back to the village. First mother died. Then Mary turned false. I sold the farm by letter, and lost the money three months afterward in an unfortunate investment. My health failed. Like many another Northern soldier, I remembered the healing climate of the South; its soft airs came back to me when the snow lay deep on the fields, and the sharp wind whistled around the poor tavern where the moneyless, half-crippled volunteer sat coughing by the fire. I applied for this place and obtained it. That is all."

"But it is not all," said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow; "you have not told half yet, nor anything at all about the French verse."

"Oh — that? There was a little Frenchman staying at the hotel; he had formerly been a dancing-master, and was full of dry, withered conceits, although he looked like a thin and bilious old ape dressed as a man. He taught me, or tried to teach me, various wise sayings; among them this one, which pleased my fancy so much that I gave him twenty-five cents to write it out in large text for me."

"'Toujours femme varie,'" repeated De Rosset; "but you don't really think so, do you, Rodman?"

"I do. But they cannot help it: it is their nature.— I beg your pardon, Miss Ward. I was speaking as though you were not here."

Miss Ward's eyelids barely acknowledged his existence; that was all. But some time after she remarked to her cousin that it was only in New England that one found that pale flaxen hair.

June was waning, when suddenly the summons came. Ward De Rosset died. He was unconscious toward the last, and death, in the guise of sleep, bore away his soul. They carried him home to the old house; and from there the funeral started, — a few family carriages, dingy and battered, following the hearse, for death revived the old neighborhood feeling; that honor at least they could pay,— the sonless mothers and the widows who lived shut up in the old houses with everything falling into ruin around them, brooding over the past. The keeper watched the small procession as it passed his gate on the way to the church-yard in the village. "There he goes, poor

fellow, his sufferings over at last," he said; and then he set the cottage in order and began the old solitary life again.

He saw Miss Ward but once.

It was a breathless evening in August, when the moonlight flooded the level country. He had started out to stroll across the waste; but the mood changed, and climbing over the eastern wall he had walked back to the flagstaff, and now lay at its foot gazing up into the infinite sky. A step sounded on the gravel walk; he turned his face that way, and recognized Miss Ward. With confident step she passed the dark cottage, and brushed his arm with her robe as he lay unseen in the shadow. She went down toward the parade-ground, and his eyes followed her. Softly outlined in the moonlight, she moved to and fro among the mounds, pausing often, and once he thought she knelt. Then slowly she returned, and he raised himself and waited; she saw him, started, then paused.

"I thought you were away," she said: "Pomp told me so."

"You set him to watch me?"

"Yes. I wished to come here once, and I did not wish to meet you."

"Why did you wish to come?"

"Because Ward was here — and because — because — never mind. It is enough that I wished to walk once among these mounds."

"And pray there?"

"Well — and if I did!" said the girl defiantly.

Rodman stood facing her, with his arms folded; his eyes rested on her face; he said nothing.

"I am going away to-morrow," began Miss Ward again, assuming with an effort her old, pulseless manner. "I have sold the place, and I shall never return, I think; I am going far away."

"Where?"

"To Tennessee."

"That is not so very far," said the keeper smiling.

"There I shall begin a new existence," pursued the voice, ignoring the comment.

"You have scarcely begun the old: you are hardly more than a child now. What are you going to do in Tennessee?"

"Teach."

"Have you relatives there?"

"No."

"A miserable life — a hard, lonely, loveless life," said Rodman. "God help the woman who must be that dreary thing, a teacher from necessity!"

Miss Ward turned swiftly, but the keeper kept by her side. He saw the tears glittering on her eyelashes, and his voice softened. "Do not leave me in anger," he said; "I should not have spoken so, although indeed it was the truth. Walk back with me to the cottage, and take your last look at the room where poor Ward died, and then I will go with you to your home."

"No: Pomp is waiting at the gate," said the girl, almost inarticulately.

"Very well; to the gate then."

They went toward the cottage in silence; the keeper threw open the door. "Go in," he said. "I will wait outside."

The girl entered and went into the inner room, throwing herself down upon her knees at the bedside. "O Ward, Ward!" she sobbed; "I am all alone in the world now, Ward — all alone!" She buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passion of tears; and the keeper could not help but hear as he waited outside. Then the desolate little creature rose and came forth; putting on, as she did so, her poor armor of pride. The keeper had not moved from the doorstep. Now he turned his face. "Before you go — go away for ever from this place — will you write your name in my register," he said — "the visitors' register? The government had it prepared for the throngs who would visit these graves; but with the exception of the blacks, who cannot write, no one has come, and the register is empty. Will you write your name? Yet do not write it unless you can think gently of the men who lie there under the grass. I believe you do think gently of them, else why have you come of your own accord to stand by the side of their graves?" As he said this, he looked fixedly at her.

Miss Ward did not answer; but neither did she write.

"Very well," said the keeper: "come away. You will not, I see."

"I cannot! Shall I, Bettina Ward, set my name down in black and white as a visitor to this cemetery, where lie fourteen thousand of the soldiers who killed my father, my three brothers, my cousins; who brought desolation upon all our house, and ruin upon all our neighborhood, all our State, and all our country? — for the South *is* our country, and not your North. Shall

I forget these things? Never! Sooner let my right hand wither by my side! I was but a child; yet I remember the tears of my mother, and the grief of all around us. There was not a house where there was not one dead."

"It is true," answered the keeper: "at the South, all went."

They walked down to the gate together in silence.

"Good-by," said John, holding out his hand; "you will give me yours or not as you choose, but I will not have it as a favor."

She gave it.

"I hope that life will grow brighter to you as the years pass. May God bless you!"

He dropped her hand; she turned, and passed through the gateway; then he sprang after her.

"Nothing can change you," he said; "I know it, I have known it all along: you are part of your country, part of the time, part of the bitter hour through which she is passing. Nothing can change you; if it could, you would not be what you are, and I should not — But you cannot change. Good-by, Bettina, poor little child — good-by. Follow your path out into the world. Yet do not think, dear, that I have not seen — have not understood."

He bent and kissed her hand; then he was gone, and she went on alone.

A week later the keeper strolled over toward the old house. It was twilight; but the new owner was still at work. He was one of those sandy-haired, energetic Maine men, who, probably on the principle of extremes, were often found through the South, making new homes for themselves in the pleasant land.

"Pulling down the old house, are you?" said the keeper, leaning idly on the gate, which was already flanked by a new fence.

"Yes," replied the Maine man, pausing: "it was only an old shell, just ready to tumble on our heads. You're the keeper over yonder, ain't you?" (He already knew everybody within a circle of five miles.)

"Yes. I think I should like those vines if you have no use for them," said Rodman, pointing to the uprooted greenery that once screened the old piazza.

"Wuth about twenty-five cents, I guess," said the Maine man, handing them over.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770–1850)

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

IT is no easy matter for a disciple of Wordsworth's to write a brief estimate of his work which shall fall into its due place in a collection of the great writers of the world:* the claim which must needs be made for him is so high, the drawbacks are so obvious. Between prosiness and puerility, the ordinary reader may feel as though he had been invited to a banquet, and regaled with bread and water.

Much indeed which might be thought prosy or puerile can be put aside at once without loss. Wordsworth wrote poetry for nearly half a century. For about ten years (1798–1808) he was at his best, and for ten years more (1808–1818) he was still from time to time inspired; after that date the poems worthy of him were short and few.†

A great mass of valuable work remains; mainly in poems individually brief, and difficult to classify except in chronological order. For the sake of clear treatment in a brief essay, I may divide these into three stages, roughly chronological. First will come the simple poems, in the style of 'Lyrical Ballads'; then the poems in intermediate style, of mixed simplicity and grandeur; and lastly the poems in the grand style, such as 'Laodamia' and many of the sonnets,—a style in which he continued at times to be able to write

* In 1881 I published a 'Life of Wordsworth' (now attainable in a cheap shilling edition), in Mr. John Morley's series of 'English Men of Letters' (Macmillan & Co., London and New York). I was there able to give a fuller introduction to the study of Wordsworth than space here allows; and the reader who may turn to that book will find some of its ideas and expressions repeated in the course of this essay, among other thoughts which the years since elapsed have suggested, on a theme on which, in spite of all that has been written, there is so much yet left to feel and to say.

† The reader may, I think, omit the following poems: 'Juvenile Pieces,' 'Thorn,' 'Idiot Boy,' 'Borderers,' 'Vaudracour and Julia,' 'Artegal and Elidure,' 'White Doe of Rylstone,' 'Lament of Mary Queen of Scots,' 'Sons of Burns,' 'Vernal Ode,' 'Thanksgiving Ode,' 'Invocation to Earth,' 'Memorials of Tour on Continent' (1820), and most of the 'Ecclesiastical Sketches,' 'Sonnets on Duddon,' and 'Excursion.'

when his early gift of exquisite simplicity had left him. The simple poems are largely concerned with the Lake Country, and with rustic emotion. As the style merges into grandeur, it deals rather with themes of legendary or national dignity. And through all styles alike runs an undercurrent of prophetic conviction as to the relation of the visible world to a world unseen.*

I pass at once to a brief consideration of each group in turn. Wordsworth, as is well known, began by preaching both by precept and example the duty of throwing aside the so-called dignity and the so-called language of poetry, and of appealing in the speech of real life to the primary emotions of unsophisticated men. But his instructions sometimes resembled the conjurer's mystifying explanations of artifices, which, however attentively we may listen, we can none the better understand. Plainly one must not bring one's objects on the stage in an obvious basket of "poetical diction"; but how produce a canary from one's pocket-handkerchief at the moment desired? As a matter of actual history the gift of poetical melody,—"the charm of words, a charm no words can say,"—has been of all artistic gifts the rarest and the most unteachable; simplicity of aim makes it no easier, and few men—and they but rarely—have breathed into phrases of absolute naïveté that touch of haunting joy.

> "Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
> Met me walking on yonder way,"—

lines such as these may sound easy enough; yet I doubt whether even Tennyson ever caught quite that note again. And to me Wordsworth's poems on 'Matthew,' on 'Lucy,' the 'Cuckoo,' the 'Solitary Reaper,' and the like, seem more marvelous, more exceptional as poetical *tours de force*, than even his sonnets; although I agree with those who maintain that he has left us the finest collection of sonnets which any English poet has to show.

*I may mention the following poems as examples of the different styles alluded to above,—styles which of course run into each other:—*Simple style:* 'We are Seven'; 'Lucy Gray'; 'Poet's Epitaph'; 'Pet Lamb'; 'Poor Susan'; Poems on Matthew; 'Expostulation' and 'Tables Turned'; 'Fragment'; 'Stray Pleasures'; Poems on Lucy; 'My Heart Leaps Up'; 'Louisa'; 'Sparrow's Nest'; 'Daffodils'; 'Highland Girl'; 'Phantom of Delight'; 'Solitary Reaper'; 'Nightingale'; 'Cuckoo.' *Transition to grand style:* 'Tintern Abbey'; 'Brougham Castle'; 'Leech-Gatherer'; 'Affliction of Margaret'; 'There was a Boy'; 'Peele Castle'; 'Death of Fox'; 'Nutting'; 'Prelude.' *Grand style:* 'Happy Warrior'; 'Yew-Trees'; 'Laodamia'; 'Dion'; 'Ode on Immortality'; 'Ode to Duty'; 'Wisdom and Spirit'; 'Patriotic and Other Sonnets'; 'Evening Ode.'

I quote in illustration three stanzas of the type which in Wordsworth's early days was a mark for general derision:—

«And turning from her grave, I met
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

«A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

«No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.»

Something here is imitable; something, I think, beyond imitation. In 'The Two April Mornings,' from which these stanzas are taken, there is of course a pathetic attitude of mind to which the lines lead up: that of the bereaved father, who would not, if he could, renew the past joy at the risk of renewing the past sorrow. Others might have chosen that theme; might have adorned into simplicity and elaborated into naïveté a similar recital. But in what mind save Wordsworth's would the couplets which close each of the three stanzas have arisen: the exquisite truth of the look of the child's hair in the dew; the innocent intensity of Matthew's gaze; the springing buoyancy of that last simile,—fresh and vivid as of old was «ocean's many-twinkling smile,»—and the magical melody, which, with its few rustic notes, translates the scene and transfigures it into poetry's ideal world?

I have said that Wordsworth's simpler poems were largely concerned with the English Lake Country; with the race and the environment which it was his mission both to represent and to consecrate. For a Cumbrian born within a few miles of Wordsworth's home, and a few years before his death, the inward picture of that country's past, present, future, cannot rise without a touch of pain. «Yea, all that now enchants thee,»—said Wordsworth once of how much smaller an invasion than has actually occurred!—

«Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt, and melt away.»

The best remaining hope is still in Wordsworth; it is the hope that his abiding spirit may exert an ever deeper influence upon those who look upon the land which he loved. The visitors to the Lake Country, indeed, are not now mainly such intruders as he most feared.

In growing proportion they are men and women who have a right to be there; the right involved in real power of appreciation, in real effort of voyage and journey made to reach the reverenced shrine. And even now to Wordsworth it might perhaps have seemed that his lakes and hills might yet subserve a new virtue wider than the old. Here is what we in England have of fairest, of most sacred, to offer. Let us offer it to all our kin. Let our great race, whose tribes are mighty nations, find here an unchallenged sanctuary, and a central memory of peace.

There can be nothing incongruous in any passage from simplicity to greatness; and we find in Wordsworth's poems that transition often occurring without conscious change of tone. This is especially noticeable in the 'Prelude,'—a kind of epic on the poet's own education; where the sense of tedium and egotism which such a subject inspires is constantly yielding to our sense of the narrator's candor and dignity, and to the psychological interest of the exposition of a character than which I know none of better augury for the future of mankind.

The 'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle,' again, stands midway between Wordsworth's simple style and his grand style. It rises from rustic naïveté into chivalric ardor, and from chivalric ardor into the benign tranquillity of the environing eternal world.

How charged with the spirit of the mountains is the harper's story of the childhood of the Shepherd Lord!

> «And both the undying fish that swim
> Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him;
> The pair were servants of his eye
> In their immortality;
> And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
> Moved to and fro for his delight.»

How swiftly that minstrel passes, as on one high note, to his heroic cry!

> «Armor rusting in his halls
> On the blood of Clifford calls:
> 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance;
> 'Bear me to the heart of France,'
> Is the longing of the Shield—»

At last the poet himself resumes the strain; and how sublime in its simplicity is that return and uprising from the wild tale of war and tumult to the true victory and the imperishable peace!

> «Alas, the impassioned minstrel did not know
> That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,

Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

«Love had he found in huts where poor men lie.
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.»

But there was matter enough near home to call forth all Wordsworth's martial impulses, and to raise his style to its last elevation, a pure clear tone of heroic grandeur. During the prime of the poet's powers, England was engaged in her most desperate struggle, with her worst and mightiest foe. It is a strange fact that Wordsworth's 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty' — the lofty appeals of a grave recluse — should form the most permanent record in our literature of the Napoleonic war. Except Campbell's two songs, and Tennyson's great ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, half a century later, they stand practically alone. The contest, indeed, was one well fitted for treatment by this bard of «a few strong instincts and a few plain rules.» It was typified in mighty figures on either hand. Napoleon's career afforded a poetic example — impressive as that of Xerxes to the Greeks — of lawless and intoxicated power. And on the other side — on the other side it happens by a singular destiny that England, with a thousand years of noble history behind her, has chosen for her best loved, for her national hero, not an Arminius from the age of legend, not a Henri Quatre from the age of chivalry, but a man whom the fathers of men still living have seen and known. Close at hand for Wordsworth lay the crowning example of impassioned self-devotedness, of heroic honor.

And indeed between these two men, so different in outward fates, — between the «adored, the incomparable Nelson,» and the homely poet, «retired as noontide dew,» — there was a moral likeness so profound that the ideal of the recluse was realized in the public life of the hero, while on the other hand the hero himself is only seen as completely heroic when his impetuous life stands out for us from the solemn background of the poet's calm. Surely these two natures taken together make the perfect Englishman. Nor is there any portrait fitter than that of 'The Happy Warrior' to go forth to all lands as representing the British character at its height — a figure not ill-matching with «Plutarch's men.»*

*I have transcribed these last sentences from my previous work. I may now (1897) add the mention of yet another felicity. The fame and the name of Nelson have been felt to be matters for no one nation's pride alone; and the career of the great Admiral has been narrated, in a spirit concordant with Nelson's and Wordsworth's own, by the first of naval historians, a citizen of the United States.

We have briefly traced Wordsworth's mode of response to his local and to his national environment. His poetry has reflected first the charm of Cumberland, and then the patriotism and moral energy of the whole English folk. And in each case that poetry has been for us no mere spectacle,—no brilliant effort of mastery over language, on which we gaze admiring but unchanged,—but rather an impulse and an intuition; stirring us to a new emotion by the convincing avowal of emotion intenser than our own. Even more penetrating, more enlightening, was Wordsworth's response to the widest, the cosmic environment. It was «a sense sublime,» in those oft quoted words with which his solemn message began, «of something far more deeply interfused»;—of the interaction, the interpenetration, as we may now express it, of a spiritual with this material world. His intuition had unified for him the sum of things; he had learnt, that is to say, to see earth's confused phenomena no longer «in disconnection dull and spiritless,» but—like Plato before him—as the lovely transitory veil or image of a pre-existent and imperishable world. The prenatal recollection, or the meditative ecstasy, had stablished him in an inward peace; had poured for him a magic gladness through the cuckoo's song; had lent to his great odes their lofty accent, as of a spirit who has looked on the universe with insight beyond our own, and has seen that it was good.

To these upsoarings of Wordsworth's spirit many a soul in need has clung. Insensibly implied, obscurely apprehended, they have given to his poetry a sustaining, a vitalizing power; nay, that poetry has seemed to many to sound the *introit* into an age of new revelation.

Yet to such heights this mortal frame can bear man seldom, or on them permit him to linger long. In the 'Evening Ode' of 1818 we find the seer standing at the close of his own apocalypse; lamenting that celestial light, «full early lost and fruitlessly deplored»; sinking back with constancy into an earthly life, prolonged through another generation of men, but in which the vision came to him no more.

> «Or if some vestige of those gleams
> Survived, 'twas only in his dreams.»

It was during the calm declining years which followed that the power of Wordsworth went out upon that new generation. His poems indeed were never popular with the popularity of Byron or of Scott. It was rather the leaders of thought who reverenced him, and who imposed their reverence on that larger public which even yet, perhaps, has scarcely recognized his inmost charm.

Meanwhile the aging man pursued his quiet way. He still went «booing about,»—as his peasant neighbors called it,—murmuring his

verses on the green hill terraces near Rydal Mount. He still made on foot his grave 'Excursions,' to meet the friends who had gathered near him from love at once of the country and of its poet. Some of those friends he had aided — it was a task which delighted him — to choose the site and shape the surroundings of a home among the hills. More than one seat in the Lake Country — among them one home of pre-eminent beauty — have owed to Wordsworth no small part of their ordered charm. In this way too the poet is with us still: his presence has a strange reality as we look on some majestic prospect of interwinding lake and mountain, which his design has made more beautifully visible for the children's children of those he loved; as we stand, perhaps, in some shadowed garden ground where his will has had its way,— has framed Helvellyn's far-off summit in an arch of tossing green, and embayed in towering forest trees the long lawns of a silent valley, fit haunt for lofty aspiration and for brooding calm.

The group which thus surrounded him was not unconscious of his worth. To two adult generations he was already dear; and one young child at least, whom hereditary friendships introduced to his notice, felt in that hallowed presence as a child might have felt in Arcadia, encountering tutelary Pan.

For the poet himself these lingering years were full of grave retrospection, of humble self-judgment, of hopeful looking to the end. "Worldly-minded I am not," he wrote to an intimate friend near his life's close; "on the contrary, my wish to benefit those within my humble sphere strengthens seemingly in exact proportion to my inability to realize those wishes. What I lament most is that the spirituality of my nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved partner."

The aged poet might feel the loss of some vividness of emotion; but his thoughts dwelt more and more constantly on the beloved ones who had gone before him, and on the true and unseen world. One of the images which recurs oftenest to his friends is that of the old man as he would stand against the window of the dining-room at Rydal Mount, and read the Psalms and Lessons for the day; of the tall bowed figure and the silvery hair; of the deep voice which always faltered when among the prayers he came to the words which give thanks for those "who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear."

"Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene;
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene:

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening,
Or mountain torrents where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.»

Among all Virgil's categories of the Blessed, it is the *pii vates* who are the truest friends of man. We need not be ashamed to linger on them fondly; to imagine analogies between the impression which one or another poet makes on us with the sights or sounds, the scents or savors, of the great open world. Shakespeare (one may say) is like breezy daylight; and Dante like the furnace glow. Lucretius is like the storm, and Æschylus like the thunder, and Homer like the moving sea. Pindar is like wine; and Wordsworth like water,—which Pindar said was best. Often that drink seems flat enough: but let the wounded soldier crawl to the well-spring, and he knows that water is best indeed; it is the very life of men.

F. W. H. Myers.

[Note.—William Wordsworth was born of old North Country stock, on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth in the Cumberland highlands. Neither at school nor at college was he distinguished as a scholar. Filled with enthusiasm for the French Revolution, he spent a year in Paris, whence he was driven by the Reign of Terror. From 1796 until his death he lived almost continuously in the Lake Country; the record of his secluded, uneventful, and happy life being found in his poems. He died at Rydal Mount, on the 23d of April, 1850.]

Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey

On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows,— hardly hedge-rows,— little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills: when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all: I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains: and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;

And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure,—when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies,—oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence,—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together: and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love—oh, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell:
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — the work was done; —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me

This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees:
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?—
First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practiced eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer?
A rosy man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside; and take, I pray,—

That he below may rest in peace,—
Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie,
Some random truths he can impart:
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak: both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

THE FOUNTAIN

A Conversation

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true:
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song or catch
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,—
The gray-haired man of glee:—

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."—

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains:
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went:

And ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with raindrops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveler then upon the moor:
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low:
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care:
But there may come another day to me,—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;

As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good:
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plow, along the mountain-side.
By our own spirits are we deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares;
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence:
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;—

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood;
And still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus bespake,—
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes;

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,—
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor;—
Employment hazardous and wearisome!—
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,

My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that gathering leeches, far and wide
He traveled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape and speech — all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

THE SPARROW'S NEST

Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started — seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, though wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little prattler among men.

The blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; — silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free:
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee,—air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour,—
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Six Years Old

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn:
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet:
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine:
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green:
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for thee!

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills:
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR child of nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,—
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;

Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,—
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;—
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
But there's a tree,—of many, one,—
A single field which I have looked upon:
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows.
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,—
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise:
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.—
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,—
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;

Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
  Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
  Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them,—I aver
  That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
  Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home:
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighborhood,
  Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
  In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
  Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien:
  They have done as worldlings do,—
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
  Of a joyous train ensuing;
Serving at my heart's command,
  Tasks that are no tasks renewing,—
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

SIR THOMAS WYATT

(1503–1542)

SIR THOMAS WYATT, the elder friend of the poet Surrey, and one of the "two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie," was one of the most attractive figures at the court of Henry VIII. "Let my friend bring me into court, but let my merit and my service keep me there," he wrote; and although his rash courage led him, as he warned his son, "into a thousand dangers, and hazards, enmities, hatreds, prisonments, despites, and indignations," yet he emerged from them all with untarnished integrity, and the restored confidence of the King. His safeguard was unswerving sincerity. "If you will seem honest, be honest, or else seem as you are," he wrote his son. "Well I wot honest name is goodly. But he that hunteth only for that is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur." So when accused of high treason in 1541, and thrown into the Tower, he was able to vindicate his innocence in a stout-hearted defense, which has come down to us as a model of simple eloquence.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

His father, Sir Henry Wyatt of Allington Castle, Kent, had also been a courtier, and had been of the King's suite to the memorable Field of the Cloth of Gold. He prepared a promising career for his son; and Sir Thomas had already borne many honorable responsibilities, and was fast becoming a trusted councilor of the King, when he died prematurely at the age of thirty-nine. He had been sent to Falmouth to escort an ambassador from the Emperor of Germany, and heat and hurry brought on a fever from which he died on the way.

It is quite likely that after finishing his course at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1518 and that of M. A. in 1520, Sir Thomas, like other young noblemen of his day, went to Italy for a time. He was certainly familiar with Italian literature; and his great title to consideration is that he introduced the sonnet into English poetry, and made the little poem of Petrarch a

popular model for greater poets than himself. He wrote also rondeaux and other lyrics, with grace and sweetness, and has left some spirited satiric verse. Most of his poems are wistful love songs;—inspired, according to tradition, by a hopeless passion for unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Little is known of Lady Elizabeth Brooke, the young wife Wyatt married when he was eighteen; but his plaintive lines indicate a later and unhappy love. If the Queen was the object, the fact did not lessen the King's friendship for Wyatt, or the latter's stanch loyalty. Although during her trial he was confined in the Tower on some charge now unknown, it was probably unconnected with her. Yet it is said that after her execution in 1536, he was a changed man. The dashing courtier, noted for his wit, became a sedate and thoughtful statesman. He seemed to leave youth behind, and grow suddenly mature; and his later poems reflect the change. Wyatt's verse, although uneven, is often pleasantly melodious. It has the charm of spontaneity; and although less skillful than that of Surrey, contains some homely similes that foreshadow Elizabethan vividness.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE

A face that should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel;
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell:
Her tress also should be of crispèd gold;
With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lovèd thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?

And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity,
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

SONG: THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey:
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame.
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! Unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again;
And if perchance this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE

Some fowels there be who have so perfect sight,
Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Never appear but in the dark or night;
Others rejoice to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort may I be by right;
For to withstand her look I am not able:
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoln and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead;
And yet I know I run into the glead.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But scaped forth thence, since liberty is lever,
Therefore, farewell: go trouble younger hearts
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN

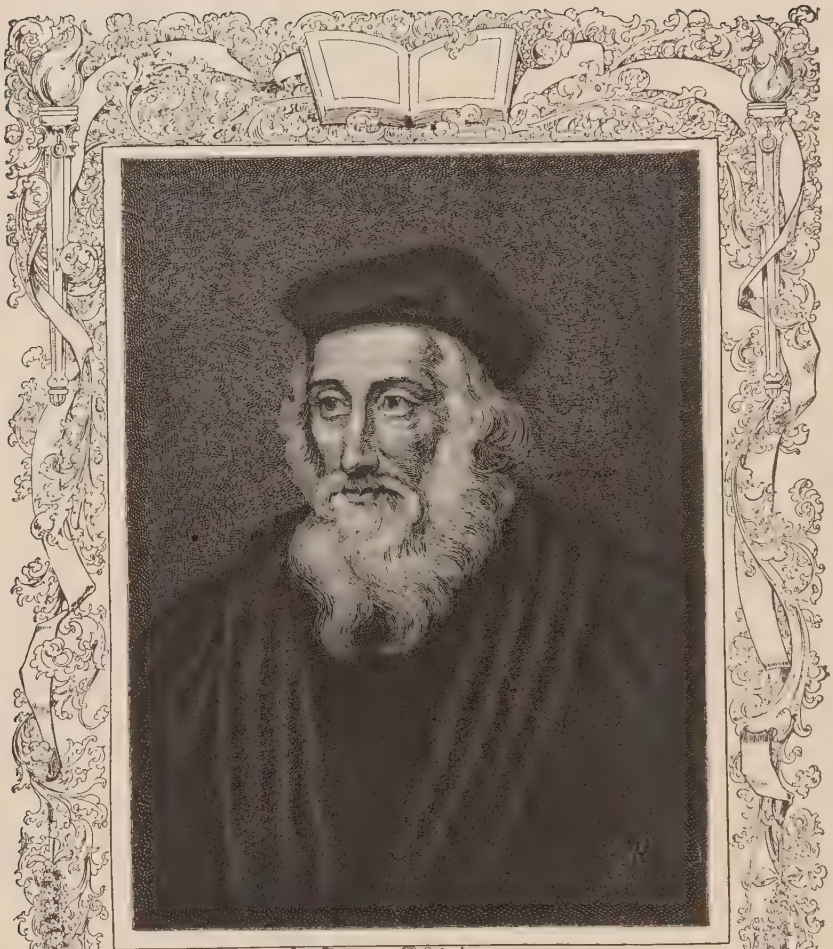
DISDAIN me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
For think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastness;
Believe them not, since that ye see,
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve:
But since ye know what I intend,

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.



WYCLIF.

JOHN WYCLIF

(1324?–1384)

THE literary significance of the great English churchman and reformer, John Wyclif, is to be found in his splendid rendering into the mother tongue of the sacred Scriptures. The King James Version of the Bible has for so long been the accepted form,—that in which all literary association centres,—that there is danger of overlooking the importance and merit of this earlier work of Wyclif. His may be called the first English version of the Book having a high literary value; and this gives it importance in the literary development of the tongue. Wyclif's translation is a fine example of the marrowy vernacular of the fourteenth century, the time of Chaucer; and it is not extravagant to say that the prose of Wyclif did for the English of that period what the verse of the first great poet of the race did for it,—namely, set the stamp of literary genius upon a native instrument hitherto unstrung and uncertain of sound. This was Wyclif's service; and he—more than later laborers in Biblical translation, like Tyndale and Coverdale—had the gift as a writer necessary to give to the English Scriptures a power and beauty endearing them to the people, and making them treasure-trove for the students of literature. Without Wyclif's work, the King James Version would never have been what it is. He was a mighty pioneer, blazing the literary path at a crucial time in the history of the evolution of the English speech and literature.

In the face of this his great achievement for literature, his other writings, however important in their polemical and reformatory aspects, sink into relative obscurity. His tracts and sermons were many,—they number upwards of 200,—and can be now consulted in the edition of the Wyclif Society. These polemical writings are part of his career and influence as a reformer: here he played a striking rôle. Wyclif was a scholar and thinker, a noble idealist in thrall to a high purpose,—this despite the practical nature of much of his labor and the variety of his accomplishment. He was born at Spreswel—probably the modern Hipswell—in Yorkshire: his birth year fell before 1324, and is not accurately known. Wyclif was successively scholar and fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and before 1361 a master there, since in that year he accepted the college living of Fillingham; exchanging it in 1369 for that of Ludgershall, and again in

1374, by the gift of the Crown, for the more important living of Lutterworth. As early as 1363 he was reading lectures on divinity at Oxford.

By 1361, when he was still a man well under forty, Wyclif had begun his attacks on the Church: first assailing the mendicant orders, and later aiming his shafts at the papal power; whence came a charge of heresy in 1378, from which he only escaped persecution through the intervention of the Princess of Wales. The papal schism in the same year shows that Wyclif was not alone in his contentions. Indeed, the English folk were beginning to arouse. The rapid multiplication of Wyclifites,—or Lollards, as his followers were styled by their opponents,—and the quick spread of similar views in Hungary under Huss, are signs of the times. In 1381 Wyclif passed from the criticism of conduct and government to that of doctrine. He attacked transubstantiation, with the result that he was condemned by a synod, debarred from lecturing at Oxford, and forced to retire to his Lutterworth living; where he continued to promulgate his views with the pen, and where death overtook him December 31st, 1384. In 1415 the Council of Constance condemned his doctrines, and ordered his bones to be thrown on a dunghill. But his influence was continually broadening. A forerunner of Luther and Calvin, he is a mainspring of the great religious reformatory movement. His translation of the Bible was made in 1382,—about the time Chaucer was publishing his 'Prologue.' Wyclif's pupil, Nicholas of Hereford, did the Old Testament version, while Wyclif did all or most of the New. Entirely aside from his place as the "morning star of the Reformation," John Wyclif's yeoman service in this translation of the Book entitles him to rank high as a fourteenth-century worthy of literature. The speech he uses, contemporaneous with Chaucer's, is "bottomed on the vernacular," in Hazlitt's phrase; and an interesting specimen of plain, strong, effective English. It is far more representative of the common folk than is Chaucer's courtly style. In the extracts which follow, a specimen of the Bible version is given first unchanged, then the same and other selections are modernized; enabling the reader to realize that aside from the archaic spelling, there is very little to-day unintelligible about the fourteenth-century style of Wyclif.

LUKE XV. 11–32

And he seide, A man hadde twei sones; and the yonger of hem seide to the fadir, Fadir, gyue me the porcioun of catel, that fallith to me. And he departide to hem the catel. And not aftir many daies, whanne alle thingis weren gederid togider, the yonger sone wente forth in pilgrymage in to a fer cuntre; and there he wastide hise goodis in lyuynge lecherously. And aftir that he hadde endid alle thingis a strong hungre was maad in that cuntre, and he bigan to haue nede. And he wente and drough hym to oon of the citeseyns of that cuntre. And he sente hym in to his toun, to fede swyn. And he coueitide to fille his wombe of the coddis that the hoggis eeten, and no man gaf hym. And he turnede agen to hym silf, and seide, Hou many hirid men in my fadir hous han plente of looues; and Y perische here thorough hungir. Y schal rise vp, and go to my fadir, and Y schal seie to hym, Fadir, Y haue synned in to heuene, and bifor thee; and now Y am not worthi to be clepid thi sone, make me as oon of thin hirid men. And he roos vp, and cam to his fadir. And whanne he was yit afer, his fadir saigh hym, and was stirrid bi mercy. And he ran, and fel on his necke, and kisside hym. And the sone seide to hym, Fadir, Y haue synned in to heuene, and bifor thee; and now Y am not worthi to be clepid thi sone. And the father seide to hise seruauntis, Swithe brynge ye forth the firste stoole, and clothe ye hym, and gyue ye a ryng in his hoond, and schoon on hise feet; and brynge ye a fat calf, and sle ye, and ete we, and make we feeste. For this my sone was deed, and hath lyued agen; he perischid, and is foundun. And alle men bigunnen to ete. But his eldere sone was in the feeld; and whanne he cam, and neighede to the hous, he herde a symfonye and a croude. And he clepide oon of the seruauntis, and axide, what these thingis weren. And he seide to hym, Thi brother is comun, and thi fadir slewe a fat calf, for he resseyuede hym saaf. And he was wrooth, and wolde not come in. Therfor his fadir wente out, and bigan to preye hym. And he answerde to his fadir, and seide, Lo! so many yeeris Y serue thee, and Y neuer brak thi comaundement; and thou neuer gaf to me a kidde, that Y with my freendis schulde haue ete. But aftir that this thi sone, that hath deuourid his substaunce with horis, cam, thou hast slayn to hym a fat calf.

And he seide to hym, Sone, thou art euer more with me, and alle my thingis ben thine. But it bihofte for to make feeste, and to haue ioye; for this thi brother was deed, and lyuede agen; he perischide, and is foundun.

Same: Modern Version

And he said, A man had two sons; and the younger of them said to the father, Father, give me the portion of cattle, that falleth to me. And he departed to him the cattle. And not after many days, when all things were gathered together, the younger son went forth in pilgrimage in to a far country; and there he wasted his goods in living lecherously. And after that he had ended all things, a strong hunger was made in that country, and he began to have need. And he went and drew him to one of the citizens of that country. And he sent him in to his town, to feed swine. And he coveted to fill his womb of the cods that the hogs eat, and no man gave him. And he turned again to himself, and said, How many hired men in my father's house have plenty of loaves; and I perish here through hunger. I shall rise up, and go to my father, and I shall say to him, Father, I have sinned in to heaven, and before thee; and now I am not worthy to be clept* thy son, make me as one of thine hired men. And he rose up, and came to his father. And when he was yet afar, his father saw him, and was stirred by mercy. And he ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said to him, Father, I have sinned in to heaven, and before thee; and now I am not worthy to be clept thy son. And the father said to his servants, Swithe† bring ye forth the first stool, and clothe ye him, and give ye a ring in his hand, and shoon on his feet; and bring ye a fat calf, and slay ye, and eat we, and make we feast. For this my son was dead, and hath lived again; he perished, and is found. And all men begun to eat. But his elder son was in the field; and when he came, and nighed to the house, he heard a symphony and a crowd. And he clept one of the servants, and asked, what these things were. And he said to him, Thy brother is come, and thy father slew a fat calf, for he received him safe. And he was wroth, and would not come in. Therefore his father went out, and began to pray him. And he answered to his father, and said, Lo! so many years I serve thee, and I never brake thy

* Called. † Quickly.

commandment; and thou never gave to me a kid, that I with my friends should have eaten. But after that this thy son, that hath devoured his substance with whores, came, thou hast slain to him a fat calf. And he said to him, Son, thou art ever more with me, and all my things be thine. But it behoved for to make feast, and to have joy; for this thy brother was dead, and lived again; he perished, and is found.

1 CORINTHIANS XIII.

If I speak with tongues of men and of angels, and I have not charity, I am made as brass sounding, or a cymbal tinkling. And if I have prophecy, and know all mysteries and all cunning, and if I have all faith, so that I move hills from their place, and I have not charity, I am naught. And if I depart all my goods in to the meats of poor men, and if I betake my body, so that I burn, and if I have not charity, it profiteth to me no thing. Charity is patient, it is benign; charity envieth not, it doeth not wickedly, it is not upblown, it is not covetous, it seeketh not the things that be its own, it is not stirred to wrath, it thinketh not evil, it joyeth not on wickedness, but it joyeth together to truth; it suffereth all things, it believeth all things, it hopeth all things, it sustaineth all things. Charity falleth never down, whether prophecies shall be void, or languages shall cease, or science shall be destroyed. For a part we know, and a part we prophesy; but when that shall come that is perfect, that thing that is of part shall be avoided. When I was a little child, I spake as a little child, I understood as a little child; but when I was made a man, I avoided the things that were of a little child. And we see now by a mirror in darkness, but then face to face; now I know of part, but then I shall know, as I am known. And now dwell faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the most of these is charity.

JOHN XX. 1–31

And in one day of the week Mary Magdalene came early to the grave, when it was yet dark. And she saw the stone moved away from the grave. Therefore she ran, and came to Simon Peter, and to another disciple, whom Jesus loved, and

saith to them, They have taken the Lord from the grave, and we wis not, where they have laid him. Therefore Peter went out, and that other disciple, and they came to the grave. And they twain run together, and that other disciple ran before Peter, and came first to the grave. And when he stooped, he saw the sheets lying, natheless he entered not. Therefore Simon Peter came pursuing him, and he entered into the grave, and he saw the sheets laid, and the napkin that was on his head, not laid with the sheets, but by itself wrapped in to a place. Therefore then that disciple that came first to the grave, entered, and saw, and believed. For they knew not yet the scripture, that it behoved him to rise again from death. Therefore the disciples went eftsoon to themselves. But Mary stood at the grave with outforth weeping. And the while she wept, she bowed her, and beheld forth in to the grave. And she saw two angels sitting in white, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus was laid. And they said to her, Woman, what weepest thou? She said to them, For they have taken away my lord, and I wot not, where they have laid him. When she had said these things, she turned backward, and saw Jesus standing, and wist not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith to her, Woman, what weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She guessing that he was a gardener, saith to him, Sire, if thou hast taken him up, say to me where thou hast laid him, and I shall take him away. Jesus saith to her, Mary. She turned, and saith to him, Raboni, that is to say, Master. Jesus saith to her, Nill* thou touch me, for I have not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say to them, I go to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God. Mary Magdalene came, telling to the disciples, That I saw the Lord, and these things he said to me. Therefore when it was eve in that day, one of the sabbaths, and the gates were shut, where the disciples were gathered, for dread of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the middle of the disciples, and he saith to them, Peace to you. And when he had said this, he shewed to them hands and side; therefore the disciples joyed, for the Lord was seen. And he saith to them eftsoon, Peace to you: as the Father sent me, I send you. When he had said this, he blew on them, and said, Take ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye forgive, they be forgiven to them; and whose ye withhold, they

* Nill — Ne will: touch me not.

be withholden. But Thomas, one of the twelve, that is said Didymus, was not with them, when Jesus came. Therefore the other disciples said, We have seen the Lord. And he said to them, But I see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger in to the places of the nails, and put mine hand in to his side, I shall not believe. And after eight days eftsoon his disciples were with in, and Thomas with them. Jesus came, while the gates were shut, and stood in the middle, and said, Peace to you. Afterward he saith to Thomas, Put in here thy finger, and see mine hands, and put hither thine hand, and put into my side, and nil thou be unbelieveful, but faithful. Thomas answered, and said to him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith to him, Thomas, for thou hast seen me, thou believedest: blessed be they that see not, and have believed. And Jesus did many other signs in the sight of his disciples, which be not written in this book. But these be written, that ye believe, that Jesus is Christ, the son of God, and that ye believing have life in his name.

APOCALYPSE V. 1–14

And I saw in the right hand of the sitter on the throne, a book written with in and with out, and sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel, preaching with a great voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to undo the seals of it? And none in heaven, neither in earth, neither under earth, might open the book, neither behold it. And I wept much, for none was found worthy to open the book, neither to see it. And one of the elder men said to me, Weep thou not: lo! a lion of the lineage of Judah, the root of David, hath overcome to open the book, and to undo the seven seals of it. And I saw, and lo! in the middle of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the middle of the elder men, a lamb standing as slain, that had seven horns, and seven eyne, which be seven spirits of God, sent in to all the earth. And he came, and took of the right hand of the sitter in the throne the book. And when he had opened the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elder men fell down before the lamb; and had each of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which be the prayers of saints. And they sung a new song, and said, Lord our God, thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals of it; for thou

wert slain, and againboughtest* us to God in thy blood, of each lineage, and tongue, and people, and nation; and madest us a kingdom, and priests to our God; and we shall reign on earth. And I saw, and heard the voice of many angels all about the throne, and of the beasts, and of the elder men. And the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a great voice, The lamb that was slain, is worthy to take virtue, and godhead, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And each creature that is in heaven, and *that is* on earth, and under earth, and the sea, and which things be in it, I heard all saying, To him that sat in the throne, and to the lamb, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, in to worlds of worlds. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elder men fell down on their faces, and worshiped him that liveth in to worlds of worlds.

* Redeemest.

XENOPHON

(430 B. C. ?–355 B. C. ?)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

XENOPHON, son of Gryllus, was an Athenian, modest of demeanor and beautiful beyond description. Tradition tells how Socrates met him in a narrow way, and barring the passage with his leveled staff, began to ask him where this or that commodity could be bought. The boy answered readily. Finally the sage inquired, "Where can the beautiful and noble be found?" The youth shook his head in perplexity. "Follow me and learn." So Xenophon became his hearer.

XENOPHON

The anecdote is traceable only to gossiping Diogenes Laertius, six centuries later. It is doubtless an invention; but a good one. As a beautiful and vigorous stripling, joining in the Socratic search for wisdom with the eager half-comprehending faith of youth, Xenophon stands eternalized in Raphael's 'School of Athens,' and in the grateful memory of mankind.

It is most natural and fitting, then, that Xenophon's masterpiece, the 'Anabasis,' is the ideal book for boys, and furnishes the chosen high-road for every new generation, marching in slow daily stages — albeit unwilling and tearful ofttimes — toward a mastery of the speech and life of ancient Athens. Furthermore this supreme adventure, this triumphant failure, of Xenophon's life, begins with a bold outbreak of truancy and disobedience!

"There was in the army a certain Xenophon, an Athenian, who was neither general, captain, nor soldier. His old friend, the general Proxenus, had written inviting him, promising to make him a friend to Prince Cyrus, whom Proxenus declared he himself prized more than he did his native city." This unpatriotic sentiment of a Theban toward a barbarian, a boy, a despot, should have warned the Athenian youth. Xenophon, however, on reading the letter, asked Socrates's advice. He, wisely fearing that Cyrus's friendship would

cost Xenophon the good-will of Athens, and perhaps to gain time for riper thought, bade him consult Apollo's Delphic oracle. «Xenophon, going to Delphi, asked Apollo to which of the gods he should make prayers and vows, in order to succeed in the expedition on which his heart was set, so as to come prosperous and safe home again.» Socrates reproached his disciple, upon his return, for not asking first whether it were better to go at all or to stay at home. «Since, however,» he added, «you did put the question so, you must now do what the god bade you.»

Many scenes and incidents of the 'Anabasis' are used again in the 'Cyropædeia' (Youth of Cyrus the Elder), which makes no real pretension to truth, being indeed the first European «historical» novel or romance. This has cast much doubt on the veracity of the 'Anabasis.' The remark in a third Xenophontic work (the 'Hellenica,' or Contemporary History) that the upward march and retreat of the Ten Thousand had been recorded «by Themistogenes the Syracusan,» does not help our faith.

Every reader of the 'Anabasis' must see, at any rate, that the writer views the world through Xenophon's eyes, always knowing his thoughts, and even his dreams. Of its authorship we can have no real doubt. Its truthfulness is another question. Like Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' it represents what the chief hero, and sole recorder, wishes the world to accept as truth. It is rarely possible to convict such masterly special pleaders of direct falsifying.

Perhaps every story of a life, adequately told, is felt to be typical of universal humanity. Certainly many a reader has dreamily felt that this truant scholar, deserting Athens, home, school, philosophy, for Babel, wealth, power, the favor of a rash and doomed prince,—is but young manhood itself, hesitant and erring at the parting of the ways.

It was a veteran schoolmaster who attempted at last to indicate this recurrent feeling in a marginal comment on the 'Anabasis' (iv. 8, 4).

THE imperial boy had fallen in his pride
Before the gates of golden Babylon.
The host, who deemed that priceless treasure won,
For many a day since then had wandered wide,
By famine thinned, by savage hordes defied.
In a deep vale, beneath the setting sun,
They saw at last a swift black river run,
While shouting spearmen thronged the farther side.

Then eagerly, with startled joyous eyes,
Toward the desponding chief a soldier flew:—
«I was a slave in Athens, never knew

My native country; but I understand
The meaning of yon wild barbarian cries,
And I believe this is my fatherland!»

This glimpse have we, no more. Did parents fond,
Brothers, or kinsmen, hail his late return?
Or did he, doubly exiled, only yearn
To greet the Euxine's waves at Trebizond,
The blue Ægean, and Pallas's towers beyond?
Mute is the record. We shall never learn.
But as once more the well-worn page I turn,
Forever by reluctant schoolboys conned,

A parable to me the tale appears,
Of blacker waters in a drearier vale.
Ah me! When on that brink we exiles stand,
As earthly lights and mortal accents fail,
Shall voices long forgotten reach our ears,
To tell us we have found our fatherland?

Indeed there was much that was tragic, and even fatal, in this hasty venture of Xenophon. His master, certainly, he never saw again. The death scene which is immortalized — and without doubt freely idealized — at the close of Plato's 'Phædo,' occurred while Xenophon was leading unruly mercenaries to fruitless battle against Kurdish and Armenian savages. Even when the survivors of the great retreat reached the Black Sea, many mishaps awaited them, in a Greek world rapidly falling apart under Sparta's weak and selfish leadership. The remnant of the ten thousand adventurers was finally incorporated in the troops assembling for a campaign of the Spartans against the treacherous Persian Tissaphernes. Socrates's fears for Xenophon apparently came true: a passing allusion in the 'Anabasis' itself tells us that Xenophon's return from Asia to Hellas was in Agesilaus's train, when that Spartan king was recalled from Asiatic victories to save Lacedæmon from the alliance of foes at home against her. Among those jealous allies was Athens. In Agesilaus's barren victory at Coroneia (394 B. C.) Xenophon probably shared, thus fighting against his own townsmen.

Whether this constituted him a traitor is not so easy to say. Party spirit ran as high in a classic Greek city as in mediæval Italy. Xenophon felt that his true city went into exile with the aristocratic party,—or with himself alone, like Dante! Death awaited both at the gate, unless they came home victorious in arms. Moreover there was a feeling, never wholly lacking from Agamemnon to Polybius, and of growing strength in Xenophon's day, that Hellas was the true fatherland, that all Greeks were fellow-citizens, the Persians their only natural foes.

In this very crisis, Agesilaus was recalled from a career in Asia that might have anticipated Alexander's. Persian gold subsidized the revolt at home against Sparta's leadership. Xenophon at Coroneia may well have justified his action as patriotic — if he indeed fought there. He himself had seen a handful of Greeks knock, like Hiawatha, at the very heart of the Persian leviathan, and come safe home again. The inability of that unwieldy empire to make effective resistance against sudden attack, he has recorded in words that fired Alexander's confidence in the next generation. What wonder if Agesilaus was to him "better than a fatherland" so unfatherly? We only hear that on some charge of Laconism he was condemned to prolonged exile. Whether he ever returned to Athens is disputed. If at all, it was in extreme old age.

The home founded by the exile at Scillus in Elis is lovingly described in a graceful excursus of the 'Anabasis,' which is cited below. Here he lived happily for more than twenty years, during which most of his literary work was apparently done.

Xenophon is the first really versatile Greek writer of whom we hear. Of poetry, to be sure, he is quite incapable. His 'Agesilaus' is rather a eulogy than a biography; and the 'Hiero' is neither, but a dialogue between the tyrant and the poet Simonides, gracefully demonstrating the Socratic doctrine that the despot is wretched rather than fortunate.

The 'Memorabilia' was probably in its intention a faithful memorial of Socrates, prepared about ten years after the master's death. It is discussed with citations in a previous volume under that master's name.

Both the 'Symposium' and the 'Economist' are dialogues in which Socrates takes part. He is not, however, dominant in either; and we get the impression that they are largely or wholly Xenophon's creations. The 'Symposium' is utterly inferior in power to Plato's great dramatic scene, but is doubtless a far more realistic picture of an ordinary Athenian banquet,—possibly even of one actual banquet. The 'Œconomicus' is a sketch of an ideal gentleman farmer; and is cited largely below, because it contains one of the brightest glimpses in all ancient literature of a happy wife and home.

The 'Anabasis' was apparently written after 380 B. C., and the 'Cyropædeia' much later still. As a novel the latter must be pronounced an interesting failure, being tedious and unprogressive as a whole. The childhood, and again the death, of the ideal prince are beautifully and touchingly described. In the first book especially Xenophon draws unmistakably "from the life," and must have been on terms of loving familiarity with his own children.

Quite the most unsatisfying of Xenophon's chief works is his 'Hellenica.' It was probably undertaken to complete the account of the Peloponnesian War from the point where Thucydides's pen dropt from his dying hand. Indeed, the manuscripts of Xenophon actually begin "And after that"—but it is thought a leaf or two was early lost at the opening; there is also a gap of some months between the events narrated in the two works. The closing years of the great struggle, 411–404 B. C., and the reign of terror in Athens under the Thirty Tyrants, are described in a complete section of the history, published previous to 387 B. C. The later section brings the story down to about 357 B. C. In this volume the omissions and disproportions are so glaring that some have thought we possess but an epitome of the original work. But probably Xenophon wrote these volumes as memoirs; consciously yielding largely to his personal interests and sympathies, and perhaps intending his work for a narrow circle. His unrivaled popularity, and the chance of survival, have left him our sole connected and contemporary authority for a very important period.

There are abundant indications that Xenophon's delight in outdoor life, agriculture, hunting, horsemanship, and athletics, kept him young and cheerful even into his eighth decade. "The heart of the old man was overjoyed to see his grandson, unable to keep silent in the excess of his delight, but 'baying' with excitement like a well-bred whelp, whenever he came to close quarters with a beast, and shouting to his fellows by name." Behind the thin mask of royal Astyages, the author of the 'Cyropædeia' here shows his own cheerful face. An abiding faith in kindly guidance by the gods through omens, sacrifices, and dreams, contentment with his lot, loving loyalty to friendship, cool intrepidity in deadly peril, and a constant lively sense of the humorous in all things,—these are traits which Xenophon shared with Socrates, and it may well be that they are in part lifelong traces of the philosopher's early influence.

Xenophon himself, however, is not a philosopher, hardly even a scholar; and certainly not in the least a mystic. His nature is not a deep or brooding one. He has not even an abiding sense of the marvelous in life. Rather he reminds us of a cheerful English country gentleman, perfectly satisfied with his estates, his family, and himself. Modern sportsmen have made vigorous protests against some of his methods of snaring hares wholesale, but his 'Treatise on Horsemanship' is still useful. In general the man is astonishingly human, not to say modern.

The best general paper on Xenophon known to us is the somewhat extended one by Henry Graham Dakyns, in the notable volume of English essays edited by Evelyn Abbott and entitled 'Hellenica.'

This essay has been freely (but very incompletely) exploited in the present sketch. Mr. Dakyns is also the author of the best translation of Xenophon, several volumes of which have already appeared (Macmillan's). It is quite unnecessary to catalogue editions of this favorite school author; but those who are weary of the beaten track will find Holden's 'Œconomicus' a most enjoyable book, complete in itself.

William Granston Lawton.

THE TRAINING OF A WIFE

From the 'Economist'

"As to what you asked me besides, Socrates, I assuredly do not spend my life in-doors; for," added he, "my wife is quite capable herself of managing what is to be done in my house."—"But," said I, "Ischomachus, I would very gladly be permitted to ask you whether you instructed your wife yourself, so that she might be qualified as she ought to be; or whether, when you received her from her father and mother, she was possessed of sufficient knowledge to manage what belongs to her."—"And how, my dear Socrates," said he, "could she have had sufficient knowledge when I took her? since she came to my house when she was not fifteen years old, and had spent the preceding part of her life under the strictest restraint, in order that she might see as little, hear as little, and ask as few questions as possible. Does it not appear to you to be quite sufficient, if she did but know, when she came, how to take wool and make a garment, and had seen how to apportion the tasks of spinning among the maid-servants? For as to what concerns the appetite, Socrates," added he, "which seems to me a most important part of instruction both for a man and for a woman, she came to me extremely well instructed."—"But as to other things, Ischomachus," said I, "did you yourself instruct your wife, so that she should be qualified to attend to the affairs belonging to her?"—"Not, indeed," replied Ischomachus, "until I had offered sacrifice, and prayed that it might be my fortune to teach, and hers to learn, what would be best for both of us."—"Did your wife, then," said I, "join with you in offering sacrifice, and in praying for

these blessings?" — "Certainly," answered Ischomachus, "and she made many vows to the gods that she would be such as she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not likely to disregard what was taught her." — "In the name of the gods, Ischomachus, tell me," said I, "what you began to teach her first; for I shall have more pleasure in hearing you give this account, than if you were to give me a description of the finest gymnastic or equestrian games." — "Well then, Socrates," returned Ischomachus, "when she grew familiarized and domesticated with me, so that we conversed freely together, I began to question her in some such way as this: —

"'Tell me, my dear wife, have you ever considered with what view I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me? For that there was no want of other persons with whom we might have shared our respective beds must, I am sure, be evident to you as well as to me. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might select as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents as it appears preferred me, out of those who were possible objects of choice. If, then, the gods should ever grant children to be born to us, we shall consult together, with regard to them, how we may bring them up as well as possible; for it will be a common advantage to both of us to find them of the utmost service as supporters and maintainers of our old age. At present, however, this is our common household; for I deposit all that I have as in common between us, and you put everything that you have brought into our common stock. Nor is it necessary to consider which of the two has contributed the greater share; but we ought to feel assured that whichsoever of us is the better manager of our common fortune will give the more valuable service.'

"To these remarks, Socrates, my wife replied, 'In what respect could I co-operate with you? What power have I? Everything lies with you. My duty, my mother told me, was to conduct myself discreetly.' — 'Yes, by Jupiter, my dear wife,' replied I, 'and my father told me the same. But it is the part of discreet people, as well as husbands and wives, to act in such a manner that their property may be in the best possible condition, and that as large additions as possible may be made to it by honorable and just means.' — 'And what do you see,' said my wife, 'that I can do to assist in increasing our property?' — 'Endeavor

by all means,' answered I, 'to do in the best possible manner those duties which the gods have qualified you to do, and which custom approves.'—'And what are they?' asked she.—'I consider,' replied I, 'that they are duties of no small importance, unless indeed the queen bee in a hive is appointed for purposes of small importance. For to me the gods, my dear wife,' said I, 'seem certainly to have united that pair of beings which is called male and female, with the greatest judgment, that they may be in the highest degree serviceable to each other in their connection. In the first place, the pair are brought together to produce offspring, that the races of animals may not become extinct; and to human beings, at least, it is granted to have supporters for their old age from this union. For human beings also, their mode of life is not, like that of cattle, in the open air; but they have need, we see, of houses. It is accordingly necessary for those who would have something to bring into their houses, to have people to perform the requisite employments in the open air: for tilling, and sowing, and planting, and pasturage are all employments for the open air; and from these employments the necessaries of life are procured. But when these necessaries have been brought into the house, there is need of some one to take care of them, and to do whatever duties require to be done under shelter. The rearing of young children also demands shelter, as well as the preparation of food from the fruits of the earth, and the making of clothes from wool. And as both these sorts of employments, alike those without doors and those within, require labor and care, the gods, as it seems to me,' said I, 'have plainly adapted the nature of the woman for works and duties within doors, and that of the man for works and duties without doors. For the divinity has fitted the body and mind of the man to be better able to bear cold, and heat, and traveling, and military exercises, so that he has imposed upon him the work without doors; and by having formed the body of the woman to be less able to bear such exertions, he appears to me to have laid upon her,' said I, 'the duties within doors. But knowing that he had given the woman by nature, and laid upon her, the office of rearing young children, he had also bestowed upon her a greater portion of love for her newly born offspring than of the man.

"'The law, too,' I told her," he proceeded, "'gives its approbation to these arrangements, by uniting the man and the woman; and as the divinity has made them partners, as it were, in their

offspring, so the law ordains them to be sharers in household affairs. The law also shows that those things are more becoming to each which the divinity has qualified each to do with greater facility; for it is more becoming for the woman to stay within doors than to roam abroad, but to the man it is less creditable to remain at home than to attend to things out of doors. And if any one acts contrary to what the divinity has fitted him to do, he will, while he violates the order of things, possibly not escape the notice of the gods, and will pay the penalty whether of neglecting his own duties or of interfering with those of his wife. The queen of the bees,' I added, 'appears to me to discharge such duties as are appointed her by the divinity.'—'And what duties,' inquired my wife, 'has the queen bee to perform, that she should be made an example for the business which I have to do?'—'She, remaining within the hive,' answered I, 'does not allow the bees to be idle, but sends out to their duty those who ought to work abroad: and whatever each of them brings in, she takes cognizance of it and receives it, and watches over the store until there is occasion to use it; and when the time for using it is come, she dispenses to each bee its just due. She also presides over the construction of the cells within, that they may be formed beautifully and expeditiously. She attends, too, to the rising progeny, that they may be properly reared; and when the young bees are grown up, and are fit for work, she sends out a colony of them under some leader taken from among the younger bees.'—'Will it then be necessary for me,' said my wife, 'to do such things?'—'It will certainly be necessary for you,' said I, 'to remain at home, and to send out such of the laborers as have to work abroad, to their duties; and over such as have business to do in the house you must exercise a watchful superintendence. Whatever is brought into the house, you must take charge of it; whatever portion of it is required for use, you must give out; and whatever should be laid by, you must take account of it and keep it safe, so that the provision stored up for a year, for example, may not be expended in a month. Whenever wool is brought home to you, you must take care that garments be made for those who want them. You must also be careful that the dried provisions may be in a proper condition for eating. One of your duties, however,' I added, 'will perhaps appear somewhat disagreeable; namely, that whoever of all the servants may fall sick, you must take charge of him, that he may be recovered.'—

'Nay, assuredly,' returned my wife, 'that will be a most agreeable office, if such as receive good treatment are likely to make a grateful return, and to become more attached to me than before.'—Delighted with her answer," continued Ischomachus, "I said to her, 'Are not the bees, my dear wife, in consequence of some such care on the part of the queen of the hive, so affected toward her, that when she quits the hive, no one of them thinks of deserting her, but all follow in her train?'—'I should wonder, however,' answered my wife, 'if the duties of leader do not rather belong to you than to me: for my guardianship of what is in the house, and distribution of it, would appear rather ridiculous, I think, if you did not take care that something might be brought in from out of doors.'—'And on the other hand,' returned I, 'my bringing in would appear ridiculous, unless there were somebody to take care of what is brought in. Do you not see,' said I, 'how those who are said to draw water in a bucket full of holes are pitied, as they evidently labor in vain?'—'Certainly,' replied my wife, 'for they are indeed wretched, if they are thus employed.'

"'Some other of your occupations, my dear wife,' continued I, 'will be pleasing to you. For instance, when you take a young woman who does not know how to spin, and make her skillful at it, and she thus becomes of twice as much value to you. Or when you take one who is ignorant of the duties of a housekeeper or servant, and having made her accomplished, trustworthy, and handy, render her of the highest value. Or when it is in your power to do services to such of your attendants as are steady and useful, while if any one is found transgressing you can inflict punishment. But you will experience the greatest of pleasures, if you show yourself superior to me, and render me your servant: and have no cause to fear that as life advances, you may become less respected in your household; but may trust that while you grow older, the better consort you prove to me, and the more faithful guardian of your house for your children, so much the more will you be esteemed by your family. For what is good and honorable,' I added, 'gains increase of respect, not from beauty of person, but from merits directed to the benefit of human life.'

"Such were the subjects, Socrates, on which, as far as I remember, I first conversed seriously with my wife."

XENOPHON'S ESTATE AT SCILLUS

From the 'Anabasis'

XENOPHON, after causing an offering to be made for Apollo, deposited it in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi, inscribing on it his own name, and that of Proxenus who was killed with Clearchus; for he had been his guest-friend. The portion designed for Diana of Ephesus he left with Megabyzus, the warden of that goddess's temple, when he returned with Agesilaus out of Asia on an expedition to Bœotia, because he seemed likely to incur some peril: and enjoined him, if he escaped, to return the money to him; but if he met with an ill fate, to make such an offering as he thought would please the goddess, and dedicate it to her. Afterwards when Xenophon was banished from his country, and was living at Scillus, a colony settled by the Lacedæmonians near Olympia, Megabyzus came to Olympia to see the games, and restored him the deposit. Xenophon, on receiving it, purchased some land as an offering to the goddess where the god had directed him. The river Selinus happens to run through the midst of it; and another river named Selinus runs close by the temple of Diana at Ephesus: and in both there are different kinds of fish, and shell-fish. On the land near Scillus, too, there is hunting of all such beasts as are taken in the chase. He built also an altar and a temple with the consecrated money, and continued afterwards to make a sacrifice every year, always receiving a tenth of the produce of the seasons from the land: and all the people of the town, as well as the men and women of the neighborhood, took part in the festival; while the goddess supplied those in tents there with barley-meal, bread, wine, sweetmeats, and a share of the victims offered from the sacred pastures, and of those caught in hunting: for the sons of Xenophon, and those of the other inhabitants, always made a general hunt against the festival, and such of the men as were willing hunted with them; and there were caught, partly on the sacred lands and partly on Mount Pholoe, boars and antelopes and deer. This piece of ground lies on the road from Lacedæmon to Olympia, about twenty stadia from the temple of Jupiter at Olympia.

There are within the place groves and hills covered with trees, adapted for the breeding of swine, goats, oxen, and horses; so that the beasts of the persons coming to the festival are

amply supplied with food. Round the temple itself is planted a grove of cultivated trees, bearing whatever fruits are eatable in the different seasons. The edifice is similar, as far as a small can be to a great one, to that at Ephesus; and the statue is as like to that at Ephesus as a statue of cypress can be to one of gold. A pillar stands near the temple, bearing this inscription:

THIS GROUND IS SACRED TO DIANA. HE THAT POSSESSES AND REAPS THE FRUIT OF IT IS TO OFFER EVERY YEAR THE TENTH OF ITS PRODUCE, AND TO KEEP THE TEMPLE IN REPAIR FROM THE RESIDUE. IF ANY ONE FAIL TO PERFORM THESE CONDITIONS, THE GODDESS WILL TAKE NOTICE OF HIS NEGLECT.

HARDSHIPS IN THE SNOW

From the 'Anabasis'

THE next day it was thought necessary to march away as fast as possible, before the enemy's force should be reassembled, and get possession of the pass. Collecting their baggage at once, therefore, they set forward through a deep snow, taking with them several guides; and having the same day passed the height on which Tiribazus had intended to attack them, they encamped. Hence they proceeded three days' journey through a desert tract of country, a distance of fifteen parasangs, to the river Euphrates, and passed it without being wet higher than the middle. The sources of the river were said not to be far off. From hence they advanced three days' march, through much snow and a level plain, a distance of fifteen parasangs; the third day's march was extremely troublesome, as the north wind blew full in their faces, completely parching up everything and benumbing the men. One of the augurs, in consequence, advised that they should sacrifice to the wind: and a sacrifice was accordingly offered; when the vehemence of the wind appeared to every one manifestly to abate. The depth of the snow was a fathom; so that many of the baggage cattle and slaves perished, with about thirty of the soldiers. They continued to burn fires through the whole night, for there was plenty of wood at the place of encampment. But those who came up late could get no wood; those therefore who had arrived before, and had kindled fires,

would not admit the late comers to the fire unless they gave them a share of the corn or other provisions that they had brought. Thus they shared with each other what they respectively had. In the places where the fires were made, as the snow melted, there were formed large pits that reached down to the ground; and here there was accordingly opportunity to measure the depth of the snow.

From hence they marched through snow the whole of the following day, and many of the men contracted the *bulimia*. Xenophon, who commanded in the rear, finding in his way such of the men as had fallen down with it, knew not what disease it was. But as one of those acquainted with it told him that they were evidently affected with *bulimia*, and that they would get up if they had something to eat, he went round among the baggage: and wherever he saw anything eatable, he gave it out, and sent such as were able to run, to distribute it among those diseased; who as soon as they had eaten, rose up and continued their march. As they proceeded, Cheirisophus came, just as it grew dark, to a village; and found at a spring in front of the rampart, some women and girls belonging to the place fetching water. The women asked them who they were; and the interpreter answered in the Persian language that they were people going from the King to the satrap. They replied that he was not there, but about a parasang off. However, as it was late, they went with the water-carriers within the rampart, to the head-man of the village; and here Cheirisophus, and as many of the troops as could come up, encamped: but of the rest, such as were unable to get to the end of the journey spent the night on the way without food or fire; and some of the soldiers lost their lives on that occasion. Some of the enemy too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march; and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night: but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them; for when their old shoes

had failed them, shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind,—who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted; and it had in fact melted in that spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed farther. Xenophon, who was with the rear-guard, as soon as he heard this, tried to prevail on them by every art and means not to be left behind, telling them at the same time that the enemy were collected, and pursuing them in great numbers. At last he grew angry; and they told him to kill them, as they were quite unable to go forward. He then thought it the best course to strike a terror, if possible, into the enemy that were behind, lest they should fall upon the exhausted soldiers. It was now dark, and the enemy were advancing with a great noise, quarreling about the booty that they had taken; when such of the rear-guard as were not disabled started up and rushed towards them, while the tired men, shouting as loud as they could, clashed their spears against their shields. The enemy, struck with alarm, threw themselves into the snow of the hollow, and no one of them afterwards made himself heard from any quarter.

Xenophon and those with him, telling the sick men that a party should come to their relief next day, proceeded on their march; but before they had gone four stadia they found other soldiers resting by the way in the snow, and covered up with it, no guard being stationed over them. They roused the men, but the latter said that the head of the army was not moving forward. Xenophon, going past them, and sending on some of the ablest of the peltasts, ordered them to ascertain what it was that hindered their progress. They brought word that the whole army was in that manner taking rest. Xenophon and his men, therefore, stationing such a guard as they could, took up their quarters there without fire or supper. When it was near day, he sent the youngest of his men to the sick, with orders to rouse them and oblige them to proceed. At this juncture Cheirisophus sent some of his people from the villages to see how the rear were faring. The young men were rejoiced to see them, and gave them the sick to conduct to the camp, while they themselves went forward; and before they had gone twenty stadia,

found themselves at the village in which Cheirisophus was quartered. When they came together, it was thought safe enough to lodge the troops up and down in the villages. Cheirisophus accordingly remained where he was; and the other officers, appropriating by lot the several villages that they had in sight, went to their respective quarters with their men.

Here Polycrates, an Athenian captain, requested leave of absence: and taking with him the most active of his men, and hastening to the village which Xenophon had been allotted, surprised all the villagers and their head-men in their houses, together with seventeen colts that were bred as a tribute for the King, and the head-man's daughter, who had been but nine days married; her husband was gone out to hunt hares, and was not found in any of the villages. Their houses were under ground: the entrance like the mouth of a well, but spacious below; there were passages dug into them for the cattle, but the people descended by ladders. In the houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young; all the cattle were kept on fodder within the walls. There were also wheat, barley, leguminous vegetables, and barley-wine in large bowls: the grains of barley floated in it even with the brims of the vessels, and reeds also lay in it, some larger and some smaller, without joints; and these, when any one was thirsty, he was to take in his mouth and suck. The liquor was very strong unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to those accustomed to it.

Xenophon made the chief man of his village sup with him, and told him to be of good courage, assuring him that he should not be deprived of his children, and that they would not go away without filling his house with provisions in return for what they took, if he would but prove himself the author of some service to the army till they should reach another tribe. This he promised; and to show his good-will, pointed out where some wine was buried. This night, therefore, the soldiers rested in their several quarters in the midst of great abundance; setting a guard over the chief, and keeping his children at the same time under their eye. The following day Xenophon took the head-man and went with him to Cheirisophus; and wherever he passed by a village, he turned aside to visit those who were quartered in it, and found them in all parts feasting and enjoying themselves: nor would they anywhere let them go till they had set refreshments before them; and they placed everywhere upon the

same table lamb, kid, pork, veal, and fowl, with plenty of bread both of wheat and barley. Whenever any person, to pay a compliment, wished to drink to another, he took him to the large bowl, where he had to stoop down and drink, sucking like an ox. The chief they allowed to take whatever he pleased, but he accepted nothing from them; where he found any of his relatives, however, he took them with him.

When they came to Cheirisophus, they found his men also feasting in their quarters, crowned with wreaths made of hay, and Armenian boys in their barbarian dresses waiting upon them, — to whom they made signs what they were to do, as if they had been deaf and dumb. When Cheirisophus and Xenophon had saluted one another, they both asked the chief man, through the interpreter who spoke the Persian language, what country it was. He replied that it was Armenia. They then asked him for whom the horses were bred; and he said that they were a tribute for the king, and added that the neighboring country was that of the Chalybes, and told them in what direction the road lay. Xenophon then went away, conducting the chief back to his family: giving him the horse that he had taken, which was rather old, to fatten and offer in sacrifice (for he had heard that it had been consecrated to the sun); being afraid, indeed, that it might die, as it had been injured by the journey. He then took some of the young horses, and gave one of them to each of the other generals and captains. The horses in this country were smaller than those of Persia, but far more spirited. The chief instructed the men to tie little bags round the feet of the horses and other cattle when they drove them through the snow; for without such bags they sunk up to their bellies.

THE EDUCATION OF A PERSIAN BOY

From the 'Cyropædeia'

CYRUS is said to have had for his father Cambyses, king of the Persians. Cambyses was of the race of the Perseidæ, who were so called from Perseus. It is agreed that he was born of a mother named Mandane; and Mandane was the daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. Cyrus is described, and is still celebrated by the barbarians, as having been most

handsome in person, most humane in disposition, most eager for knowledge, and most ambitious of honor; so that he would undergo any labor and face any danger for the sake of obtaining praise. Such is the constitution of mind and body that he is recorded to have had; and he was educated in conformity with the laws of the Persians.

These laws seem to begin with a provident care for the common good; not where they begin in most other governments: for most governments, leaving each individual to educate his children as he pleases, and the advanced in age to live as they please, enjoin their people not to steal, not to plunder, not to enter a house by violence, not to strike any one whom it is wrong to strike, not to be adulterous, not to disobey the magistrates, and other such things in like manner; and if people transgress any of these precepts, they impose punishments upon them. But the Persian laws, by anticipation, are careful to provide from the beginning that their citizens shall not be such as to be inclined to any action that is bad and mean. This care they take in the following manner. They have an agora, called The Free, where the king's palace and other houses for magistrates are built: all things for sale, and the dealers in them with their cries and coarsenesses, are banished from hence to some other place, that the disorder of these may not interfere with the regularity of those who are under instruction. This agora, round the public courts, is divided into four parts: of these, one is for the boys, one for the youth, one for the full-grown men, and one for those who are beyond the years for military service. Each of these divisions, according to the law, attend to their several quarters: the boys and full-grown men as soon as it is day; the elders when they think convenient, except upon appointed days, when they are obliged to be present. The youth pass the night round the courts, in their light arms, except such as are married: for these are not required to do so, unless orders have been previously given them; nor is it becoming in them to be often absent. Over each of the classes there are twelve presidents, for there are twelve distinct tribes of the Persians. Those over the boys are chosen from amongst the elders, and are such as are thought likely to make them the best boys; those over the youth are chosen from amongst the full-grown men, and are such as are thought likely to make them the best youth; and over the full-grown men, such as are thought likely to render

them the most expert in performing their appointed duties, and in executing the orders given by the chief magistrate. There are likewise chosen presidents over the elders, who take care that these also perform their duties. What it is prescribed to each age to do, we shall relate, that it may be the better understood how the Persians take precautions that excellent citizens may be produced.

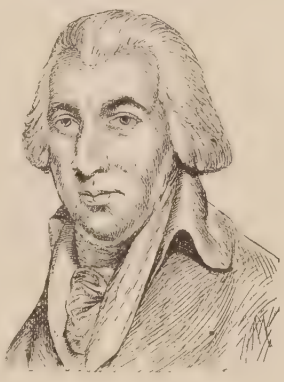
The boys attending the public schools pass their time in learning justice; and say that they go for this purpose, as those with us say that they go to learn to read. Their presidents spend the most part of the day in dispensing justice amongst them: for there are among the boys, as among the men, accusations for theft, robbery, violence, deceit, calumny, and other such things as naturally occur,—and such as they convict of doing wrong in any of these respects they punish; they punish likewise such as they find guilty of false accusation: they appeal to justice also in the case of a crime for which men hate one another excessively, but for which they never go to law,—that is, ingratitude; and whomsoever they find able to return a benefit and not returning it, they punish severely. For they think that the ungrateful are careless with regard to the gods, their parents, their country, and their friends; and upon ingratitude seems closely to follow shamelessness, which appears to be the principal conductor of mankind into all that is dishonorable.

They also teach the boys self-control; and it contributes much towards their learning to control themselves, that they see every day their elders behaving themselves with discretion. They teach them also to obey their officers; and it contributes much to this end, that they see their elders constantly obedient to their officers. They teach them temperance with respect to eating and drinking: and it contributes much to this object, that they see that their elders do not quit their stations to satisfy their appetites, until their officers dismiss them; and that the boys themselves do not eat with their mothers, but with their teachers, and when the officers give the signal. They bring from home with them bread, and a sort of cresses to eat with it; and a cup to drink from, that if any are thirsty they may take water from the river. They learn, besides, to shoot with the bow and to throw the javelin. These exercises the boys practice till they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, when they enter the class of young men.

ARTHUR YOUNG

(1741–1820)

In 1787, an English country gentleman — "a Suffolk farmer," he calls himself — visited France with quite other purposes than those of ordinary tourists. He wished to study the country from an agricultural point of view; to examine the land and methods of cultivation in different parts, and by comparing them with those at home, to obtain valuable suggestions. Comparatively poor himself, he wished to fill "the humble office of venturing hints to those whose situation allows more active exertions." During his first trip, and a second one taken in 1788, he explored western France. In 1789–90 he examined the eastern and southern portions of the country. The record of his observations, published in successive parts, and later united under the same title of 'Travels in France,' proved a unique book of permanent value.



Arthur Young

His handsome person and genial ingratiating manners won the French to unreserve and friendliness. He talked with peasants and tradespeople. He visited in the châteaux of the nobility. Just as the Revolution was breaking out in France, when the old régime was on the point of extinction, this clear-sighted foreigner took careful copious notes of the state in which he found land and people.

Although appreciating the seriousness of what was taking place in the country, he evidently had no premonition of its historical significance. His view of the present was unbiased by anticipation of the future. The resulting simplicity of statement is what renders him authoritative.

He was a simple truth-seeker, and absolutely impartial. He was not dazzled by the magnificence of Versailles, or in the least disposed to accept conventional statements; but judged everything with his own eyes and ears. Although deeply interested in the great governmental issues of the time, they were not his vital concern. It was "inconvenient" to travel while the country was so "unsettled," while

a mob might murder one on a moment's mad suspicion, and while châteaux were being fired and their inhabitants cruelly expelled. But the English traveler merely assumed the tricolor and went serenely on his way, noting the distribution of population, the stupid ignorance of the peasants about events at Paris, and the hard domination of the nobles, which resulted in the mismanagement of land. His style was terse and graphic; and his practical point of view gave authoritative value to a work, the like of which had never before been attempted. His book soon became popular in French translation. French land-owners profited by his demonstration of their errors, and adopted his theories upon their estates. Under the Directory his selected works were translated into French by order of the government, with the title 'Le Cultivateur Anglais.' Taine and other historians gladly availed themselves of this fund of accurate information. The 'Travels' became known throughout Europe; and Young received invitations to visit various courts, and to become a member of prominent agricultural societies.

When Arthur Young went to France, at the solicitation of his French friend the Duke de la Rochefoucauld de Liancourt, he was a man of forty-six, and had already a European reputation as an agriculturist. But before arriving at this brilliant success, he had known many years of failure and discouragement. This revolutionizer of agricultural methods learned the lessons he taught others, through a series of personal disappointments. He was the inevitable martyr in the promulgation of new ideas. He could show others how to gain money at farming, although nearly always impoverished when he tried it himself.

Arthur Young, who was born in London, September 11th, 1741, lived most of his life at Bradfield Hall in Suffolk. His father, the rector of Bradfield, a prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral, and the chaplain of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, wished his son to go to a university, and become a clergyman like himself. This Arthur Young's mother strongly opposed; and when he had finished his school days at Lavenham, he was at her desire placed with a wine merchant at Lynn. Business was distasteful to him, and he soon forsook it. He passed several years rather aimlessly, and then drifted into farming; chiefly because his mother had a farm which she wished to turn over to his care, and because he did not know what else to do. He soon found he was losing money, and after some three thousand experiments in cultivation he changed to a larger farm in Essex; there too he was unfortunate, and after five years was glad to pay a more practical farmer £100 to take it off his hands. He had not lost interest in spite of his failures, and the latter had taught him practical insight. He decided to travel about

the country in search of land which could be profitably cultivated; and he thus gained a wide knowledge of prevailing conditions, which he published in a number of successful volumes. A hater of slavery, a Free-Trader, an idolatrous admirer of Rousseau, he studied all questions from a philosophic as well as utilitarian point of view. The 'Farmer's Tour through the East of England,' the 'Tour in Ireland,' 'A Six-Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales,' 'A Six-Months' Tour through the North of England,' were valuable expositions, full of wise suggestions. They embraced also questions of population and political economy. These, with many essays upon kindred subjects contributed to agricultural journals, made his theory more profitable to him than his practice. In Ireland he met Lord Kingsborough; who, strongly attracted by his scientific views, intrusted him with the management of his great estate, in which he was brilliantly successful.

In 1783 he inaugurated 'The Annals of Agriculture,' a monumental work in forty-five quarto volumes, of which he was editor, and for which he wrote many papers. Many learned men were among its contributors, and George III. is said to have written for it over the name of Ralph Robinson. The 'Annals' definitely established his reputation. Bradfield Hall, which belonged to him after the death of his mother in 1785, became a kind of academy of agriculture. Among those who came to study farming under his direction were the nephew of the Polish ambassador, and three young Russians sent by the Empress Catherine. Many English and foreign friends of note visited him; and particularly, after the appearance of the 'Travels,' he received and corresponded with many brilliant statesmen,—with Washington, Pitt, Burke, Lafayette, and others.

A few years after Arthur Young's return from his last French journey, the Board of Agriculture was established by act of Parliament. Such a board had long been one of his favorite projects; and he was fittingly made its secretary, with a salary of £600.

Fanny Burney's vivacious pen has given a vivid impression of Arthur Young's delightful personality. At the age of twenty-four he married her stepmother's sister, Miss Martha Allen,—not an amiable lady, from all accounts,—with whom he was not happy. Probably he was glad to escape home friction in the society of the gay and congenial Burneys. Miss Burney describes him as witty and handsome, and fond of fine clothes. Sometimes he is in the depths of depression over his unlucky speculations; but he soon throws off care, and is hopefully ready for a new experiment.

When about sixty-six he became totally blind; in spite of which calamity he continued busy, and intelligently interested in public events, until his death in London, April 20th, 1820.

ASPECTS OF FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

From 'Travels in France'

THE environs of Clermont are picturesque. The hills about Liancourt are pretty, and spread with a sort of cultivation I had never seen before,— a mixture of vineyards (for here the vines first appeared), gardens, and corn. A piece of wheat, a scrap of lucerne, a patch of clover or vetches, a bit of vine, with cherry and other fruit trees scattered among all, and the whole cultivated with the spade: it makes a pretty appearance, but must form a poor system of trifling.

Chantilly.— Magnificence is its reigning character; it is never lost. There is not taste or beauty enough to soften it into milder features: all but the château is great, and there is something imposing in that; except the gallery of the great Condé's battles and the cabinet of natural history, which is rich in very fine specimens, most advantageously arranged, it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The stable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is 580 feet long and 40 feet broad, and is sometimes filled with 240 English horses. I had been so accustomed to the imitation in water of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came to Chantilly prepossessed against the idea of a canal; but the view of one here is striking, and has the effect which magnificent scenes impress. It arises from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kames, I think, who says the part of the garden contiguous to the house should partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place this is unavoidable. The effect here however is lessened by the parterre before the castle, in which the division and the diminutive jets d'eau are not of a size to correspond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domestic poultry from all parts of the world,— one of the best objects to which a menagerie can be applied; these and the Corsican stag had all my attention. The *hameau* contains an imitation of an English garden; the taste is but just introduced into France, so that it will not stand a critical examination. The most English idea I saw is the lawn in

front of the stables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept,— proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The labyrinth is the only complete one I have seen, and I have no inclination to see another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the sylvæ are many very fine and scarce plants. I wish those persons who view Chantilly, and are fond of fine trees, would not forget to ask for the great beech; this is the finest I ever saw, straight as an arrow, and as I guess, not less than 80 or 90 feet high,— 40 feet to the first branch, and 12 feet diameter at five from the ground. It is in all respects one of the finest trees that can anywhere be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this superb one. The forest around Chantilly, belonging to the Prince of Condé, is immense, spreading far and wide; the Paris road crosses it for ten miles, which is its least extent. They say the capitainerie, or paramountship, is above 100 miles in circumference. This is to say, all the inhabitants for that extent are pestered with game, without permission to destroy it, in order to give one man diversion. Ought not these capitaineries to be extirpated? . . .

On the breaking up of the party, went with Count Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld post to Versailles, to be present at the fête of the day following (Whitsunday); slept at the Duke de Liancourt's hôtel.

The 27th.— Breakfasted with him at his apartments in the palace, which are annexed to his office of grand master of the wardrobe, one of the principal in the court of France. Here I found the duke surrounded by a circle of noblemen, among whom was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, well known for his attention to natural history; I was introduced to him, as he is going to Bagnères-de-Luchon in the Pyrenees, where I am to have the honor of being in his party.

. The ceremony of the day was the King's investing the Duke of Berri, son of the Count d'Artois, with the cordon bleu. The Queen's band was in the chapel where the ceremony was performed, but the musical effect was thin and weak. During the service the King was seated between his two brothers, and seemed by his carriage and inattention to wish himself a-hunting. He would certainly have been as well employed as in hearing afterwards from his throne a feudal oath of chivalry, I suppose,

or some such nonsense, administered to a boy of ten years old. Seeing such pompous folly I imagined it was the dauphin, and asked a lady of fashion near me; at which she laughed in my face, as if I had been guilty of the most egregious idiotism: nothing could be done in a worse manner; for the stifling of her expression only marked it the more. I applied to M. de la Rochefoucauld to learn what gross absurdity I had been guilty of so unwittingly; when, forsooth, it was because the dauphin, *as all the world knows* in France, has the cordon bleu put around him as soon as he is born. So unpardonable was it for a foreigner to be ignorant of such an important part of French history, as that of giving a babe a blue slobbering-bib instead of a white one! . . .

The 31st.—On leaving it, enter soon the miserable province of Sologne, which the French writers call the *triste* Sologne. Through all this country they have had severe spring frosts, for the leaves of the walnuts are black and cut off. I should not have expected this unequivocal mark of a bad climate after passing the Loire. To La Ferté Lowendahl, a dead flat of hungry sandy gravel, with much heath. The poor people who cultivate the soil here are *métayers*,—that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and seed, and he and his tenant divide the produce: a miserable system, that perpetuates poverty and excludes instruction. Meet a man employed on the roads who was prisoner at Falmouth four years; he does not seem to have any rancor against the English, nor yet was he very well pleased with his treatment. At La Ferté is a handsome château of the Marquis de Croix, with several canals and a great command of water. To Nonant-le-Fuzelier, a strange mixture of sand and water. Much inclosed: and the houses and cottages of wood filled between the studs with clay or bricks, and covered not with slate but tile, with some barns boarded like those in Suffolk, rows of pollards in some of the hedges, an excellent road of sand, the general features of a woodland country,—all combined to give a strong resemblance to many parts of England; but the husbandry is so little like that of England that the least attention to it destroyed every notion of similarity.—27 miles.

June 1.—The same wretched country continues to La Loge; the fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are

of misery. Yet all this country highly improvable, if they knew what to do with it: the property, perhaps, of some of those glittering beings who figured in the procession the other day at Versailles. Heaven grant me patience while I see a country thus neglected, and forgive me the oaths I swear at the absence and ignorance of the possessors.—Enter the generality of Bourges, and soon after, a forest of oak belonging to the Count d'Artois; the trees are dying at top before they attain any size. There the miserable Sologne ends; the first view of Verson and its vicinity is fine. A noble vale spreads at your feet, through which the river Cher leads, seen in several places to the distance of some leagues; a bright sun burnished the water, like a string of lakes amidst the shade of a vast woodland. . . .

The 31st.—Cross a mountain by a miserable road, and reach Beg de Rieux, which shares, with Carcassonne, the fabric of Londrins for the Levant trade.—Cross much waste to Béziers.—I met to-day with an instance of ignorance in a well-dressed French merchant, that surprised me. He had plagued me with abundance of tiresome foolish questions, and then asked for the third or fourth time what country I was of. I told him I was a Chinese. How far off is that country?—I replied, 200 leagues. *Deux cents lieus! Diable! c'est un grand chemin!* The other day a Frenchman asked me, after telling him I was an Englishman, if we had trees in England? I replied that we had a few. Had we any rivers? Oh, none at all. *Ah, ma foi, c'est bien triste!* This incredible ignorance, when compared with the knowledge so universally disseminated in England, is to be attributed, like everything else, to government. . . .

The 16th.—Accompanied the Count de la Rochefoucauld to Liancourt.—38 miles.

I went thither on a visit for three or four days; but the whole family contributed so generally to render the place in every respect agreeable, that I stayed more than three weeks. At about half a mile from the château is a range of hills that was chiefly a neglected waste: the Duke of Liancourt has lately converted this into a plantation, with winding walks, benches, and covered seats, in the English style of gardening. The situation is very fortunate. These ornamented paths follow the edge of the declivity to the extent of three or four miles. The views they command are everywhere pleasing, and in some places great.

Nearer to the château the Duchess of Liancourt has built a menagerie and dairy in a pleasing taste. The cabinet and anteroom are very pretty, the saloon elegant, and the dairy entirely constructed of marble. At a village near Liancourt, the duke has established a manufacture of linen and stuffs mixed with thread and cotton, which promises to be of considerable utility; there are 25 looms employed, and preparations making for more. As the spinning for these looms is also established, it gives employment to great numbers of hands who were idle; for they have no sort of manufacture in the country, though it is populous. Such efforts merit great praise. Connected with this is the execution of an excellent plan of the duke's for establishing habits of industry in the rising generation. The daughters of the poor people are received into an institution to be educated to useful industry: they are instructed in their religion, taught to write and read, and to spin cotton; are kept till marriageable, and then a regulated proportion of their earnings given them as a marriage portion. There is another establishment of which I am not so good a judge: it is for training the orphans of soldiers to be soldiers themselves. The Duke of Liancourt has raised some considerable buildings for their accommodation, well adapted to the purpose. The whole is under the superintendence of a worthy and intelligent officer, M. le Roux, captain of dragoons and croix de St. Louis, who sees to everything himself. There are at present 120 boys, all dressed in uniform.—My ideas have all taken a turn which I am too old to change: I should have been better pleased to see 120 lads educated to the plow, in habits of culture superior to the present; but certainly the establishment is humane, and the conduct of it excellent.

The ideas I had formed before I came to France, of a country residence in that kingdom, I found at Liancourt to be far from correct. I expected to find it a mere transfer of Paris to the country, and that all the burthensome forms of a city were preserved, without its pleasures; but I was deceived,—the mode of living, and the pursuits, approach much nearer to the habits of a great nobleman's house in England than would commonly be conceived. A breakfast of tea for those who chose to repair to it; riding, sporting, planting, gardening, till dinner, and that not till half-after two o'clock, instead of their old-fashioned hour of twelve; music, chess, and the other common amusements of

a rendezvous-room, with an excellent library of seven or eight thousand volumes, were well calculated to make the time pass agreeably, and to prove that there is a great approximation in the modes of living at present in the different countries of Europe. Amusements, in truth, ought to be numerous within doors: for in such a climate none are to be depended on without; the rain that has fallen here is hardly credible. I have for five-and-twenty years past remarked in England that I never was prevented by rain from taking a walk every day without going out while it actually rains; it may fall heavily for many hours, but a person who watches an opportunity gets a walk or a ride. Since I have been at Liancourt, we have had three days in succession of such incessantly heavy rain, that I could not go a hundred yards from the house to the duke's pavilion without danger of being quite wet. For ten days, more rain fell here, I am confident, had there been a gauge to measure it, than ever fell in England in thirty. The present fashion in France, of passing some time in the country, is new: at this time of the year, and for many weeks past, Paris is, comparatively speaking, empty. Everybody that have country-seats are at them; and those who have none visit others who have. This remarkable revolution in the French manners is certainly one of the best customs they have taken from England; and its introduction was effected the easier, being assisted by the magic of Rousseau's writings. Mankind are much indebted to that splendid genius, who, when living, was hunted from country to country — to seek an asylum — with as much venom as if he had been a mad dog; thanks to the vile spirit of bigotry, which has not yet received its death's wound. Women of the first fashion in France are now ashamed of not nursing their own children; and stays are universally proscribed from the bodies of the poor infants, which were for so many ages tortured in them, as they are still in Spain. The country residence may not have effects equally obvious; but they will be no less sure in the end, and in all respects beneficial to every class in the State.

The Duke of Liancourt, being president of the provincial assembly of the election of Clermont, and passing several days there in business, asked me to dine with the assembly, as he said there were to be some considerable farmers present. These assemblies, which had been proposed many years past by the

French patriots, and especially by the Marquis de Mirabeau, the celebrated *l'ami des hommes;* which had been treated by M. Necker, and which were viewed with eyes of jealousy by certain persons who wished for no better government than one whose abuses were the chief foundation of their fortunes,—these assemblies were to me interesting to see. I accepted the invitation with pleasure. Three considerable farmers—renters, not proprietors, of land—were members, and present. I watched their carriage narrowly to see their behavior in the presence of a great lord of the first rank, considerable property, and high in royal favor: and it was with pleasure that I found them behaving with becoming ease and freedom; and though modest, and without anything like flippancy, yet without any obsequiousness offensive to English ideas. They started their opinions freely, and adhered to them with becoming confidence. A most singular spectacle was to see two ladies present at a dinner of this sort, with five or six and twenty gentlemen: such a thing could not happen in England. To say that the French manners in this respect are better than our own, is the assertion of an obvious truth. If the ladies are not present at meetings where the conversation has the greatest probability of turning on subjects of more importance than the frivolous topics of common discourse, the sex must either remain on one hand in ignorance, or on the other filled with the foppery of over-education,—learned, affected, and forbidding. The conversation of men not engaged in trifling pursuits is the best school for the education of a woman. . . .

The 14th.—To the Benedictine abbey of St. Germain, to see pillars of African marble, etc. It is the richest abbey in France: the abbot has 300,000 liv. a year (£13,125). I lost my patience at such revenues being thus bestowed: consistent with the spirit of the tenth century, but not with that of the eighteenth. What a noble farm would the fourth of this income establish! what turnips, what cabbages, what potatoes, what clover, what sheep, what wool! Are not these things better than a fat ecclesiastic? If an active English farmer was mounted behind this abbot, I think he would do more good to France with half the income than half the abbots of the kingdom with the whole of theirs. Pass the Bastile: another pleasant object to make agreeable emotions vibrate in a man's bosom. I search for good farmers, and run my head at every turn against monks and State prisoners. . . .

In the evening to M. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate: from which it appears he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless,— between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful. M. Lomond has many other curious machines, all the entire work of his own hands: mechanical invention seems to be in him a natural propensity. . . .

The 5th.— To Montauban. The poor people seem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, if possible worse clad than if with no clothes at all; as to shoes and stockings, they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of six or seven years playing with a stick, and smiling under such a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to see her: they did not beg, and when I gave them anything seemed more surprised than obliged. One third of what I have seen of this province seems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in misery. What have kings, and ministers, and parliaments, and States, to answer for their prejudices, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious, idle and starving through the execrable maxims of despotism, or the equally detestable prejudices of a feudal nobility! Sleep at the *Lion d'Or*, at Montauban, an abominable hole.— 20 miles.

The 6th.— The same inclosed country to Brooms; but near that town, improves to the eye, from being more hilly. At the little town of Lamballe, there are above fifty families of noblesse that live in winter, who reside on their estates in the summer. There is probably as much foppery and nonsense in their circles,

and for what I know as much happiness, as in those of Paris. Both would be better employed in cultivating their lands, and rendering the poor industrious.— 30 miles.

The 12th.— Walking up a long hill, to ease my mare, I was joined by a poor woman, who complained of the times, and that it was a sad country: demanding her reasons, she said her husband had but a morsel of land, one cow, and a poor little horse; yet they had a *franchar* (42 lb.) of wheat, and three chickens, to pay as a quit-rent to one Seigneur; and four *franchar* of oats, one chicken and 1 f. to pay to another, besides very heavy tailles and other taxes. She had seven children, and the cow's milk helped to make the soup. But why, instead of a horse, do not you keep another cow? Oh, her husband could not carry his produce so well without a horse; and asses are little used in the country. It was said, at present, that *something was to be done by some great folks for such poor ones, but she did not know who nor how*, but God send us better, *car les tailles & les droits nous écrasent.*— This woman, at no great distance, might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent, and her face so furrowed and hardened by labor,— but she said she was only twenty-eight. An Englishman who has not traveled, cannot imagine the figure made by infinitely the greater part of the countrywomen in France: it speaks, at the first sight, hard and severe labor; I am inclined to think that they work harder than the men, and this, united with the more miserable labor of bringing a new race of slaves into the world, destroys absolutely all symmetry of person and every feminine appearance. To what are we to attribute this difference in the manners of the lower people in the two kingdoms? To GOVERNMENT. . . .

The 26th.— For twenty miles to Lisle sur Daube, the country nearly as before; but after that, to Baume les Dames, it is all mountainous and rock, much wood, and many pleasing scenes of the river flowing beneath. The whole country is in the greatest agitation; at one of the little towns I passed, I was questioned for not having a cockade of the *tiers état.* They said it was ordained by the *tiers;* and if I was not a seigneur, I ought to obey. *But suppose I am a seigneur, what then, my friends?* What then? they replied sternly: why, be hanged; for that most likely is what you deserve. It was plain this was no moment for joking; the boys and girls began to gather, whose assembling

has everywhere been the preliminaries of mischief; and if I had not declared myself an Englishman, and ignorant of the ordinance, I had not escaped very well. I immediately bought a cockade; but the hussy pinned it into my hat so loosely that before I got to Lisle it blew into the river, and I was again in the same danger. My assertion of being English would not do. I was a seigneur, perhaps in disguise, and without doubt a great rogue. At this moment a priest came into the street with a letter in his hand: the people immediately collected around him, and he then read aloud a detail from Befort, giving an account of M. Necker's passing, with some general features of news from Paris, and assurances that the condition of the people would be improved. When he had finished, he exhorted them to abstain from all violence: and assured them they must not indulge themselves with any ideas of impositions being abolished; which he touched on as if he knew that they had got such notions. When he retired, they again surrounded me, who had attended to the letter like others; were very menacing in their manner; and expressed many suspicions: I did not like my situation at all, especially on hearing one of them say that I ought to be secured till somebody would give an account of me. I was on the steps of the inn, and begged they would permit me a few words; I assured them that I was an English traveler, and to prove it, I desired to explain to them a circumstance in English taxation, which would be a satisfactory comment on what M. l'Abbé had told them, to the purport of which I could not agree. He had asserted that the impositions must be paid as heretofore: that the impositions must be paid was certain, but not as heretofore, as they might be paid as they were in England. Gentlemen, we have a great number of taxes in England, which you know nothing of in France; but the *tiers état*, the poor, do not pay them, they are laid on the rich: every window in a man's house pays, but if he has no more than six windows he pays nothing; a seigneur with a great estate pays the *vingtièmes* and *tailles*, but the little proprietor of a garden pays nothing; the rich for their horses, their voitures, and their servants, and even for the liberty to kill their own partridges, but the poor farmer nothing of all this; and what is more, we have in England a tax paid by the rich for the relief of the poor: hence the assertion of M. l'Abbé, that because taxes existed before, they must exist again,

did not at all prove that they must be levied in the same manner; our English method seemed much better. There was not a word of this discourse they did not approve of; they seemed to think that I might be an honest fellow, which I confirmed by crying, *vive le tiers*, *sans impositions*, when they gave me a bit of a huzza, and I had no more interruption from them. My miserable French was pretty much on a par with their own *patois*. I got however another cockade, which I took care to have so fastened as to lose it no more. I did not half like traveling in such an unquiet and fermenting moment: one is not secure for an hour beforehand.— 35 miles.

The 27th.— To Besançon: the country, mountain, rock, and wood, above the river; some scenes are fine. I had not arrived an hour before I saw a peasant pass the inn on horseback, followed by an officer of the *guard bourgeois*, of which there are 1,200 here and 200 under arms, and his party-colored attachment, and these by some infantry and cavalry. I asked why the militia took the *pas* of the King's troops? *For a very good reason*, they replied: *the troops would be attacked and knocked on the head, but the populace will not resist the milice.* This peasant, who is a rich proprietor, applied for a guard to protect his house, in a village where there is much plundering and burning. The mischiefs which have been perpetrated in the country, towards the mountains and Vesoul, are numerous and shocking. Many châteaus have been burnt, others plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters ravished, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property destroyed: and these abominations not inflicted on marked persons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles, but an indiscriminating blind rage for the love of plunder. Robbers, galley-slaves, and villains of all denominations, have collected and instigated the peasants to commit all sorts of outrages. Some gentlemen at the table d'hôte informed me that letters were received from the Maconois, the Lyonois, Auvergne, Dauphiné, etc., and that similar commotions and mischiefs were perpetrating everywhere; and that it was expected they would pervade the whole kingdom. The backwardness of France is beyond credibility in everything that pertains to intelligence. From Strasbourg hither, I have not been able to see a newspaper. Here I asked for the Cabinet Littéraire? None. The gazettes? At the coffee-house. Very easily

replied; but not so easily found. Nothing but the Gazette de France; for which, at this period, a man of common-sense would not give one sol. To four other coffee-houses: at some no paper at all, not even the Mercure; at the Caffé Militaire, the Courier de l'Europe a fortnight old; and well-dressed people are now talking of the news of two or three weeks past, and plainly by their discourse know nothing of what is passing. The whole town of Besançon has not been able to afford me a sight of the Journal de Paris, nor of any paper that gives a detail of the transactions of the States; yet it is the capital of a province large as half a dozen English counties, and containing* 25,000 souls,—with, strange to say! the post coming in but three times a week. At this eventful moment, with no license, nor even the least restraint on the press, not one paper established at Paris for circulation in the provinces, with the necessary steps taken by *affiche*, or placard, to inform the people in all the towns of its establishment. For what the country knows to the contrary, their deputies are in the Bastile, instead of the Bastile being razed; so the mob plunder, burn, and destroy, in complete ignorance: and yet with all these shades of darkness, these clouds of tenebrity, this universal mass of ignorance, there are men every day in the States who are puffing themselves off for the FIRST NATION IN EUROPE! the GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE! as if the political juntos, or literary circles of a capital, constituted a people; instead of the universal illumination of knowledge, acting by rapid intelligence on minds prepared by habitual energy of reasoning to receive, combine, and comprehend it. That this dreadful ignorance of the mass of the people, of the events that most intimately concern them, is owing to the old government, no one can doubt; it is however curious to remark, that if the nobility of other provinces are hunted like those of Franche Comté, of which there is little reason to doubt, that whole order of men undergo a proscription, suffer like sheep, without making the least effort to resist the attack. This appears marvelous, with a body that have an army of 150,000 men in their hands; for though a part of those troops would certainly disobey their leaders, yet let it be remembered that out of the 40,000 or possibly 100,000 noblesse of France, they might, if they had intelligence and union amongst themselves,

*That is, the *town*, not the province.

fill half the ranks of more than half the regiments of the kingdom with men who have fellow-feelings and fellow-sufferings with themselves: but no meetings, no associations among them; no union with military men; no taking refuge in the ranks of regiments to defend or avenge their cause: fortunately for France they fall without a struggle, and die without a blow. That universal circulation of intelligence which in England transmits the least vibration of feeling or alarm, with electric sensibility, from one end of the kingdom to another, and which unites in bands of connection men of similar interests and situations, has no existence in France. Thus it may be said, perhaps with truth, that the fall of the King, court, lords, nobles, army, church, and parliaments, is owing to a want of intelligence being quickly circulated, consequently is owing to the very effects of that thraldom in which they held the people: it is therefore a retribution rather than a punishment.

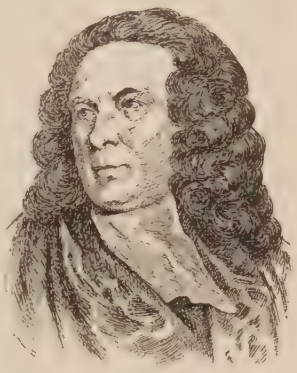
EDWARD YOUNG

(1684–1765)

THE author of the 'Night Thoughts' had a vogue in his day that is not easy to understand for one who now reads his sententious verse. But fashion changes in words and in literature, and the poetry of one century may become the commonplace of the next. Such a well-known line as

«Procrastination is the thief of time,»

makes one smile: it is hopelessly hackneyed. Yet it may very well have struck the eighteenth-century reader as a thought admirably expressed. Again, Young's worst and best are far apart. He lacked self-criticism, and more often than not is incredibly bald and dull. But his thought has strength; and there are passages in his verse which are undeniably fine, and have entered into familiar quotation. Then, too, in the handling of that difficult form, blank verse (in which the 'Night Thoughts' is written), Young shows himself an artist, especially notable in a day when blank verse was in comparative disrepute, and the trail of the heroic couplet still over English poetry.



EDWARD YOUNG

Young's quiet life had few salient features for the chronicler. He was born at Upham, Hampshire, England, in 1684; was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford, winning a fellowship in law at All Souls' College in that university. His doctor-of-law degree was taken in 1719, and he took orders as a Church of England clergyman in 1727. Preferment came to him soon; for the next year he was appointed a royal chaplain, and in 1730 became rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, remaining in that living the rest of his life. In 1731 he married the Earl of Lichfield's daughter. His only other appointment, thirty years later, was that of clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. His death occurred at his rectory, April 12th, 1765. It will be seen by this digest of biographical facts that Young was a personage of some importance by position and connection,—

which may account in part for the contemporaneous acceptance of his literary work. He began by publishing 'The Last Day,' in 1813, followed by 'The Force of Religion,'—the former poem, though unattractive as a whole, containing some of his most characteristic work. Next came the formal and dreary tragedies, 'Busiris' (1719), and 'The Revenge' (1721). In 'The Universal Passion' were collected his satires, in which the influence of Pope is to be seen: the theme and manner are more sprightly than is true of the writer's most typical work.

Much minor poetry,—including a paraphrase of the Book of Job, —various laudatory epistles to people of rank, and another play, came from his pen, which was easy-flowing. The first 'Night Thought' appeared in 1742, the last in 1744. This series, upon which Young's fame rests securely, is didactic and solemn in tone, and may be characterized broadly as religious verse; the full title, 'Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality,' indicates the subject-matter. Young was led to make verse on these lofty themes by the deaths of those dear to him: he turns to religion for consolation in his grief, and finds it. As has been implied, his poetry is only to be read now with any pleasure in judicious selections. Those that follow are examples of the poet at his most eloquent: that on 'Procrastination' and that on 'Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer' are the most famous that can be found in the entire body of his works. A collected edition of Young's writings in four volumes was published in 1762.

FROM 'NIGHT THOUGHTS'

Procrastination

By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none: and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And big with life's futurities expire.
Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied:

How many fall as sudden, not as safe;
As sudden, though for years admonished home!
Of human ills the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm,—"That all men are about to live,
Forever on the brink of being born."
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise,—
At least, their own; their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead.
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign.
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves,—then dies the same.

The Death of Friends

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth

Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damped with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love:
For us they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallowed graves,
Tread underfoot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish and destroy their deaths?

Aspiration

O THOU great arbiter of life and death,
Nature's immortal, unmaterial sun,
Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
From darkness — teeming darkness where I lay,
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on — high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive but my bliss; and hast ordained
A rise in blessing, with the patriarch's joy,—
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this,— Oh, let me live to thee!

Silence and Darkness

TIRED nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes:

Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and Night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause —
An awful pause! — prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain, — I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom — there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? — Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars
Exulted, shouted o'er the rising ball,
O Thou! whose Word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, — strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Formalism

O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here!

Shall Heaven, which gave us ardor, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,—
That prose of piety, a lukewarm phrase?
Rise odors sweet from incense uninflamed?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven,
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's orchéstra chaunts Amen to man.

The Better Part

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here:
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their eyes kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
Hence are they studious of sequestered scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revelings would cease,—
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blessed,
But it composed and gave him such a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
Oh for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation swelling high;
Which, like land floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who transient joy prefers?
What but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

ÉMILE ZOLA.

ÉMILE ZOLA

(1840–)

BY ROBERT VALLIER

WHOEVER wishes to study Émile Zola and his work impartially is immediately impressed with one fact, that of their immense notoriety. It defies all comparison. Unquestionably the most resounding name of French literature at the present hour is the name — in reality Italian — of the author of 'L'Assommoir.' His books have found admission and readers everywhere. Considering their diffusion alone, it might be supposed that the spirit of the country of Châteaubriand and Lamartine, of Mérimée and Octave Feuillet, is especially represented in the eyes of the world by the talent least corresponding to the established conception of its essential traditions and its genius.

It is not an Émile Zola who deigns to inquire whether the great majority of the public accepts him. He is swift to seize upon the fact of success, and he invokes it as the sovereign judgment of universal opinion which posterity will ratify. This confidence is not surprising in the case of an author, who, one day taking it into his head to draw up a list of his brother novelists in the order of their merit, adopted as his basis of criticism the sum total of their sales. One might prefer another method of appreciation. But one cannot ignore a result not wholly explained by the trickery of constant self-advertising, by the aggressiveness of a blustering polemic, by his expert hunt after the seductions of actual life, nor even by the cynicism that springs from a constant dwelling upon the lowest instincts.

This result proclaims a power. One would willingly find this in an undeniable talent which rests on an astonishing obstinacy of labor and conviction. But the author does not leave us free to separate his work from the doctrine on which he flatters himself he has established it. He constrains us to consider the artist only after we measure the theorist, — a position fraught with trouble and perplexity. A work of art cannot be conceived as beautiful and fruitful except as it proceeds from an emotion. Emotion alone creates its life. What becomes of it if it must be adapted, subordinated to a system?

Now it is evident that all the production, all the literary development of Émile Zola, are characterized by methodical systematization. Even his vocation of authorship seems not to have revealed itself

spontaneously. At least the hardships of life were the determining cause which engaged him in the profession of letters.

His origins were complex. His father was an engineer,—an inventor, of Venetian stock, who had become somewhat cosmopolitan. His mother was French, the descendant of a Chartrain family. He may be considered as having inherited from his father his exuberance of hyperbolical imagination; and from his mother his intellect and taste for the realities.

For a long time he allowed himself to be supposed a southerner. In reality he was born at Paris, April 2d, 1840. But about the same time, circumstances obliged his family to move to Aix in Provence. It was there that he passed his infancy and adolescence. He returned to Paris at seventeen. His youth was shaped in the midst of the privations and rancors of poverty. Twice refused at the examination for the baccalaureate, it was only after hard experiences and painful seekings for the way that he finally found suitable employment in the large publishing-house of Hachette. His beginnings there were modest. Soon, however, a place was made for him which brought him before the public. Little by little, ambition had awakened within him. Secretly, in his days of enforced idleness and destitution, he had accumulated a stock of mediocre verses which betrayed an ingenuous taste for Musset. Among these manifold attempts, in which the drama had its place, be began the 'Contes à Ninon' which soon appeared. In this initial volume, with its rather affected fancy and sentimentality, none of the distinctive characteristics of his future talent are revealed. However, several journals were now opened to his nimble wits; while, thanks to his duties, he had facilities for reading by which he profited. Above all, he found himself in contact with several distinguished men, and more especially with Hippolyte Taine.

This is the first name to remember in explaining his development. Deprived of serious instruction and of philosophical education, naturally inclined toward materialistic rationalism, Émile Zola found himself already prepared to submit to the influence of this robust spirit; an influence indeed scarcely recognizable except through the medium of the master's works. They doubtless inspired in large measure the partiality, vehement but vigorous, of his artistic and literary polemics; which, like the daring and pessimistic narrations, 'Thérèse Raquin' or 'Madeleine Férat,' attached a certain notoriety to his name. They contributed to determine his taste, among modern authors, for Balzac, Stendhal, and Flaubert, in whom successively he thought to have discovered himself. Balzac amazed him as a Michel Angelo, who, as it were, recreates in his brain a world more striking and in a sense truer than the actual world. Stendhal showed him, he thought, how

«to see clearly what is.» Flaubert stood to him for minute observation, contemptuous individuality in a cold impersonality. The Goncourts initiated him into those refinements of style that correspond with the nervous exaltation in which the perturbation of our epoch expresses itself. At the same time, he ventured, mistakenly self-taught, into the half-explored regions of sociology and physiology with the Auguste Comtes, the Darwins, the Claude Bernards, the Spencers, and the Ribots. Thus he improvised a determinism of his own, according to which he came to consider the science of life, individual or social, as he would have considered chemistry or physics, which depend upon a single kind of study and investigation, the experimental method, the one touchstone of all truth. The experimental method! In his fervor as a neophyte, Émile Zola saw in this, not only the revivification of certain kinds of knowledge, but he anticipated a revolution of human intellect. It was to have its equivalent and prolongation in literature. Idealism, romanticism, realism even, had had their day. To naturalism fell the glorious mission of rejuvenating the old form of the novel, and of adapting it to the definitive conception of the universe, in order to make it the supreme form of the art of the future! Moreover, the question was no longer that of giving, with more or less talent, a transcript of reality more or less æsthetic but simply picturesque. The innovator proclaimed an ambition certainly unforeseen. He assumed to continue «the business of the physiologist.» Henceforth the novel would not be merely «an observation, showing the combinations of life»; it would become «an experience which seeks to bring forth facts and to disengage a law.» How could this unheard-of prodigy be possible? Émile Zola does his best to show this by example as well as by theory. Thus was first conceived the project of a «natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire»; thus from year to year, according to the needs of his cause, appear the warlike manifestoes which proclaim the title of the 'Roman Experimental' (experimental novel) to final supremacy.

It was in 1869 that Émile Zola determined the plan of a cycle of studies in which he would have the life of the Second Empire «recounted by its personages with the aid of their individual dramas.» For this purpose he imagined a family, the family of the Rougon-Macquarts. He began by making it spring from diseased physical conditions; and basing his work upon studies that pushed to their extreme consequences the doctrines of heredity, he proposed to develop «the slow succession of nervous and sanguineous accidents which declare themselves in a race after a first organic lesion.» In one single family, then, he would show all the physiological states; he would show there at the same time all the social conditions. In

this way too he would retrace the 'Origines de la France Contemporaine' [of Taine].

To this end, while retaining the means of inquiry proposed by Taine, he would seek from Claude Bernard the processes for extracting the laws of life and codifying them into formulas which are constantly being added, one by one, to the ever-growing catalogue of the inalienable acquisitions of science. The race, the environment, the moment, completed by the action of the dominant inherited instinct, should furnish him with the elements of a true experimentation as admissible, as well proved, as that of the physiologist in his laboratory. At least so he imagined. And here is his manner of effecting it:—Let it be well understood in the first place that all the functions of life are due to simple organic phenomena, to a simple continuity of reflex action. Easily then, all free-will being suppressed, may you "undo and put together, piece by piece, the mechanism of the human machine; make it work under the influence of environment"; seek, in short, "from the point of view of the individual and of society, what such a passion, in such an environment and in such given circumstances, will produce." Will not these results be really experiences in the rigorous sense of the word?

As a fact, science proceeds only upon tangible realities; upon given phenomena, which, always identical, she reproduces at will. She questions nature; she does not dictate the responses. The novelist, on the contrary, has before him only imaginary creatures whom he manœuvres by entirely arbitrary conceptions. But Émile Zola has never been willing to admit that his pretended experiences limit themselves to pure hypotheses, having neither existence nor consistency outside of his brain. He says that he verifies these hypotheses outside of himself. While directing the phenomena, he piques himself upon maintaining in them a character of absolute necessity, upon preserving their proportions and their relations. He will not allow himself to see the impossibilities, the contradictions. Up to the end of his 'Histoire Naturelle et Sociale des Rougon-Macquart,' he persists in an attitude in which he believes his highest glory involved. In 'Le Docteur Pascal,' the last narrative of the famous series, by the mouth of the hero of the book, his own proxy, he solemnly bears witness to himself: "Is this not fine," he exclaims,—"such a whole, a document so definite, so complete, in which there is not one gap?" And he says elsewhere: "I do not know work nobler or of larger application. To be master of good and ill, to rule society, to resolve in time all the problems of socialism; above all, to furnish solid foundations for justice by furnishing answers through experience, to the questions of criminality—is not this to be among the most useful and most moral workers in the human workshop?"

Here and there, however, one surprises in him, as it were, a prudent reserve, almost a confession. Apropos of "those new sciences — in which hypothesis stammers," he is not far from confessing that the rôle of the "poet" is a rôle of divination. But is it not in the foregleams of emotion only that this divination can be sought and found? And emotion makes things more true to human nature only as it makes them less exacting. In reproducing them, it re-shapes them according to the genius of the artist. Zola himself, interpreting the old definition of Bacon, has written this express phrase: "Art is a corner of nature seen through a temperament." There is then, according to his own statement, an artistic truth which is not the scientific truth. The two do not contradict each other: it is even indispensable that the first should ask direction from the second. But in no respect are they one.

Thus in the application of his system, Émile Zola can only show himself continually inconsequential with himself. Not only, indeed, does he fail — and with reason — to obey the rules of scientific experimentation, but he does not always trouble himself to conform to the precepts of literary observation. He has been reproached, and justly, with having undertaken many a subject after insufficient preparation. That he might describe and narrate, he has often contented himself with superficial impressions. He has frequently employed mere second-hand documents; thus demonstrating that the truth he thought to discover and reveal, he sought chiefly in himself. Moreover, the vast programme which the inventor of the Rougon-Macquart scheme undertook to fill, involved inevitably the obligation of working in great measure upon borrowed material. The first novels exhausted his stock of recollections of his childhood and youth, which for example so vivify several Provençal descriptions in 'La Fortune des Rougons,' or certain pictures of suburban customs in 'L'Assommoir.' Consequently the scruples of Zola the observer grew more and more feeble. On the other hand, a kind of enormous lyricism developed and blossomed in him. Already in copying the real from nature, he had exhibited a tendency toward amplification and excess. He had exaggerated the proportions, over-emphasized contours, accentuated colors. Now he abandoned himself more and more to this kind of transposition. It is what he would define as "adding the personal expression to the sense of the real."

Unhappily, in him the personal expression does not assert itself alone in the necessity of enlarging things according to the traditions of the romantic school, to which in part he belongs in spite of himself. It is still further manifested in a surprising and abnormal predilection for the ugly, the trivial, the hideous; for the odious and horrible. He seems usually to estimate the truth in proportion to the turpitude. It is not in the least a choice for conscience's sake, but

a choice by vocation. He frankly glorifies himself for having established ignominy in literature, as for having made us receive a billingsgate vocabulary. He has opened his work wide to "the human brute let loose." For man — according to his doctrine, at the mercy of heredity, of collectivity, of environment, of interests, and of passions — man appears to him habitually an ape of a particularly malevolent species. So that he has presented to us as average products of French society under the Second Empire, a most astonishing collection of brute beasts, of criminals, of madmen, and of sick people. With such a predetermination, what becomes of noble virtues, of delicate qualities? What becomes of all that makes the honor and value of life? Everywhere and in everything Zola sees only states of matter. Therefore he has not thus far succeeded in drama, which must exhibit action controlled by will. A bad habit, a mania, a physical defect, are not enough to constitute a type on the stage. Now, exactly these are the only attributes by which Zola ordinarily portrays and characterizes his personages. The sign once chosen, the novelist applies himself to giving it the effect of an obsession, of a fixed idea; he recalls it ceaselessly; he shows it on all occasions, under all lights: and this simplification of description usually produces a kind of puppets who are much more symbolic than real. As to that highest form of nature which is mind, as to that intelligence by which all action, even instinctive action, is, as it were, kneaded, the author of the 'Ventre de Paris' perceives no appreciable traces in the combination of blind forces which to him represents the world.

The unity of his narrations, then, is wholly external. They have no soul, and they lack love. For he has no right to degrade the name of love to describe that fierce desire whose aberrations and eccentricities he especially delights in describing. It is mere brute instinct, an abettor of miseries and crimes, a fatal scourge; and not that "collaboration to the ends of the universe" of which Renan spoke. In Zola's work, love does not lose its malice to become normal, except in a few healthy, well-poised beings. For to him, virtue is physical health, and moral imperfection is only a resultant of organic imperfection. There is no other ruling principle than a "tranquil belief in the energies of life." Moreover, he evidently prefers brute nature to human nature. The beauty in which he delights is a "beauty of the beast." He has not hesitated to degrade woman in her most august functions to animality. As to simple faults against taste, they are innumerable; and unpardonable ones might be cited. But he assures us that under his pen, licentious or repugnant pictures become austere clinical studies. He asserts that in discovering the evil he renders it wholesome. And he sees evil everywhere. There is in fact nothing less consolatory, nothing more

discouraging, than this nightmarish work all stained with corruption, dripping blood from frightful, tragic deaths. In art there is nothing vivifying, as there is nothing living, nothing true, except the beautiful. Yet this sense of the beautiful is what he lacks.

Does his work afford us in return that documentary value which the author claims for it? Rather, the whole is vitiated by the spirit of the system, and the detail is deformed by the temperament of the writer. Moreover, upon many points even his relative exactness is more than doubtful. The greater part of his work is devoted to a historical period, from which the march of events has suddenly and completely separated us in all respects. The fall of the Second Empire, coming just as Zola was beginning the series of the Rougon-Macquart, condemned him to a labor henceforth as arduous as it was fruitless. In order to paint society before 1870, it happened that he was forced to utilize more recent notes and events; so that he ends by giving a true account neither of the epoch in which he was interested, nor of the subsequent years.

It were wearisome to enumerate the flagrant errors, which, among landscapes vigorously brushed in, and full of charm, and among scenes exhibited in intense relief, swarm across the pages of 'La Curée,' 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' 'Son Excellence, Eugène Rougon,' and 'Nana.' 'Pot Bouille' proclaims the ambition to present to the bourgeois world a faithful image of the bourgeoisie. The artifice of the composition, and the dissimilitude of many of its episodes, are constantly emphasized by a crudity of language as far as possible removed from the hypocritically decent habits of his models. Nor is he more veracious in 'La Terre,' when he attributes to the peasants of Beauce, speech of an exaggerated obscenity little in keeping with their customary crafty discretion. Moreover, he has scarcely been conscious of their simple dignity. He has regarded them with a gaze clouded by reading the judgments of criminal courts. He sets forth to discover in the atmosphere of their farms and stables a strange ferment of overflowing lubricity. This he imports into his book with a tranquil wantonness which provokes universal disgust, and which drove many of his chief disciples away from him. When, forcing his talent, a little later he attempted to show himself capable of a flight in the serene regions of purity,—in 'Le Rêve,'—he succeeded only in involving himself in childish improbabilities. In 'La Bête Humaine,' Lombroso, one of the masters of whom he thinks himself emulous, pointed out the weakness of his portraits of criminals; 'Le Docteur Pascal' completely established the nothingness of his initial assertions. The 'Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire' represented in fact a something dead which had never lived.

For some time indeed the novelist had evinced premonitory symptoms of a certain evolution. In the new cycle of 'Trois Villes' (Three Cities), he does not show himself in absolute contradiction with himself. But it seems as if a kind of candid optimism had attenuated his former black pessimism, as if some vague belated sensibility had come to him. «Perhaps,» he murmurs, «all is right!» At least he does not seem far from the belief that all will become so. «Let nature work,» he counsels, «let us live!» And henceforth he seems to wish to apply himself to disengaging the factors of a better future. 'Lourdes' is the cry of eternal suffering, wringing from the heart of ignorant man a pitiful appeal to hopes hidden in mystery: it is the phase of superstition. 'Rome' is the appeal to the supernatural, the second state of human evolution; the age of faith hardened into routine, into convention, under the administrative genius of a pontificate which seems to have inherited from ancient Rome the dream of a universal empire. This dream will never be realized. The future will not belong to a church. To scientific investigation only is assured the promise of indefinite duration, and to Zola that remains the sole guardian and sole mistress of all truth. 'Paris,' the third novel of the series, will be the proclamation of the arrival of the positive and universal reign of science. In the 'Trois Villes,' as in the 'Rougon-Macquarts,' the usual faults of the author are seen side by side with his least disputed merits. Into the mass of hastily gathered technical details, into the confusion of notions generated by a superficial vulgarization of knowledge, he has known how to put order and movement. He sketches with an alert touch; and above all he succeeds in giving wing to his hyperbolical imagination, boundless and eager for the abnormal and fantastic.

The whole is massively but firmly established in this same spirit of simplification which inspires him in composing an action or in delineating a type. To a vast and ample outline, usually in sombre atmosphere, where are thrown up distorted silhouettes, he contributes numerous reiterated touches, often heavy additions. Accumulation, repetition — therein lies his whole method. Unlike the Goncourts, he has not the word or epithet for overruling preoccupation. His style, at the beginning rather hesitating, afterward surer and richer, is now both vigorous and careless, often monotonous, — with a frequent mixture of trivial locutions and sonorous adjectives. In short, the heavy rhythm of the sentences, the crude violence of the colors, correspond with the inspiration of his great melodramatic frescoes, of his swarming dioramas. At a distance, the falseness of detail appears less; the exaggeration less shocking. There is visible a mass animated with a dense collective life, like a monstrous organism. The masses, the crowd, have always found in Zola an almost

Homeric singer of their tumults and furies. Their elementary and quite instinctive psychology puts him at ease. The unacknowledged romanticism within him evokes them with a sombre lyricism. He contemplates them with a visionary eye, he makes them stir and move in compact phalanxes with their outcries and their way of behavior. In 'Germinal,' the novel of the proletariat and of socialism, and in 'La Débâcle,' the novel of the army and of war, he has in this respect exercised a powerful mastery. Elements, natural forces, even material objects, receive from him an obscure and mysterious vitality. Under his pen the Sea, the Tavern, the Cathedral, the Store, the Machine, become real and redoubtable existences. They rule the creatures of flesh, they devour them in their anger or break them in their catastrophes. Thus one is brought back to the pure personification of savages.

And we return at the same time to that diminution of man, to that degradation of the reasonable and reflecting being, which haunts all Zola's work. He has often found a way to degrade even his humblest heroes still more by calumniating them. Under pretext of a new civilization, he denies violently all the past, destroys all that is most precious in the human patrimony. Under color of science, he persists in outraging those inseparable allies, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. «Woe,» exclaimed Bossuet, «woe to the science which does not turn to love.» One may apply the same sentence with still more justice to literature and art. Certainly it would not be just not to render homage to the persevering and courageous patience which attests a work ample and vast in its barbarity. The more bitterly must one deplore the too common application of this faith, this ardor, this force, to sickly exceptions, to unjustifiable vulgarities, to a conception so arbitrary, and when all is said, so insignificant.

«The victory of the idea kills the sect which propagates it,» Zola has written. We can bear witness that the naturalistic sect is dead; but the idea it advanced has not conquered. Hatched in a period of crisis and transition, it responded to an abasement of taste and morals! Hence the reason of its vogue. As a whole, the work of its inventor and prophet remains isolated. Instead of showing encyclopædic and definitive, like a majestic synthesis of modern times, it appears only as a factitious edifice both apocalyptic and sordid; valuable only for some merits of imagination and composition,—superficial merits which will preserve but a few fragments of it, and those discredited by the recollection of a still-echoing scandal.

Robert Vallier.

GLIMPSES OF NAPOLEON III.

From 'La Débâcle' (The Downfall). Copyright 1892, by Cassell Publishing Company

THEY had no more than sat down at table when Delaherche, burning to relieve himself of the subject that filled his mind, began to relate his experiences of the day before.

"You know I saw the Emperor at Baybel."

He was fairly started, and nothing could stop him. He began by describing the farm-house; a large structure with an interior court, surrounded by an iron railing, and situated on a gentle eminence overlooking Mouzon, to the left of the Carignan road. Then he came back to the Twelfth Corps, whom he had visited in their camp among the vines on the hillsides; splendid troops they were, with their equipments brightly shining in the sunlight, and the sight of them had caused his heart to beat with patriotic ardor.

"And there I was, sir, when the Emperor, who had alighted to breakfast and rest himself a bit, came out of the farm-house. He wore a general's uniform and carried an overcoat across his arm, although the sun was very hot. He was followed by a servant bearing a camp-stool. He did not look to me like a well man; ah no, far from it: his stooping form, the sallowness of his complexion, the feebleness of his movements, all indicated him to be in a very bad way. I was not surprised; for the druggist at Mouzon, when he recommended me to drive on to Baybel, told me that an aide-de-camp had just been in his shop to get some medicine — you understand what I mean — medicine for — " The presence of his wife and mother prevented him from alluding more explicitly to the nature of the Emperor's complaint, which was an obstinate diarrhœa that he had contracted at Chêne, and which compelled him to make those frequent halts at houses along the road. "Well, then the attendant opened the camp-stool and placed it in the shade of a clump of trees at the edge of a field of wheat, and the Emperor sat down on it. Sitting there in a limp, dejected attitude, perfectly still, he looked for all the world like a small shopkeeper taking a sun-bath for his rheumatism. His dull eyes wandered over the wide horizon, the Meuse coursing through the valley at his feet, before him the range of wooded heights whose summits recede and are lost in the distance, on the left the waving tree-tops of Dieulet forest,

on the right the verdure-clad eminence of Sommanthe. He was surrounded by his military family, aides and officers of rank; and a colonel of dragoons, who had already applied to me for information about the country, had just motioned me not to go away, when all at once — » Delaherche rose from his chair, for he had reached the point where the dramatic interest of his story culminated, and it became necessary to reinforce words by gestures. «All at once there was a succession of sharp reports; and right in front of us, over the wood of Dieulet, shells are seen circling through the air. It produced on me no more effect than a display of fireworks in broad daylight, sir, upon my word it didn't! The people about the Emperor, of course, showed a good deal of agitation and uneasiness. The colonel of dragoons comes running up again to ask if I can give them an idea whence the firing proceeds. I answer him off-hand: 'It is at Beaumont; there is not the slightest doubt about it.' He returns to the Emperor, on whose knees an aide-de-camp was unfolding a map. The Emperor was evidently of opinion that the fighting was not at Beaumont, for he sent the colonel back to me a third time. But I couldn't well do otherwise than stick to what I had said before, could I, now? — the more that the shells kept flying through the air, nearer and nearer, following the line of the Mouzon road. And then, sir, as sure as I see you standing there, I saw the Emperor turn his pale face toward me. Yes, sir, he looked at me a moment with those dim eyes of his, that were filled with an expression of melancholy and distrust. And then his face declined upon his map again, and he made no further movement.»

Delaherche, although he was an ardent Bonapartist at the time of the plébiscite, had admitted after our early defeats that the government was responsible for some mistakes; but he stood up for the dynasty, compassionating and excusing Napoleon III., deceived and betrayed as he was by every one. It was his firm opinion that the men at whose door should be laid the responsibility for all our disasters, were none other than those Republican deputies of the Opposition who had stood in the way of voting the necessary men and money.

«And did the Emperor return to the farm-house?» asked Captain Beaudoin.

«That's more than I can say, my dear sir: I left him sitting on his stool. It was midday, the battle was drawing nearer, and

it occurred to me that it was time to be thinking of my own return. All that I can tell you besides is, that a general to whom I pointed out the position of Carignan in the distance, in the plain to our rear, appeared greatly surprised to learn that the Belgian frontier lay in that direction, and was only a few miles away. Ah, that the poor Emperor should have to rely on such servants!" . . .

While Delaherche was raising himself on tiptoe, and trying to peer through the windows of the *rez-de-chaussée*, an old woman at his side, some poor day-worker of the neighborhood, with shapeless form, and hands calloused and distorted by many years of toil, was mumbling between her teeth: —

"An emperor — I should like to see one once — just once — so I could say I had seen him."

Suddenly Delaherche exclaimed, seizing Maurice by the arm: —

"See, there he is! at the window to the left. I had a good view of him yesterday; I can't be mistaken. There, he has just raised the curtain; see, that pale face, close to the glass."

The old woman had overheard him, and stood staring with wide-open mouth and eyes; for there, full in the window, was an apparition that resembled a corpse more than a living being: its eyes were lifeless, its features distorted; even the mustache had assumed a ghastly whiteness in the final agony. The old woman was dumbfounded; forthwith she turned her back and marched off with a look of supreme contempt.

"That thing an emperor! a likely story."

A zouave was standing near, — one of those fugitive soldiers who were in no haste to rejoin their commands. Brandishing his chassepot and expectorating threats and maledictions, he said to his companion: —

"Wait! see me put a bullet in his head!"

Delaherche remonstrated angrily; but by that time the Emperor had disappeared. The hoarse murmur of the Meuse continued uninterruptedly; a wailing lament, inexpressibly mournful, seemed to pass above them through the air, where the darkness was gathering intensity. Other sounds rose in the distance, like the hollow muttering of the rising storm: were they the "March! march!" — that terrible order from Paris which had driven that ill-starred man onward day by day, dragging behind him along the roads of his defeat the irony of his imperial escort, until now he was brought face to face with the ruin he had foreseen and

come forth to meet? What multitudes of brave men were to lay down their lives for his mistakes; and how complete the wreck, in all his being, of that sick man,—that sentimental dreamer, awaiting in gloomy silence the fulfillment of his destiny! . . .

"O M. Delaherche! isn't this dreadful! Here, quick! this way, if you would like to see the Emperor."

On the left of the corridor a door stood ajar; and through the narrow opening a glimpse could be had of the sovereign, who had resumed his weary, anguished tramp between the fireplace and the window. Back and forth he shuffled with heavy, dragging steps, and ceased not, despite his unendurable suffering. An aide-de-camp had just entered the room,—it was he who had failed to close the door behind him,—and Delaherche heard the Emperor ask him in a sorrowfully reproachful voice:—

"What is the reason of this continued firing, sir, after I gave orders to hoist the white flag?"

The torture to him had become greater than he could bear,—this never-ceasing cannonade, that seemed to grow more furious with every minute. Every time he approached the window it pierced him to the heart. More spilling of blood, more useless squandering of human life! At every moment the piles of corpses were rising higher on the battle-field, and his was the responsibility. The compassionate instincts that entered so largely into his nature revolted at it, and more than ten times already he had asked that question of those who approached him.

"I gave orders to raise the white flag: tell me, why do they continue firing?"

The aide-de-camp made answer in a voice so low that Delaherche failed to catch its purport. The Emperor, moreover, seemed not to pause to listen, drawn by some irresistible attraction to that window; at which, each time he approached it, he was greeted by that terrible salvo of artillery that rent and tore his being. His pallor was greater even than it had been before; his poor, pinched, wan face, on which were still visible traces of the rouge which had been applied that morning, bore witness to his anguish.

At that moment a short, quick-motioned man in dust-soiled uniform, whom Delaherche recognized as General Lebrun, hurriedly crossed the corridor and pushed open the door, without waiting to be announced. And scarcely was he in the room when again was heard the Emperor's so oft repeated question:

"Why do they continue to fire, General, when I have given orders to hoist the white flag?"

The aide-de-camp left the apartment, shutting the door behind him, and Delaherche never knew what was the general's answer. The vision had faded from his sight.

THE ATTACK ON THE MILL

Reprinted by permission of Copeland & Day, publishers

I

Old Merlier's mill was in high feather that fine summer evening. In the court-yard they had set out three tables, end to end, ready for the guests. All the country knew that on that day Merlier's daughter Françoise was to be betrothed to Dominique,—a fellow who had the name of being an idle loafer, but whom the women for eight miles round looked at with glistening eyes, so well-favored was he.

This mill of old Merlier's was a real delight. It stood just in the middle of Rocreuse, at the point where the highway makes a sharp turn. The village has only one street,—two rows of hovels, one row on each side of the road: but there at the corner the fields spread out wide; great trees, following the course of the Morelle, cover the depths of the valley with a magnificent shade. There is not in all Lorraine a more lovely bit of nature. To the right and left, thick woods of century-old trees rise up the gentle slopes, filling the horizon with a sea of verdure; while towards the south the plain stretches out marvelously fertile, unfolding without end its plots of land divided by live hedges. But what above all else gives Rocreuse its charm, is the coolness of this green nook in the hottest days of July and August. The Morelle comes down from the Gagny woods, and it seems as if it brought with it the coolness of the foliage beneath which it flows for miles: it brings the murmuring sounds, the icy and sequestered shade, of the forests. And it is not the only source of coolness: all sorts of running water babble beneath the trees; at every step, springs gush forth; you feel, while following the narrow paths, as if subterranean lakes were forcing their way through the moss, and taking advantage of the smallest fissures, at the foot of the trees, between rocks, to overflow in crystalline fountains. The whispering voices of these brooks rise so

multitudinous and high that they drown the bullfinches' song. You would think yourself in some enchanted park, with waterfalls on every hand.

Below, the meadows are soaking wet. Gigantic chestnuts cast their black shadows. Along the edge of the fields, long lines of poplars spread out their rustling drapery. There are two avenues of huge sycamore maples rising across the fields, up toward the old château of Gagny, now in ruins. In this perpetually watered soil the weeds grow rank. It is like a flower-garden lying between two wooded hillsides; but a natural garden, in which the lawns are fields, and giant trees trace out colossal flower-beds. When the sun at noon casts its rays straight down, the shadows turn blue, the scorched weeds slumber in the heat, while an icy shudder runs along beneath the foliage.

It was there that old Merlier's mill enlivened a nook of rank green growth with its clacking. The building, of planks and mortar, seemed as old as the world. Half of it dipped into the Morelle, which at this point widens out into a clear, rounded basin. A dam was contrived to let the water fall from a height of several metres upon the mill-wheel, which turned creaking with the asthmatic cough of a faithful servant grown old in the household. When people advised old Merlier to change it for a new one, he would shake his head, saying that a young wheel would be lazier and not so well up in its business; and he mended the old one with everything that came to hand,—staves of casks, bits of rusty iron, zinc, lead. The wheel seemed all the gayer for it,—its outline grown strange, all beplumed with weeds and moss. When the water beat against it with its silver stream, it would cover itself with beads; you saw it deck out its strange carcass with a sparkling bedizenment of mother-of-pearl necklaces.

The part of the mill that thus dipped into the Morelle looked like a barbarous ark stranded there. A good half of the structure was built on piles. The water ran in under the board floor; there too were holes, well known in the country for the eels and enormous crawfish caught there. Above the fall, the basin was as clear as a mirror; and when the wheel did not cloud it with its foam, you could see shoals of large fish swimming there with the deliberateness of a naval squadron. A broken flight of steps led down to the river, near a stake to which a boat was moored. A wooden balcony ran above the wheel. Windows opened upon

it, cut at irregular distances. This pellmell of corners, little walls, L's added as an afterthought, beams and bits of roof, gave the mill the appearance of an old dismantled citadel. But ivy had grown there; all sorts of climbing vines had stopped up the too wide cracks and thrown a cloak of green over the old dwelling. Young ladies who passed by would sketch old Merlier's mill in their albums.

Toward the road the house was stouter. A stone gateway opened upon the main court-yard, which was bordered on the right by sheds and stables. Near a well a huge elm covered half the court-yard with its shade. At the farther end, the house showed the line of its four first-story windows, surmounted by a pigeon-house. Old Merlier's only bit of dandyism was to have its wall whitewashed every ten years. It had just been whitened, and dazzled the village when the sun lighted it up in the middle of the day.

For twenty years old Merlier had been mayor of Rocreuse. He was esteemed for the fortune he had managed to make. He was supposed to be worth something like eighty thousand francs, laid up sou by sou. When he married Madeleine Guillard, who brought him the mill as her dowry, he hardly possessed anything but his two arms; but Madeleine never repented her choice, so well did he manage the affairs of the household. Now that his wife was dead, he remained a widower with his daughter Françoise. No doubt he might have taken a rest, left his mill to sleep in the moss; but he would have been too much bored, and the house would seem dead to him. He kept on working for the fun of it.

Old Merlier was then a tall old man, with a long, silent face, never laughing, but very jolly internally nevertheless. He had been chosen for mayor on account of his money; and also for the fine air he knew how to assume when he married a couple.

Françoise Merlier was just eighteen. She did not pass for one of the beauties of the country-side: she was too puny. Up to the age of eleven, she was even ugly. No one in Rocreuse could understand how the daughter of father and mother Merlier — both of them ruggedly built — could grow up so ill, and, so to speak, grudgingly. But at fifteen, although still delicate, she had the prettiest little face in the world. She had black hair, black eyes, and at the same time was all rosy; a mouth that laughed

all the time, dimpled cheeks, a clear brow on which there seemed to rest a crown of sunshine. Although puny for the neighborhood, she was not thin—far from it; people only meant that she could not shoulder a sack of grain: but she grew very plump with time, and stood a good chance of ending by being round and dainty as a quail. Only her father's long spells of speechlessness had made her thoughtful at an early age. If she was always laughing, it was to give others pleasure. At bottom she was serious.

Naturally all the country-side courted her,—even more for her dollars than for her niceness. And at last she made a choice that had just scandalized the country. On the other side of the Morelle lived a young fellow named Dominique Penquer. He did not belong in Rocreuse. Ten years before, he had come there from Belgium, to take possession of a legacy from an uncle of his who owned a little piece of property on the very outskirts of the Gagny forest, just opposite the mill, within a few gunshots. He came to sell this property, he said, and go home again. But the country fascinated him, it seems, for he did not stir. He was seen tilling his bit of field,—picking a few vegetables, on which he lived. He fished, he went shooting; several times the gamekeepers just missed catching him and reporting him to the authorities. This free life, the material resources of which the peasants could not well account for, had at last given him a bad name. He was vaguely spoken of as a poacher. At all events he was lazy, for he was often found asleep in the grass at times when he ought to have been at work. The hut in which he lived, under the first trees of the forest, did not look like an honest fellow's dwelling either. If he had had business with the wolves of the old ruins of Gagny it would not have surprised the old women. Yet the girls would, now and then, have the audacity to stand up for him; for this suspicious man was a superb fellow, tall and supple as a poplar, with a very white skin, fair beard, and hair that shone like gold in the sun. So one fine morning, Françoise declared to her father that she loved Dominique, and that she would never consent to marry any one else.

You can imagine what a blow old Merlier received that day. He said nothing, as usual. He always looked thoughtful in the face; only his internal jollity stopped sparkling in his eyes. The two did not speak for a week. Françoise too was very grave.

What bothered old Merlier was to make out how in the world that rascal of a poacher could have bewitched his daughter. Dominique had never come to the mill. The miller began to watch him, and espied the gallant on the other side of the Morelle, lying in the grass and pretending to be asleep. The thing was clear: they must have fallen in love, making sheep's-eyes at each other across the mill-wheel.

Meanwhile another week passed by. Françoise looked more and more solemn. Old Merlier still said nothing. Then one evening he brought Dominique home with him, without a word. Françoise was just setting the table. She did not seem astonished; she only added another plate and knife and fork: but the little dimples appeared once more in her cheeks, and her laugh came back again. That morning old Merlier had gone after Dominique to his hut on the outskirts of the wood. There the two men had talked for three hours, with closed doors and windows. No one ever knew what they found to say to each other. What was certain was, that on coming out, old Merlier already treated Dominique like his own son. No doubt the old man had found the man he was after — a fine fellow — in this lazybones who lay in the grass to make the girls fall in love with him.

All Rocreuse gossiped. The women in the doorways did not run dry of tittle-tattle about old Merlier's folly in taking a scapegrace into his household. He let them talk on. Perhaps he remembered his own marriage. Neither had he a red sou, when he married Madeleine and her mill; but that did not prevent his making a good husband. Besides, Dominique cut the gossip short by going to work with such a will that the whole country marveled at it. It so happened that the miller's boy had just been drafted; and Dominique would never hear of his hiring another. He carried the sacks, drove the cart, struggled with the old wheel when it had to be begged hard before it would turn; and all with such a will that people would come to look at him, for sheer pleasure. Old Merlier laughed his quiet laugh. He was very proud of having scented out this fellow. There is nothing like love for putting heart into young people.

In the midst of all this hard work, Françoise and Dominique adored each other. They hardly ever spoke, but they looked at each other with smiling tenderness. So far, old Merlier had not said a single word about the marriage; and they both respected

this silence, awaiting the old man's pleasure. At last, one day about the middle of July, he had three tables set out in the court-yard under the big elm, inviting his friends in Rocreuse to come and take a drink with him in the evening. When the court-yard was full, and every one had his glass in his hand, old Merlier raised his very high, saying: —

« This is for the pleasure of announcing to you that Françoise will marry that fellow there in a month, on St. Louis's day. »

Then they clinked glasses noisily. Everybody laughed. But old Merlier, raising his voice, went on: —

« Dominique, kiss your intended. That must be done. »

And they kissed each other, very red, while the crowd laughed still louder. It was a real jollification. A small cask was emptied. Then when only the intimate friends were left, they chatted quietly. Night had come, — a starlit and very clear night. Dominique and Françoise, sitting side by side on a bench, said nothing. An old peasant spoke of the war the Emperor had declared with Prussia. All the boys in the village were already gone. The day before, troops had passed through. There would be hard knocks going.

« Bah! » said old Merlier, with a happy man's egoism. « Dominique is a foreigner, — he won't go. And if the Prussians come, he will be here to defend his wife. »

This notion that the Prussians might come seemed a good joke. They were to be given an A 1 thrashing, and it would be soon over.

« I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em, » the old peasant said over and over again.

There was a silence. Then they clinked glasses once more. Françoise and Dominique had heard nothing; they had taken each other softly by the hand, behind the bench, so that no one could see them; and it seemed so good that they stayed there, their eyes lost in the depths of the darkness.

How warm and splendid a night! The village was falling asleep on both sides of the road, tranquil as a child. You only heard from time to time the crowing of some cock, waked too soon. From the great woods hard by came long breaths that passed like caresses over the roofs. The meadows with their black shadows put on a mysterious and secluded majesty, while all the running waters that gushed forth into the darkness

seemed to be the cool and rhythmic breathing of the sleeping country. At moments the mill-wheel, fast asleep, seemed to be dreaming, like those old watch-dogs that bark while snoring. It creaked, it talked all by itself, lulled by the falls of the Morelle, whose sheet of water gave forth the sustained and musical note of an organ-pipe. Never had more wide-spread peace fallen over a happier corner of the earth.

II

Just a month later, day for day, on St. Louis's eve, Rocreuse was in dismay. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were advancing toward the village by forced marches. For a week past, people passing along the road had announced the Prussians,—"They are at Lormière; they are at Novelles:" and hearing that they were approaching so fast, Rocreuse thought every morning to see them come down by the Gagny woods. Still they did not come: this frightened the inhabitants still more. They would surely fall upon the village at night, and cut everybody's throat.

The night before, a little before daybreak, there had been an alarm. The inhabitants had waked up, hearing a great noise of men on the road. The women were just falling on their knees and crossing themselves, when red trousers were recognized through cracks of windows prudently opened. It was a detachment of French. The captain immediately asked for the mayor of the place, and stayed at the mill, after talking with old Merlier.

The sun rose gayly that day. It would be hot at noon. Over the woods floated a yellow light; while in the distance above the meadows, rose white vapors. The clean, pretty village awoke in the cool air; and the country, with its river and springs, had the dew-sprinkled loveliness of a nosegay. But this fine weather made no one laugh. They had just seen the captain walk round about the mill, examine the neighboring houses, cross to the other side of the Morelle, and from there study the country through a spyglass; old Merlier, who was with him, seemed to be explaining the country to him. Then the captain stationed soldiers behind walls, behind trees, in holes in the ground. The bulk of the detachment was stationed in the court-yard of the

mill. So there was to be a fight? And when old Merlier came back, he was plied with questions. He gave a long nod with his head, without speaking. Yes, there was to be a fight.

Françoise and Dominique were in the court-yard, looking at him. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth and said simply:—

"Ah! my poor children, there will be no wedding for you tomorrow!"

Dominique, his lips set, a line of anger across his forehead, raised himself up on tiptoe from time to time, with his eyes fixed on the Gagny woods, as if he longed to see the Prussians come. Françoise, very pale, serious, came and went, supplying the soldiers with what they needed. They were making their soup in a corner of the court-yard, and joking while waiting for their meal.

Meanwhile the captain seemed delighted. He had examined the rooms and the great hall of the mill, looking out upon the river. Now, sitting by the well, he was talking with old Merlier.

"You have a real fortress here," said he. "We ought to hold out till evening. The beggars are late. They should be here by this time."

The miller looked serious. He saw his mill flaming like a torch; but he did not complain, thinking it useless. He only opened his mouth to say:—

"You ought to have some one hide the boat behind the wheel. There is a hole there that will hold her. Perhaps she may be of use."

The captain gave an order. This captain was a handsome man of about forty, tall and with a kindly face. The sight of Françoise and Dominique seemed to please him. He was interested in them, as if he had forgotten the coming struggle. He followed Françoise about with his eyes, and his look told plainly that he found her charming. Then turning to Dominique:—

"So you're not in the army, my boy?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm a foreigner," the young man answered.

The captain seemed only half pleased with this reason. He winked and smiled. Françoise was pleasanter company than cannon. Then, seeing him smile, Dominique added:—

"I'm a foreigner, but I can put a bullet into an apple at five hundred metres.—See, my gun's there, behind you."

"It may be of use to you," the captain replied simply.

Françoise had come up, trembling a little. And without minding the people there, Dominique took both the hands she held out to him, and pressed them in his, as if to take her under his protection. The captain smiled again, but added not a word. He remained sitting, his sword between his legs, his eyes looking at vacancy, as if in a dream.

It was already two o'clock. It was growing very hot. There was a dead silence. In the court-yard, under the sheds, the soldiers had fallen to eating their soup. Not a sound came from the village, in which the people had barricaded their houses, doors, and windows. A dog left alone in the road was howling. From the neighboring woods and meadows, motionless in the heat, came a far-off voice, long sustained, made up of every separate breath of air. A cuckoo was singing. Then the silence spread itself over the country also.

And in this slumbering air a shot suddenly burst forth. The captain sprang up quickly; the soldiers dropped their plates of soup, still half full. In a few seconds every man was at his post for the fight; the mill was occupied from top to bottom. Yet the captain, who had gone out upon the road, could make out nothing: to the right and left the road stretched out, empty and all white. A second shot was heard, and still nothing, not a shadow; but on turning round, he espied, over towards Gagny, between two trees, a light cloudlet of smoke wafted away like gossamer. The wood was still profoundly quiet.

"The rascals have taken to the forest," he muttered. "They know we are here."

Then the firing kept up, harder and harder, between the French soldiers stationed round the mill and the Prussians hidden behind the trees. The bullets whistled across the Morelle, without occasioning any loss on one side or the other. The shots were irregular, coming from every bush; and all you saw was still the little clouds of smoke gently wafted away by the wind. This lasted for nearly two hours. The officer hummed a tune, as if indifferent. Françoise and Dominique, who had stayed in the court-yard, raised themselves up on tiptoe and looked over the wall. They were particularly interested in watching a little soldier, stationed on the brink of the Morelle, behind the hulk of an old boat; he was flat on his belly, watched his chance, fired

his shot, then let himself slide down into a ditch a little behind him, to reload his rifle; and his movements were so droll, so cunning, so supple, that it made one smile to see him. He must have espied the head of some Prussian, for he got up quickly and brought his piece to his shoulder; but before he fired, he gave a cry, turned over upon himself, and rolled into the ditch, where his legs stiffened out with the momentary convulsive jerk of those of a chicken with its neck wrung. The little soldier had received a bullet full in the breast. He was the first man killed. Instinctively Françoise seized hold of Dominique's hand and squeezed it with a nervous grip.

"Don't stay there," said the captain. "The bullets reach here."

As he spoke, a little sharp stroke was heard in the old elm, and a branch fell in zigzags through the air; but the young people did not stir, riveted there by anxiety at the sight. On the outskirts of the wood, a Prussian came out suddenly from behind a tree, as from a side scene, beating the air with his arms, and tumbling over backwards. And then nothing stirred: the two dead men seemed to sleep in the dazzling sunshine; you saw no one in the torpid landscape. Even the crack of the shots stopped. Only the Morelle kept up its silver-toned whispering.

Old Merlier looked at the captain in surprise, as if to ask if it were over.

"Here it comes," the latter muttered. "Look out! Don't stay there."

He had not finished speaking when there came a terrific volley. It was as if the great elm were mowed down; a cloud of leaves whirled about them. Luckily the Prussians had fired too high. Dominique dragged, almost carried Françoise away; while old Merlier followed them, crying out:—

"Go down to the little cellar: the walls are solid."

But they did not mind him; they went into the great hall where ten soldiers or so were waiting in silence, with shutters closed, peeping through the cracks. The captain had stayed alone in the court-yard, crouched down behind the little wall, while the furious volleys continued. The soldiers he had stationed outside yielded ground only foot by foot. Yet they came in, one by one, crawling on their faces, when the enemy had dislodged them from their hiding-places. Their orders were to

gain time, not to show themselves; so that the Prussians might not know what numbers they had before them. Another hour went by; and as a sergeant came up, saying that there were only two or three men left outside, the officer looked at his watch, muttering:—

"Half after two. Come, we must hold out four hours."

He had the gate of the court-yard shut, and all preparations were made for an energetic resistance. As the Prussians were on the other side of the Morelle, an immediate assault was not to be feared. To be sure, there was a bridge, a little over a mile off, but they doubtless did not know of its existence; and it was hardly probable that they would try to ford the river. So the officer merely had the road watched. The whole effort was to be made on the side toward the fields.

The firing had once more ceased. The mill seemed dead beneath the hot sun. Not a shutter was opened, not a sound came from the inside. Little by little, meanwhile, the Prussians showed themselves at the outskirts of the Gagny wood. They stretched forth their heads, grew more daring. In the mill, several soldiers had already leveled their rifles, but the captain cried out:—

"No, no, wait. Let them come up."

They were very cautious about it, looking at the mill with evident distrust. This old dwelling, silent and dismal, with its curtains of ivy, made them uneasy. Still they kept advancing. When there were about fifty of them in the meadow opposite, the officer said a single word:—

"Fire!"

A tearing sound was heard, followed by single shots. Françoise, shaken with a fit of trembling, put her hands up to her ears, in spite of herself. Dominique, behind the soldiers, looked on; and when the smoke had blown away a little, he saw three Prussians stretched on their backs in the middle of the field. The rest had thrown themselves down behind the willows and poplars; and the siege began.

For over an hour the mill was riddled with bullets. They whipped its old walls like hail. When they struck stone, you heard them flatten out and fall back into the water. Into wood they penetrated with a hollow sound. Now and then a cracking told that the wheel had been hit. The soldiers inside husbanded

their shots,— fired only when they could take aim. From time to time the captain would look at his watch; and as a ball split a shutter and then lodged in the ceiling:—

"Four o'clock," he muttered. "We shall never hold out."

It was true: this terrible firing of musketry was shivering the old mill. A shutter fell into the water, riddled like a piece of lace, and had to be replaced by a mattress. Old Merlier exposed himself every moment, to make sure of the injury done to his poor wheel, whose cracking went to his heart. It was all over with it this time: never would he be able to repair it. Dominique had implored Françoise to go, but she would stay with him; she had sat down behind a great oak clothes-press, the sides of which gave out a deep sound. Then Dominique placed himself in front of Françoise. He had not fired yet; he held his gun in his hands, not being able to get up to the windows, whose entire width was taken up by the soldiers. At every discharge the floor shook.

"Look out! look out!" the captain cried of a sudden.

He had just seen a whole black mass come out from the wood. Immediately a formidable platoon fire was opened. It was as if a waterspout had passed over the mill. Another shutter gave way; and by the gaping opening of the window the bullets came in. Two soldiers rolled upon the floor. One did not move; they pushed him up against the wall, because he was in the way. The other squirmed on the ground, begging them to make an end of him; but no one minded him: the balls kept coming in; every one shielded himself, and tried to find a loophole to fire back through. A third soldier was wounded; he said not a word, he let himself slide down by the edge of a table, with fixed and haggard eyes. Opposite the dead men, Françoise, seized with horror, had pushed her chair aside mechanically, to sit down on the ground next the wall; she felt smaller there, and in less danger. Meanwhile they had gone after all the mattresses in the house, and had half stopped up the window. The hall was getting filled with rubbish, with broken weapons, with gutted furniture.

"Five o'clock," said the captain. "Keep it up. They are going to try to cross the water."

At this instant Françoise gave a shriek. A rebounding ball had just grazed her forehead. A few drops of blood appeared. Dominique looked at her; then stepping up to the window, he

fired his first shot, and kept on firing. He loaded, fired, without paying any attention to what was going on near him; only from time to time he would give Françoise a look. For the rest, he did not hurry himself,— took careful aim. The Prussians, creeping along by the poplars, were attempting the passage of the Morelle, as the captain had foreseen; but as soon as one of them risked showing himself, he would fall, hit in the head by a ball from Dominique. The captain who followed this game was astonished. He complimented the young man, saying that he would be glad to have a lot of marksmen like him. Dominique did not hear him. A ball cut his shoulder, another bruised his arm; and he kept on firing.

There were two more men killed. The mattresses, all slashed to bits, no longer stopped up the windows. A last volley seemed as if it would carry away the mill. The position was no longer tenable. Still the officer repeated:—

"Stick to it. Half an hour more."

Now he counted the minutes. He had promised his superior officers to hold the enemy there until evening, and would not draw back a sole's breadth before the time he had set for the retreat. He still had his gracious manner; smiling at Françoise, to reassure her. He himself had just picked up a dead soldier's rifle, and was firing.

There were only four soldiers left in the hall. The Prussians showed themselves in a body on the other bank of the Morelle, and it was evident that they might cross the river at any time. A few minutes more elapsed. The captain stuck to it obstinately, and would not give the order to retreat; when a sergeant came running up saying:—

"They are on the road: they are going to take us in the rear."

The Prussians must have found the bridge. The captain pulled out his watch.

"Five minutes more," said he. "They won't be here for five minutes."

Then at the stroke of six, he at last consented to order his men out by a little door opening upon an alley-way. From there they threw themselves into a ditch; they reached the Sauval forest. Before going, the captain saluted old Merlier very politely, excusing himself; and he even added:—

"Make them lose time. We shall be back again."

Meanwhile Dominique stayed on in the hall. He still kept firing, hearing nothing, understanding nothing. He only felt that he must defend Françoise. The soldiers were gone, without his suspecting it the least in the world. He took aim and killed his man at every shot. Suddenly there was a loud noise. The Prussians, from the rear, had just overrun the court-yard. He fired his last shot, and they fell upon him as his piece was still smoking.

Four men held him. Others shouted round him in a frightful language. They all-but cut his throat off-hand. Françoise threw herself before him in supplication; but an officer came in and took charge of the prisoner. After a few sentences exchanged in German with the soldiers, he turned to Dominique and said roughly, and in very good French:—

"You will be shot in two hours."

III

It was a rule made by the German staff: every Frenchman not belonging to the regular army, and taken with arms in his hands, should be shot. Even the guerrilla companies were not recognized as belligerents. By thus making terrible examples of the peasants who defended their own firesides, the Germans wished to prevent the uprising of the whole country *en masse*, which they dreaded.

The officer, a tall lean man of about fifty, put Dominique through a brief examination. Although he spoke very pure French, he had quite the Prussian stiffness.

"You belong in these parts?"

"No, I am a Belgian."

"Why have you taken up arms? All this can't be any of your business."

Dominique did not answer. At this moment the officer caught sight of Françoise, standing upright and very pale, listening; her slight wound put a red bar across her white forehead. He looked at the young people, one after the other, seemed to understand, and contented himself with adding:—

"You don't deny that you were firing?"

"I fired as long as I was able," Dominique answered quietly.

This confession was needless; for he was black with powder, covered with sweat, spotted with some drops of blood that had run down from the scratch on his shoulder.

« Very well," the officer repeated. « You will be shot in two hours. »

Françoise did not cry out. She clasped her hands together, and raised them in a gesture of mute despair. The officer noticed this gesture. Two soldiers had led Dominique away into the next room, where they were to keep him in sight. The young girl had dropped down upon a chair, her legs giving way under her; she could not cry, she was choking. Meanwhile the officer kept looking at her closely. At last he spoke to her.

« That young man is your brother? » he asked.

She shook her head. He stood there stiff, without a smile. Then after a silence: —

« He has lived a long while in these parts? »

She nodded yes, still dumb.

« Then he must know the woods round here very well? »

This time she spoke.

« Yes, sir," she said, looking at him in some surprise.

He said no more, and turned on his heel, asking to have the mayor of the village brought to him. But Françoise had risen, a faint flush on her face, thinking to have caught the drift of his questions, and seeing fresh hope in them. It was she who ran to find her father.

Old Merlier, as soon as the shots had ceased, had run quickly down the wooden steps to look at his wheel. He adored his daughter, he had a stout friendship for Dominique, his intended son-in-law; but his wheel also held a large place in his heart. As the two young ones, as he called them, had come safe and sound out of the scrimmage, he thought of his other love, and this one had suffered grievously. And bending over the huge wooden carcass, he investigated its wounds, the picture of distress. Five paddles were in splinters, the central framework was riddled. He stuck his fingers into the bullet-holes to measure their depth; he thought over how he could repair all this damage. Françoise found him already stopping up cracks with broken bits of wood and moss.

« Father," she said, « you are wanted."

And at last she wept, telling him what she had just heard. Old Merlier shook his head. You didn't shoot people that way. He must see. And he went back into the mill with his silent, pacific air. When the officer asked him for victuals for his men, he answered that the people in Rocreuse were not accustomed to being bullied, and that nothing would be got from them by

violence. He took everything upon himself, but on the condition of being allowed to act alone. The officer showed signs, at first, of getting angry at this cool manner; then he gave in to the old man's curt and business-like way of talking. He even called him back to ask him:—

"What do you call those woods there, opposite?"

"The Sauval woods."

"And what is their extent?"

The miller looked at him fixedly.

"I don't know," he answered.

And he walked away. An hour later, the contribution of victuals and money required by the officer were in the court-yard of the mill. Night was approaching; Françoise followed the soldiers' movements anxiously. She did not go far from the room in which Dominique was shut up. At about seven she had a poignant emotion: she saw the officer go into the prisoner's room, and for a quarter of an hour she heard their voices raised. One instant the officer reappeared on the threshold, to give an order in German, which she did not understand: but when twelve men came and fell into line in the court-yard with their muskets, she fell a-trembling; she felt ready to die. So it was all over: the execution was to take place. The twelve men waited there ten minutes. Dominique's voice was still raised in a violent refusal. At last the officer came out, slamming the door and saying:—

"Very well; think it over. I give you till to-morrow morning."

And with a motion of his arm, he ordered the twelve men to break ranks. Françoise stayed on in a sort of stupor. Old Merlier, who had not stopped smoking his pipe, while looking at the squad with an air of simple curiosity, came up and took her by the arm with fatherly gentleness. He led her to her room.

"Keep quiet," he said; "try to sleep. To-morrow it will be daylight, and we will see."

When he withdrew he locked her in, for prudence's sake. It was a principle of his that women were no good, and that they made a mess of it whenever they undertook anything serious. But Françoise did not go to bed: she stayed a long time sitting on her bed, listening to the noises in the house. The German soldiers, encamped in the court-yard, were singing and laughing: they must have been eating and drinking up to eleven, for the

noise did not stop for an instant. In the mill itself, heavy steps sounded every now and then: no doubt they were relieving sentries. But what interested her above all were noises that she could not make out, in the room under hers. Several times she lay down on the ground; she put her ear to the floor. This room happened to be the one in which Dominique was locked up. He must have been walking from the wall to the window, for she long heard the cadence of his steps: then there was a dead silence; he had doubtless sat down. Besides, the noises stopped; everything was hushed in sleep. When the house seemed to her to slumber, she opened the window as softly as possible, and rested her elbows on the sill.

Outside the night was calm and warm. The slender crescent moon, setting behind the Sauval woods, lighted up the country with the glimmer of a night-taper. The elongated shadows of the great trees barred the meadows with black; while the grass, in the unshaded spots, put on the softness of greenish velvet. But Françoise did not stop to note the mysterious charm of the night. She examined the country, looking for the sentinels that the Germans must have stationed on one side. She plainly saw their shadows, ranged like rungs of a ladder along the Morelle. Only a single one stood opposite the mill, on the other side of the river, near a willow whose branches dipped into the water. Françoise saw him distinctly: he was a big fellow, standing motionless, his face turned toward the sky with the dreamy look of a shepherd.

Then when she had carefully inspected the ground, she went back and sat down upon her bed. She stayed there an hour, deeply absorbed. Then she listened again: in the house not a breath stirred. She went back to the window, and looked out; but no doubt she saw danger in one of the horns of the moon, which still appeared behind the trees, for she went back again to wait. At last the time seemed to have come. The night was quite dark: she no longer saw the sentinel opposite; the country lay spread out like a pool of ink. She listened intently for a moment, and made up her mind. An iron ladder ran near the window,—some bars let into the wall, leading from the wheel up to the loft, down which the millers used to climb to get at certain cog-wheels; then when the machinery had been altered, the ladder had long since disappeared beneath the rank growth of ivy that covered that side of the mill.

Françoise bravely climbed over the balustrade of her window, grasped one of the iron bars, and found herself in empty space. She began to climb down. Her skirts were much in her way. Suddenly a stone broke loose from the masonry, and fell into the Morelle with a resounding splash. She stopped, chilled with a shudder. But she saw that the waterfall, with its continuous roar, drowned out from afar any noise she might make; and she climbed down more boldly, feeling for the ivy with her foot, making sure of the rungs of the ladder. When she had got on a level with the room that was used as Dominique's prison, she stopped. An unforeseen difficulty nearly made her lose all her courage: the window of the room below was not cut regularly, under the window of her chamber; it was some way from the ladder, and when she stretched out her hand she felt only the wall. Would she have to climb up again, without carrying her plan through to the end? Her arms were getting tired; the murmur of the Morelle beneath her began to make her dizzy. Then she tore off little bits of mortar from the wall, barking her fingers. And her strength was giving out: she felt herself falling backwards, when Dominique, at last, softly opened his window.

"It's I," she whispered. "Take me quick,— I'm falling."

It was the first time she had *tutoyéed* him. He caught her, leaning out, and lifted her into the room. There she had a fit of tears, stifling her sobs so as not to be heard. Then by a supreme effort she calmed herself.

"You are guarded?" she asked in a low voice.

Dominique, still dumbfounded at seeing her thus, made a simple sign, pointing to his door. They heard a snoring on the other side: the sentinel must have given way to drowsiness, and laid him down on the ground across the doorway, thinking that in this way the prisoner could not get out.

"You must run away," she went on rapidly. "I have come to implore you to run away, and to say good-by."

But he did not seem to hear her. He kept repeating:—

"How — it's you, it's you! — how you frightened me! You might have killed yourself."

He took her hands — he kissed them.

"How I love you, Françoise! You are as brave as you are good. I only had one fear,— that of dying without seeing you once more. But you are here, and now they can shoot me. When I have had a quarter of an hour with you, I shall be ready."

Little by little he had drawn her closer to him, and she rested her head upon his shoulder. The danger drew them nearer together. They forgot all in this embrace.

"Ah, Françoise," Dominique went on in a caressing voice, "to-day is St. Louis's day; our wedding day that we have waited for so long. Nothing has been able to separate us, since we are here, all alone, faithful to our tryst. It's our wedding morn now, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," she repeated, "our wedding morning."

They exchanged a kiss trembling. But of a sudden she broke loose: the terrible reality rose up before her.

"You must run away,—you must run away," she stammered out. "Let us not lose a minute."

And as he stretched out his arms once more to take her in the darkness, she again *tutoyéed* him:—

"Oh! I beg of you, listen to me. If you die, I shall die. In an hour it will be daylight. I wish you to go at once."

Then rapidly she explained her plan. The iron ladder ran down to the wheel; there he could take the paddles and get into the boat, which was in the recess. After that it would be easy for him to reach the other bank of the river and escape.

"But there must be sentinels there?" he said.

"Only one, opposite, at the foot of the first willow."

"And if he sees me, if he tries calling out?"

Françoise shuddered. She put a knife she had brought with her into his hand. There was a silence.

"And your father, and you?" Dominique continued. "But no, I can't run away. When I am gone, maybe these soldiers will slaughter you. You don't know them. They proposed to show me mercy if I would be their guide through the Sauval forest. When they find me gone, they will stick at nothing."

The young girl did not stop to discuss. She simply answered all the reasons he gave with—

"For the love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, don't stay here a minute longer."

Then she promised to climb back to her room. They would not know that she had helped him. She at last took him in her arms, kissed him to convince him, in an extraordinary outburst of passion. He was beaten. He asked not a question further.

"Swear to me that your father knows of what you are doing, and that he advises me to run away."

"It was my father sent me," Françoise answered boldly.

She lied. At this moment she felt nothing but a boundless need of knowing him in safety, of escaping from this abominable thought that the sun would give the signal for his death. When he was gone, all mishaps might rush down upon her; it would seem sweet to her as long as he was alive. The selfishness of her love wished him alive before all else.

"Very well," said Dominique: "I will do as you prefer."

Then they said nothing more. Dominique went to open the window again; but suddenly a noise chilled their blood. The door was shaken, and they thought it was being opened. Evidently a patrol had heard their voices; and both of them, standing pressed against each other, waited in an unspeakable anguish. Each gave a stifled sigh; they saw how it was,—it must have been the soldier lying across the threshold turning over. And really, silence was restored; the snoring began again.

Dominique would have it that Françoise must first climb back to her room. He took her in his arms; he bade her a mute farewell. Then he helped her to seize the ladder, and grappled hold of it in his turn. But he refused to go down a single rung before he knew she was in her room. When Françoise had climbed in, she whispered, in a voice as light as breath:—

"Au revoir; I love you!"

She stopped with her elbows resting on the window-sill, and tried to follow Dominique with her eyes. The night was still very dark. She looked for the sentinel, and did not see him; only the willow made a pale spot in the midst of the darkness. For an instant she heard the rustling of Dominique's body along the ivy. Then the wheel creaked, and there was a gentle plashing that told that the young man had found the boat. A minute later, in fact, she made out the dark outline of a boat on the gray sheet of the Morelle. Then anguish stopped her breath. At every moment she thought to hear the sentinel's cry of alarm. The faintest sounds, scattered through the darkness, seemed to be the hurried tread of soldiers, the clatter of arms, the click of the hammers of their rifles. Yet seconds elapsed; the country slept in a sovereign peace. Dominique must have been landing on the other bank. Françoise saw nothing more. The stillness was majestic. And she heard a noise of scuffling feet, a hoarse cry, the dull thud of a falling body. Then the silence grew deeper; and as if she had felt death passing by, she waited on, all cold, face to face with the pitch-dark night.

IV

At daybreak, shouting voices shook the mill. Old Merlier had come down to open Françoise's door. She came down into the court-yard, pale and very calm. But there she gave a shudder before the dead body of a Prussian soldier, which was stretched out near the well, on a cloak spread on the ground.

Around the body, soldiers were gesticulating, crying aloud in fury. Many of them shook their fists at the village. Meanwhile the officer had had old Merlier called, as mayor of the township.

"See here," said he, in a voice choking with rage, "here's one of our men who has been murdered by the river-side. We must make a tremendous example, and I trust you will help us to find out the murderer."

"Anything you please," answered the miller in his phlegmatic way. "Only it will not be easy."

The officer had stooped down to throw aside a flap of the cloak that hid the dead man's face. Then a horrible wound appeared. The sentinel had been struck in the throat, and the weapon was left in the wound. It was a kitchen knife with a black handle.

"Look at this knife," said the officer to old Merlier: "perhaps it may help us in our search."

The old man gave a start. But he recovered himself immediately, and answered, without moving a muscle of his face:—

"Everybody in these parts has knives like that. Maybe your man was tired of fighting, and did the job himself. Such things have been known to happen."

"Shut up!" the officer cried furiously. "I don't know what keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of the village."

His anger luckily prevented his noticing the profound change that had come over Françoise's face. She had to sit down on the stone bench near the wall. In spite of herself her eyes never left that dead body, stretched on the ground almost at her feet. He was a big, handsome fellow, who looked like Dominique, with light hair and blue eyes. This resemblance made her heart-sick. She thought of how the dead man had perhaps left some sweetheart behind, who would weep for him over there in Germany. And she recognized her knife in the dead man's throat. She had killed him.

Meanwhile the officer talked of taking terrible measures against Rocreuse, when some soldiers came up running. They had only just noticed Dominique's escape. It occasioned an extreme agitation. The officer visited the premises, looked out of the window, which had been left open, understood it all, and came back exasperated.

Old Merlier seemed very much put out at Dominique's flight.

"The idiot!" he muttered: "he spoils it all."

Françoise, who heard him, was seized with anguish. For the rest her father did not suspect her complicity. He shook his head, saying to her in an undertone:—

"Now we are in a fine scrape!"

"It's that rascal! it's that rascal!" cried the officer. "He must have reached the woods. But he must be found for us, or the village shall pay for it."

And addressing the miller:—

"Come, you must know where he is hiding?"

Old Merlier gave a noiseless chuckle, pointing to the wide extent of wooded hillside.

"How do you expect to find a man in there?" said he.

"Oh, there must be holes in there that you know of. I will give you ten men. You shall be their guide."

"All right. Only it will take us a week to beat all the woods in the neighborhood."

The old man's coolness infuriated the officer. In fact, he saw the ridiculousness of this battue. It was then that he caught sight of Françoise, pale and trembling on the bench. The young girl's anxious attitude struck him. He said nothing for an instant, looking hard at the miller and Françoise by turns.

"Isn't this young man," he at last brutally asked the old man, "your daughter's lover?"

Old Merlier turned livid; one would have thought him on the point of throwing himself upon the officer and strangling him. He drew himself up stiffly; he did not answer. Françoise put her face between her hands.

"Yes, that's it," the Prussian went on: "you or your daughter have helped him to run away. You are his accomplice. For the last time, will you give him up to us?"

The miller did not answer. He had turned away, looking off into the distance, as if the officer had not been speaking to him.

This put the last touch to the latter's anger.

"Very well," he said: "you shall be shot instead."

And he once more ordered out the firing party. Old Merlier still kept cool. He hardly gave a slight shrug of his shoulders: this whole drama seemed to him in rather bad taste. No doubt he did not believe that a man was to be shot with so little ado. Then when the squad had come, he said gravely:—

"You're in earnest, then?—All right. If you absolutely must have some one, I shall do as well as another."

But Françoise sprang up, half crazed, stammering out:—

"Mercy, monsieur! don't do any harm to my father. Kill me instead. It's I who helped Dominique to escape. I am the only culprit."

"Be quiet, little girl," cried old Merlier. "What are you lying for? She spent the night locked up in her room, monsieur. She lies, I assure you."

"No, I am not lying," the young girl replied ardently. "I climbed down out of the window; I urged Dominique to fly. It's the truth, the only truth."

The old man turned very pale. He saw clearly in her eyes that she was not lying; and the story appalled him. Ah! these children with their hearts, how they spoiled everything! Then he grew angry.

"She's crazy; don't believe her. She is telling you stupid stories. Come, let's have done with it."

She tried to protest again. She knelt down, she clasped her hands. The officer looked quietly on this heart-rending struggle.

"Good God!" he said at last, "I take your father because I haven't got the other one. Try and find the other one, and your father shall go free."

For a moment she looked at him, her eyes staring wide at the atrocity of this proposal.

"It's horrible," she murmured. "Where do you expect me to find Dominique at this time? He's gone; I don't know where he is."

"Well, choose. Him or your father."

"O my God! how can I choose? But even if I knew where Dominique was, I could not choose! It is my heart you are breaking. I had rather die at once. Yes, it would be soonest over so. Kill me, I beg of you, kill me!"

The officer at last grew impatient at this scene of despair and tears. He cried out:—

"I've had enough of this! I'm willing to be good-natured,—I consent to give you two hours. If your sweetheart isn't here in two hours, your father shall pay for him."

And he had old Merlier taken to the room which had been used for Dominique's prison. The old man asked for some tobacco, and fell to smoking. No emotion was detected in his impassive face. Only, when he was alone, two big tears ran slowly down his cheeks. His poor, dear child, how she suffered!

Françoise had stayed in the middle of the court-yard. Some Prussian soldiers passed by, laughing. Some of them called out to her jokes which she did not understand. She stared at the door through which her father had just disappeared. And with a slow movement she raised her hand to her forehead, as if to keep it from bursting. The officer turned on his heel repeating:

"You have two hours. Try to make good use of them."

She had two hours. This sentence kept buzzing in her head. Then, mechanically, she went out of the court-yard, she walked straight before her. Whither should she go? What should she do? She did not even try to decide, because she felt convinced of the uselessness of her efforts. Yet she would have liked to find Dominique. They would have come to an understanding together; they might perhaps have hit upon an expedient. And amid the confusion of her thoughts, she went down to the bank of the Morelle, which she crossed below the dam, at a place where there were some large stones. Her feet led her under the first willow, at the corner of the field. As she bent down she saw a pool of blood that made her turn pale. That was clearly the place. And she followed Dominique's tracks in the trodden grass: he must have run; a long line of strides was to be seen cutting through the field cornerwise. Then, farther on, she lost the tracks; but in a neighboring field she thought she found them again. This brought her to the outskirts of the forest, where all traces were wiped out.

Françoise plunged in under the trees, notwithstanding. It was a relief to be alone. She sat down for a moment; then, remembering her time was running out, she got up again. How long was it since she had left the mill? Five minutes? half an hour? She lost all consciousness of time. Perhaps Dominique had gone and hidden in a copse she knew of, where one afternoon

they had eaten filberts together. She went to the copse and searched it. Only a blackbird flew out, whistling its soft, melancholy tune. Then she thought he had taken refuge in a hollow in the rocks, where he sometimes used to lie in ambush for game; but the hollow in the rocks was empty. What was the use of looking for him? she would not find him: and little by little her desire to find him grew furious; she walked on faster. The notion that he might have climbed up a tree suddenly struck her. From that moment she pushed on with up-turned eyes; and that he might know she was near, she called out to him every fifteen or twenty steps. The cuckoos answered her; a breath of air passing through the branches made her think he was there, and was coming down. Once she even thought she saw him; she stopped, choking, having a good mind to run away. What would she say to him? Had she come, then, to lead him away and have him shot? Oh no, she would not mention these things. She would cry out to him to escape, not to stay in the neighborhood. Then the thought of her father waiting for her gave her a sharp pang. She fell upon the turf, weeping, repeating aloud:—

"My God, my God! why am I here!"

She must have been crazy to come. And as if seized with fright, she ran, she tried to find a way out of the forest. Three times she took the wrong path; and she thought she could not find the mill again, when she came out into a field just opposite Rocreuse. As soon as she caught sight of the village, she stopped. Was she going to return alone?

As she stood there, a voice called to her softly:—

"Françoise! Françoise!"

And she saw Dominique raising his head above the edge of a ditch. Just God, she had found him! So Heaven wished his death? She held back a cry, she let herself slide down into the ditch.

"You were looking for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, her head buzzing, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! what's going on?"

She looked down; she stammered out:—

"Why, nothing; I was anxious—I wanted to see you."

Then, reassured, he told her that he had not wished to go far. He feared for them. Those rascals of Prussians were just

the sort to wreak vengeance upon women and old men.' Then all was going well; and he added, laughing:—

"Our wedding will be for this day week, that's all."

Then, as she was still overcome, he grew serious again.

"But what's the matter with you? You are keeping something from me."

"No, I swear to you. I ran to come—"

He kissed her, saying that it was imprudent for either of them to talk any longer; and he wished to get back to the forest. She held him back. She was trembling.

"Listen: perhaps it would be as well for you to stay here, all the same. Nobody is looking for you; you're not afraid of anything."

"Françoise, you are keeping something from me," he repeated.

Again she swore she was keeping nothing from him. Only she had rather know he was near; and she stammered out other reasons besides. She struck him as acting so queerly, that now he himself would not have been willing to leave her. Besides, he believed the French would return. Troops had been sent over Sauval way.

"Ah! let them be in a hurry; let them be here as soon as possible!" he muttered fervently.

At this moment the Rocreuse church clock struck eleven. The strokes came clear and distinct. She sprang up in fright: it was two hours since she had left the mill.

"Listen," she said rapidly: "if we should need you, I will go up to my room and wave my handkerchief."

And she left him, running; while Dominique, very anxious, stretched himself out on the edge of the ditch, to keep his eye on the mill. As she was just running into Rocreuse, Françoise met an old beggar, old Bontemps, who knew the whole country. He bowed to her: he had just seen the miller in the midst of the Prussians; then crossing himself and mumbling some disconnected words, he went his way.

"The two hours are over," said the officer, when Françoise appeared.

Old Merlier was there, sitting on the bench by the well. He was still smoking. The young girl once more implored, wept, fell upon her knees. She wished to gain time. The hope of seeing the French return had grown in her; and while bewailing her fate, she thought she heard the measured tread of an army. Oh! if they had come, if they had delivered them all!

"Listen, monsieur, one hour, one hour more! You can surely grant me one hour!"

But the officer was still inflexible. He even ordered two men to take her in charge and lead her away, that they might proceed quietly with the old man's execution. Then a frightful conflict went on in Françoise's heart. She could not let her father be thus murdered. No, no, she would die with Dominique first; and she was bounding toward her room, when Dominique himself walked into the court-yard.

The officer and soldiers gave a shout of triumph. But he, as if no one but Françoise had been there, stepped up to her quietly, a little sternly.

"That was wrong," said he. "Why didn't you bring me back with you? Old Bontemps had to tell me everything. After all, here I am."

V

It was three o'clock. Great black clouds had slowly filled the sky, the tail of some not distant thunder-storm. This yellow sky, these copper-colored rags, changed the valley of Rocreuse, so cheerful in the sunshine, to a cut-throat den, full of suspicious shadows. The Prussian officer had been content to have Dominique locked up, without saying anything about what fate he had in store for him. Ever since noon, Françoise had been a prey to infernal anguish. She would not leave the court-yard, in spite of her father's urging. She was waiting for the French. But the hours passed by, night was at hand, and she suffered the more keenly that all this time gained did not seem likely to change the frightful catastrophe.

Nevertheless at about three, the Prussians made preparations to go. A minute before, the officer had closeted himself with Dominique, as on the preceding day. Françoise saw that the young man's life was being decided on. Then she clasped her hands and prayed. Old Merlier, beside her, maintained his mute and rigid attitude of an old peasant who does not struggle with the fatality of facts.

"O my God! O my God!" said Françoise brokenly, "they are going to kill him!"

The miller drew her close to him and took her upon his knee, like a child.

Just then the officer came out; while behind him, two men led Dominique.

« Never, never! » cried the latter. « I am ready to die. »

« Think of it well, » replied the officer. « This service that you refuse us will be done for us by another. I offer you your life; I am generous. It is only to be our guide to Montredom, through the woods. There must be paths. »

Dominique made no answer.

« Then you are still obstinate? »

« Kill me, and let us have done with it, » he answered.

Françoise, with hands clasped, implored him from across the yard. She had forgotten all; she would have urged him to some piece of cowardice. But old Merlier grasped her hands, that the Prussians might not see her delirious gesture.

« He is right, » he murmured: « it's better to die. »

The firing party was there. The officer was waiting for a moment of weakness on Dominique's part. He still counted on winning him over. There was a dead silence. From the distance were heard violent claps of thunder. A sultry heat weighed upon the country; and in the midst of this silence a shriek burst forth: —

« The French! the French! »

It was really they. On the Sauval road, on the outskirts of the wood, you could make out the line of red trousers. Inside the mill there was an extraordinary hubbub. The Prussian soldiers ran about with guttural exclamations. For the rest, not a shot had been fired yet.

« The French! the French! » screamed Françoise, clapping her hands.

She was like mad. She had broken loose from her father's embrace, and she laughed, her arms waving in the air. At last they were coming, and they had come in time, since Dominique was still there, erect!

A terrible firing that burst upon her ears like a thunderstroke made her turn round. The officer had just muttered: —

« First of all, let us finish this job. »

And pushing Dominique up against the wall of a shed with his own hands, he had ordered, « Fire! » When Françoise turned round, Dominique was lying on the ground, his breast pierced with twelve bullets.

She did not weep; she stood there in a stupor. Her eyes were fixed, and she went and sat down under the shed, a few steps from the body. She looked at it; at moments she made a

vague and childlike movement with her hand. The Prussians had laid hold of old Merlier as a hostage.

It was a fine fight. Rapidly the officer stationed his men, recognizing that he could not beat a retreat without being overpowered. It was as well to sell his life dearly. Now it was the Prussians who defended the mill, and the French that made the attack. The firing began with unheard-of violence. For half an hour it did not stop. Then a dull explosion was heard, and a shot broke off one of the main branches of the hundred-year-old elm. The French had cannon. A battery drawn up just above the ditch in which Dominique had hidden, swept the main street of Rocreuse. From this moment the struggle could not last long.

Ah! the poor mill! Shot pierced it through and through. Half the roofing was carried away. Two walls crumbled. But it was, above all, on the side toward the Morelle that the ruin done was piteous. The ivy, torn from the shattered walls, hung in rags; the river swept away débris of every sort; and through a breach you could see Françoise's room, with her bed, the white curtains of which were carefully drawn. Shot upon shot, the old wheel received two cannon-balls, and gave one last groan: the paddles were washed away by the current, the carcass collapsed. The mill had breathed out its soul.

Then the French stormed the place. There was a furious fight with side-arms. Beneath the rust-colored sky, the cut-throat hollow of the valley was filled with slain. The broad meadows looked grim, their rows of poplars streaking them with shadows. To the right and left, the forests were like the walls of a circus, shutting in the combatants; while the springs, the fountains, the running waters, gave forth sounds of sobbing, amid the panic of the country-side.

Under the shed, Françoise had not stirred, crouched down opposite Dominique's body. Old Merlier was killed outright by a spent bullet. Then when the Prussians had been annihilated, and the mill was burning, the French captain was the first man to enter the court-yard. From the beginning of the campaign it was the only success he had won. And all aglow, drawing up his tall figure to its full height, he laughed with his gracious air of a fine cavalier. And seeing Françoise, imbecile, between the dead bodies of her husband and father, amidst the smoking ruins of the mill, he gallantly saluted her with his sword, crying out:—

"Victory! Victory!"

JOSÉ ZORRILLA Y MORAL

(1817–1893)

ALTHOUGH the golden period of Spanish literature lies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it would be a mistake to suppose that modern Spain is deficient in literature. On the contrary, the recent and present activity is vigorous and productive. Especially is this true since 1876, when the Carlist wars ended, and society entered upon an era of progress and prosperity. The dominant literary form that has developed under these improved conditions is that of fiction,—which is true of Spain in common with all other modern nations in which letters are cultivated. The novel, both in its popular appeal to the public and in the talent it commands, is a form which throws history and the essay, poetry and the drama, into comparative insignificance. Zola hardly exaggerated when he said the novel was modern literature. In Spain, such novelists as Alarcón, Valera, Valdés, Galdós, De Pereda, and Bazán, overmatch in prominence and power any writers representing other divisions of literature, and have an international importance.

Nevertheless, writers of great ability and wide reputation, particularly in the fields of history and criticism, exist. The historical writings of the eminent politicians Castelar and Cánovas, the criticism of Menéndez, the poetry of Ventura de la Vega, Nuñez de Arce, Selgas, Campoamor, and Zorrilla, need no apology, and are familiar and honored in their own country. In the group of poets, Zorrilla occupies a conspicuous place as a singer of Spain's departed grandeur. He belongs with the conservatives rather than with the liberals of literature. He prefers to hark back to bygone glories and invoke the spirit of his ancestors. In this sense he may be said to be reactionary. But his influence is altogether noble and high. It is natural that one who has studied and reproduced the old legends so faithfully should sing as a man—

«Mourning the worship of more Christian years.»

José Zorrilla y Moral first came into reputation in a dramatic way. The brilliant Madrid journalist and poet Larra committed suicide in 1837 under romantic circumstances; and at his funeral Zorrilla, newly come to the city and quite unknown to fame, read some verses which at once set him in the public eye. This dirge remains one

of his finest short lyrics. Its immediate effect was heightened by the situation. The maker of it was so overcome by emotion that he broke down, and the poem had to be finished by another. As an eye-witness reported: "The same procession which had attended the remains of the illustrious Larra to the resting-place of the dead, now sallied forth in triumph to announce to the living the advent of a new poet, and proclaimed with enthusiasm the name of Zorrilla." It is seldom that the man and the occasion are thus found.

José Zorrilla y Moral was born at Valladolid, Spain, on February 21st, 1817; received his early education in the Madrid Seminary; studied jurisprudence, spending a couple of years at the universities of Toledo and Valladolid; and held a position in the magistracy of the latter town before coming to Madrid to live. He took up his residence there at a time when the new ideas — romanticism, democracy, socialism — were beginning to seethe, and the principles of the eighteenth century were felt to be dead. The feeling that modern Spain must develop an independent literature, uninfluenced by what was being done on the other side of the Pyrenees, was spreading. Zorrilla believed in Spain and loved it, and his genius led him to recall its past in his poetry. Hence his work was an appeal to nationality, and in this sense a salutary force. His first book of verse, however, — promptly published after the incident of his début at Larra's grave, and soon followed by another of like character, — was not of this nature. Both volumes were imitative, showing the influence upon the writer of French literature, and not yet indicating his real bent. He found this in the collection of historic legends called 'Songs of a Troubadour,' which appeared in 1840–1. These, like the 'Lost Flowers' following in 1843, mingled romantic and Christian elements in the epic style. The two-part 'Don Juan Tenorio' (1844), a religious drama which in some ways recalls 'Faust,' is regarded as one of his strongest works, and retains its place on the modern Spanish stage. His great unfinished epic, 'Granada, an Oriental Poem,' was published in 1853–4 at Paris, whither the poet had gone because his verse sold better there than at home. This master-work was not a financial success, — the usual fate of epics. In 1854 Zorrilla went to Mexico and met with a warm reception, Maximilian putting him in charge of the court theatre. But he was called back to Spain a year before Maximilian's downfall, — an event which ended all thoughts of a return, — and thereafter was obliged to depend upon government aid and employment: he was given a literary mission to Italy, a pension, and the post of chronicler of his province. Of his later works, the most important are the comedies in the manner of the classical dramatic period of Spain; the two most popular being 'The Shoemaker and the King,' and 'To Good Judge and Better Witness.'

Zorrilla was crowned poet in 1889 in Granada,—an honor testifying to the national attitude towards him,—and died at Madrid, January 22d, 1893.

At the time of his death he was esteemed the leading poet of his country. His treatment of the native legends, most of which are religious, is full of fervent and lofty spiritual feeling; and it was his purpose as a poet to summon his countrymen to a consideration of ideal principles, and to stimulate them to an enlightened patriotism. He lived to see the triumph of realism in fiction; and his latest work in the drama might seem to imply that he felt the spirit of the age and in some degree yielded to it. But in his song he remained the reviver of old deeds and beliefs, essentially a poet of religion and tradition.

TO MY LYRE

Come, harp! in love and pleasure strung,
Thy chords too long have borne my pains:
If thy soft voice be still unwrung,
Oh, breathe the rapture that remains!

They who are sad must laugh and sing,
The slave must still seem to be free;
Among the thick throngs gathering,
There is no place for misery.

Why should I weep? The skies are bright,
Waves, woods, and fields are fresh and fair;
Far from thy strings be sounds of night,—
Come, then, and fancies rapturous dare!

Joyful and mournful be thy tones:
From crowded and from lone abodes,
Temples and cottages and thrones
Shall give thee hymns and tears and odes.

I'll tune thee to the sighing breeze,
Or to the swift, sonorous storm;
Beneath the roofs of palaces
And hamlets, make thy shelter warm.

Come to my hands, then, harp resounding!
My life is wasted, day by day:
Its hours, as they speed onward, bounding,
Shall to thy measure pass away.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO

THIS massive form, sculptured in mountain stones,
As it once issued from the earth profound,
Monstrous in stature, manifold in tones
Of incense, light, and music spread around,—

This an unquiet people still doth throng
With pious steps, and heads bent down in fear;
Yet not so noble as through ages long,
Is old Toledo's sanctuary austere.

Glorious in other days, it stands alone,
Mourning the worship of more Christian years,
Like to a fallen queen, her empire gone,
Wearing a crown of miseries and tears.

Or like a mother, hiding griefs unseen,
She calls her children to her festivals,
And triumphs still — despairing yet serene,
With swelling organs and with pealing bells.

TO SPAIN

MANY a tear, O country, hath been shed;
Many a stream of brother's blood been poured;
Many a hero brave hath found his bed
In thy deep sepulchres, how richly stored!

Long have our eyes with burning drops been filled,—
How often have they throbbed to overflow!
But always bent upon some crimsoned field,
They could not even weep for blood and woe.

Look! how beseech us to their own sweet rest
Yon smiling flowers, yon forests old and brave,
Yon growing harvests sleeping on earth's breast,
Yon banners green that o'er our valleys wave.

Come, brothers, we were born in love and peace,
In love and peace our battles let us end;
Nay, more, let us forget our victories,—
Be ours one land, one banner to defend!

THE DIRGE OF LARRA

On the breeze I hear the knell
Of the solemn funeral bell,
Marshaling another guest
To the grave's unbroken rest.

He has done his earthly toil,
And cast off his mortal coil,
As a maid, in beauty's bloom,
Seeks the cloister's living tomb.

When he saw the Future rise
To his disenchanted eyes,
Void of Love's celestial light,
It was worthless in his sight;
And he hurried, without warning,
To the night that knows no morning.

He has perished in his pride,
Like a fountain, summer-dried;
Like a flower of odorous breath,
Which the tempest scattereth:
But the rich aroma left us
Shows the sweets that have been reft us,
And the meadow, fresh and green,
What the fountain would have been.

Ah! the Poet's mystic measure
Is a rich but fatal treasure;
Bliss to others, to the master
Full of bitterest disaster.

Poet! sleep within the tomb,
Where no other voice shall come
O'er the silence to prevail,
Save a brother-poet's wail;
That,—if parted spirits know
Aught that passes here below,—
Falling on thy pensive ear,
Softly as an infant's tear,
Shall relate a sweeter story
Than the pealing trump of glory.

If beyond our mortal sight,
In some glorious realm of light,

Poets pass their happy hours,
Far from this cold world of ours,—
Oh, how sweet to cast away
This frail tenement of clay,
And in spirit soar above
To the home of endless Love!

ASPIRATION

All insufficient to my heart's true rest
Is the deep murmur of a fountain pure,
Or the thick shade of trees in green leaves drest,
Or a strong castle's solitude secure.

Not to my pleasure ministers the cup
Of Bacchic banquet, clamorous and free,
Nor cringing slaves, in miserable troop,
Whose keys unlock no splendid treasury.

By God created, in his might I live;
From Sovereign Spirit my soul's breath I borrow;
To grow a giant — now a dwarf — I strive:
I will not *be* to-day, to *die* to-morrow.

COLLEGE OF MARIN
3 2555 00081593 1

Date Due

	PRINTED	IN U. S. A.	

AC
1
L5
v.27

24489

College of Marin Library
Kentfield, California